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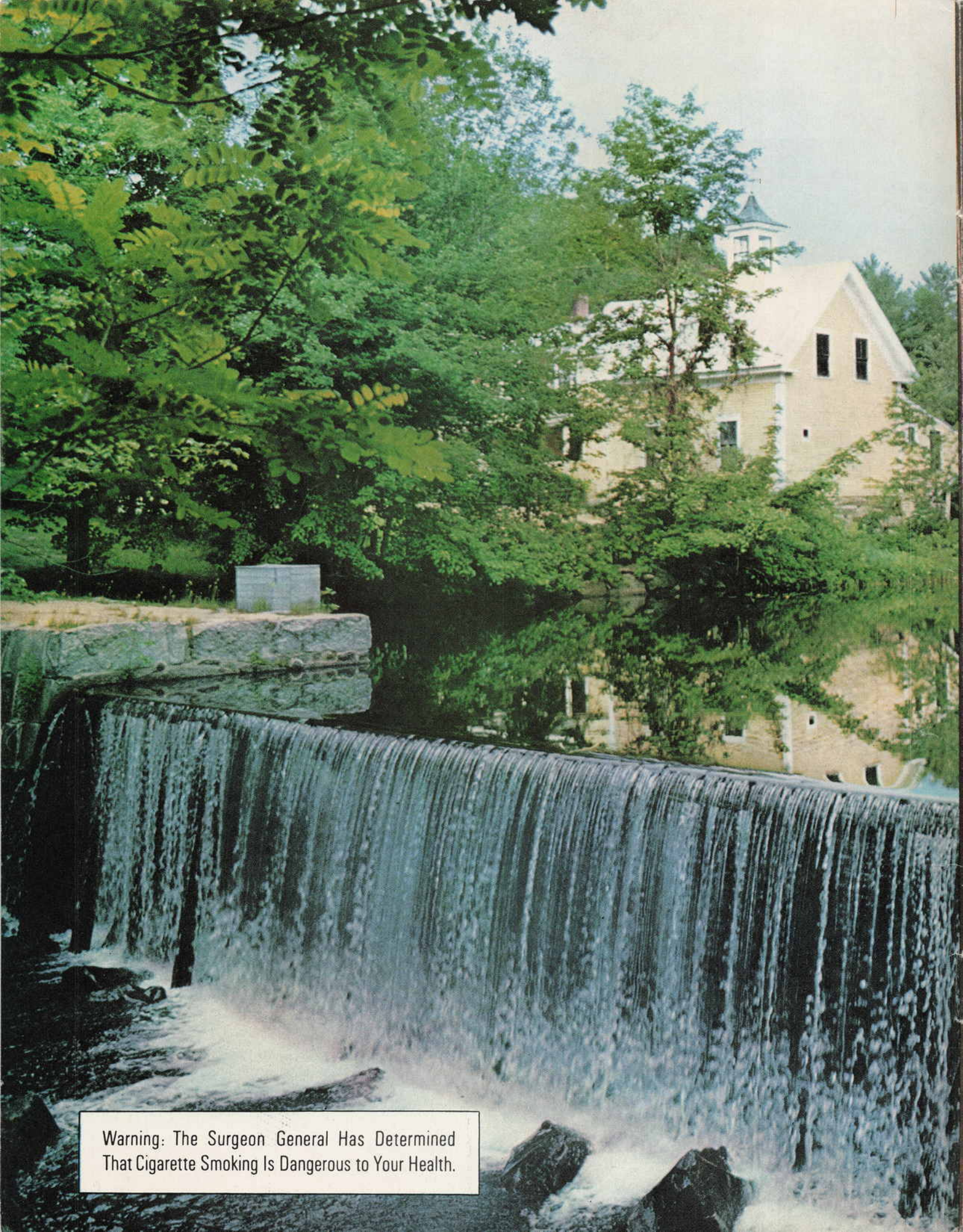

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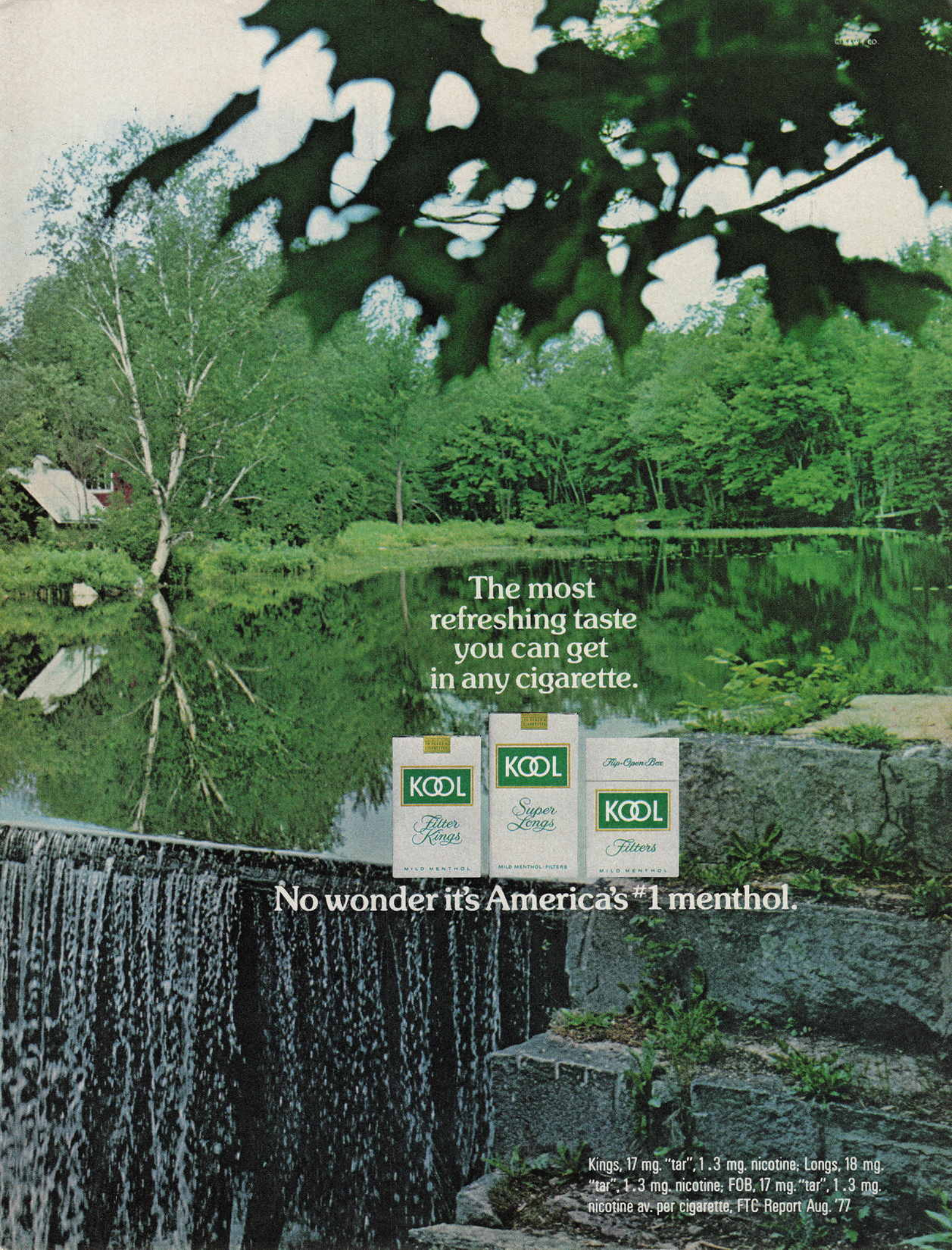
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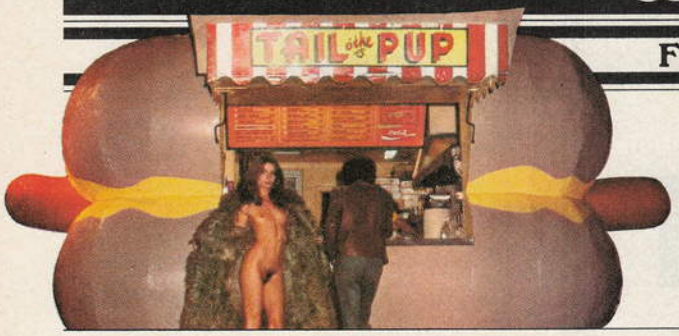

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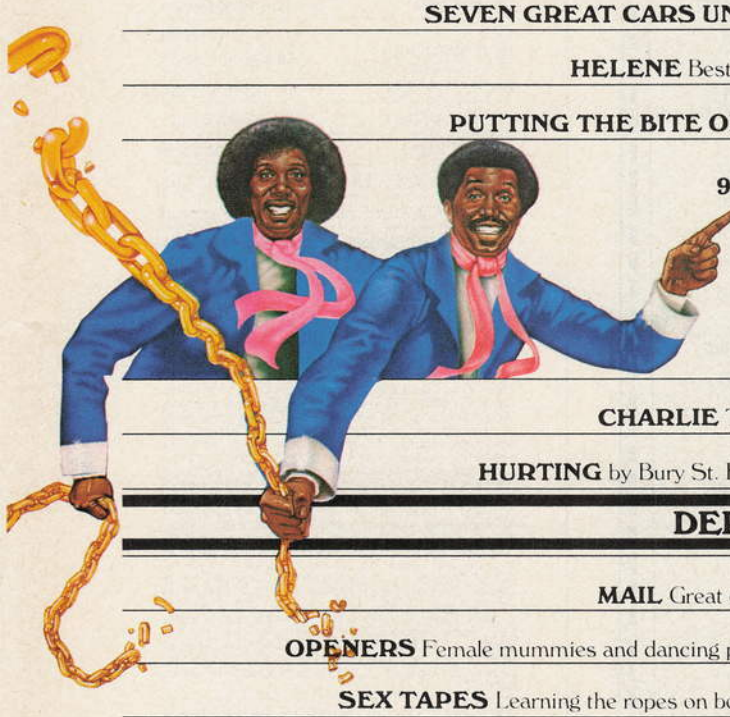

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ADVERTISING OFFICES: New York: 747 Third Avenue. Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. San Francisco: 417 Montgomery Street. Los Angeles: 8721 Beverly Boulevard.

OUI, June 1978, Volume 7, Number 6. Published monthly by Playboy Publications, Inc., a subsidiary of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois. Postmaster: Send form 3579 to OUI, P.O. Box 2510, Boulder, Colorado 80302. Subscriptions: U. S. $14, Canada $18 a year. Subscription services or information call 303-443-5200.

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THANKS (MAYBE)

I just wanted to tell you that I really like the new format of OUI (March), although I cannot see why anyone would move to California, unless dragged kicking and screaming all the way. So call me prejudiced, but I find nothing attractive in the land of fruits and nuts.

I shall miss D. Keith Mano's movie reviews. I really enjoy his style—but then I also enjoy popping pimples. In any case, I am not happy that Mano has turned his attention to sports, as I have no use for either jocks or the jerks who generally interview them.

My only criticism is that the photography in OUI is usually soft focus and fuzzy. The chicks in the March issue were good-looking but not great; there was better stuff running around the college I used to attend but, unfortunately, none of them would take off their pants for the camera.

THOMAS C. ANDERSON
Kirksville, Missouri

FOR RICHER OR POORER

Anyone who's going to spend $200–$300 trying to learn *How to Psych Yourself Rich* (March) has, in effect, only learned how to become $200–$300 poorer. As any yokel knows, the only way to get rich these days (assuming you're not born a Rockefeller) is to write a book or give a course on How to Be Successful. I remember reading somewhere that even Robert *Looking Out for Number One* Ringer was a failure until he began writing successful books about his lack of success.

CARL BERG
Seattle, Washington

What's amazing to me is how similar getting rich is to getting religion. And here I am an incurable atheist. No wonder I'm broke.

PAUL KOCH
Cincinnati, Ohio

BUM FUN

Beverly (March) may be "burned by the heat," but I'm hot enough to start a forest fire. Wow! I've never seen an ass as exciting as Beverly's and, believe me, I've looked at a bunch. Nothing turns me on like giving it to a woman in the ass. Unfortunately, it's not easy to find many girls who dig it as I do. Beverly looks like the exception, though. I wonder . . . ?

L. SNYDER
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

Keep on wondering. Beverly says her back is to the wall on this one. Of course, there are *some holes in that sign . . .*

HOT WHEELS

I liked *Dirt-Cheap Supercars* (February) so much I almost forgot to look at the naked pictures in the rest of the magazine. Michael Baron really said all there is to know about the Sixties supercars. There isn't a production car made today that could keep up with any one of those oldies-but-goodies, and that includes Ferraris. I have a 1969 early-production Dodge Charger RT/SE 440 Magnum machine with hemisuspension, 355 posi rear and 50,000 original miles which I wouldn't trade for anything.

PATRICK TARANTO
Staten Island, New York

Baron must include the king of all supercars, the Cobra 427, the fastest production car ever made. And he shouldn't forget its little brothers and sisters, the Shelby GT 500s and GT 350s.

LYNN M. VENOSA
North Brunswick, New Jersey

There are a number of mistakes in the *Supercars* article: Mustang Boss 351 was offered in 1971, not 1969; no factory-stock 427 Ford turned a quarter mile in under 13 seconds; Chrysler's hemi was offered in 1966, not 1967; the Dodge Swinger was available in 1968, not sometime after 1970, as Baron suggests.

The worst mistake, though, was to say that the 1964 GTO was the original muscle car. Wrong. It was the 1963 Studebaker Super Lark and Avanti. The Super Lark offered a 289-cubic-inch V8 with a factory-installed Paxton supercharger, traction bars, antisway bars, full instrumentation, four-speed transmission and rear-axle ratios as low as 4.56:1. Quarter-mile times were in the 14-second bracket. The Avanti was faster due to its fiberglass body and aerodynamic body configuration. Andy Granatelli set over 300 speed records with the Studebaker at Bonneville Speedway in *1963*.

JOHN R. HILLER
Moorestown, New Jersey

NEWTON AS FIG

Huey Newton has always been one of my idols, even now in the demilitarized Seventies. During the last few years I've been feeling rather guilty for having copped out on my brothers and sisters in

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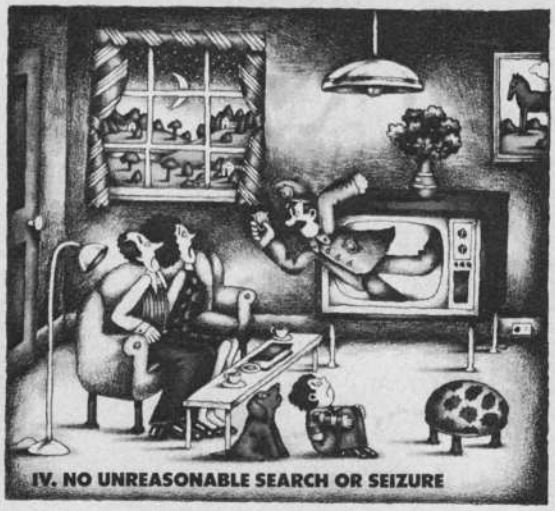

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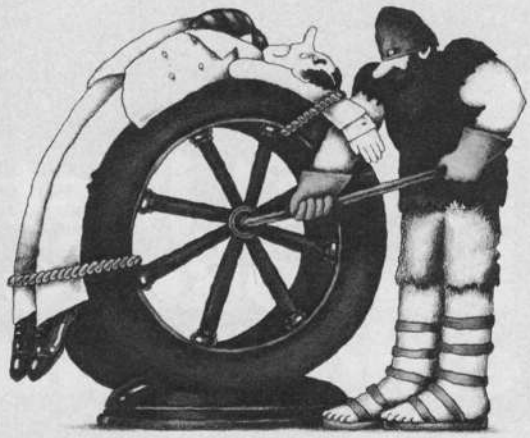

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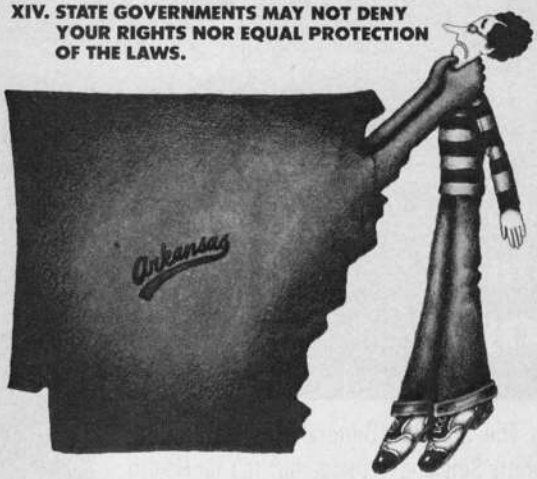

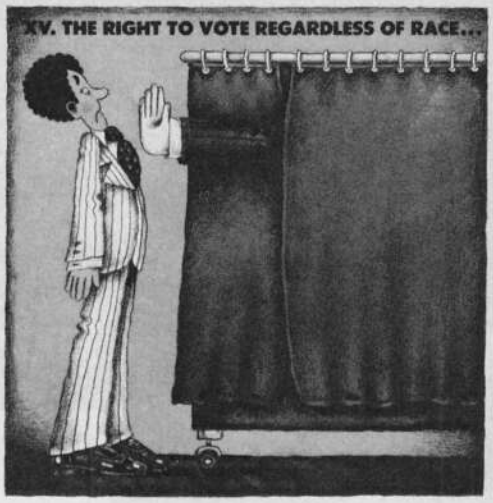

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our struggle when the pressures became too much. But now, after reading Ken Kelley's *Conversation with Huey Newton* (March), I've finally come to terms with myself. They got to all of us, didn't they, Huey—even you.

RON WASHINGTON
San Francisco, California

I can't believe that in 1978 there are still people around who give a fuck about Huey Newton. What a waste of space.

JERRY WEISSMAN
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

POSSUM PRIDE

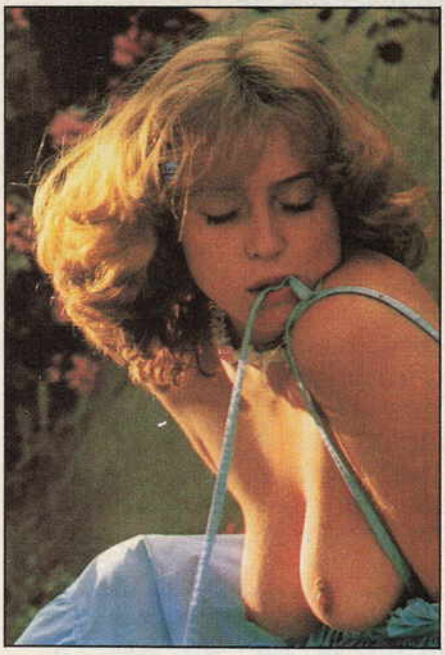
On page 18 of the March issue there is quite a striking picture of a nude girl racing a small furry animal. The title is "Muskrat Ramble," but if that's not a 'possum in the picture tell that feller who wrote the caption I'll eat the beaver!

R. OEHLERT
Ventura, Iowa

CHARLOTTE RUSE

Soft, pale blonds do me in every time and Charlotte is no exception. I'm entranced by the little hairs on her breasts that glisten in the sunlight. I'm a goner for shy girls with soft faces—not to mention even softer bodies. I like girls with a little flesh on them—slightly rounded tummies, for example, and breasts that droop just a little. If only women knew the incredible power they have over men. Charlotte looks like the kind of girl who could easily drive a man to utter distraction. And I will die if you don't print another picture of her *immediately*.

JESSE BROUSSARD
Houston, Texas



OK, OK. We have enough cases of cardiac arrest around here just trying to make deadlines. Charlotte, by the way, tells us that she has never in her life driven a man to distraction. "Cambridge," she says, "is as far as I will go."

BUTT OUT

As a recent subscriber to OUI I feel that it has become my privilege and duty to tell you how to run the magazine. First of all, I would love to see an issue that completely ignored UFOs, Sasquatches, Sixties nostalgia, political repression and Dylan. What I would like to see are articles about the geography of Mars, the use of lasers as weapons in satellites and tanks, and the possibilities of recombinant DNA. I know you're thinking, "Why doesn't he subscribe to *Scientific American*?" Because *SA* doesn't run pictures of naked women, that's why. Besides, their prose style can make the most fascinating subjects in the universe seem dull.

The main reason I buy OUI is that it alone, of all the men's magazines, does not project an image of women that makes them seem stupid and inferior. OUI's pictorials are sexy but not demeaning. In fact, OUI strikes me as being more of a people's magazine than a men's magazine, and I like that.

And while I'm at it, crotch shots bore me.

I realize that tailoring your magazine to my suggestions would probably do the same thing to your circulation that a tourniquet would do to mine, but then, I don't believe that my tastes are all that uncommon—I bet there are *lots* of people who like lesbian bondage scenes.

CHARLES CRAIG
Atlanta, Georgia

Charles, read on. Instead of Dylan, monsters, UFOs and Sixties nostalgia, we've got Clint Eastwood, the L.A. Dodgers, pheromones and girls who like to be hurt. And that's just for starters. Next month we've got Mick Jagger and . . . well, we don't want to give it all away. Stay tuned.

PUNCHING BAG

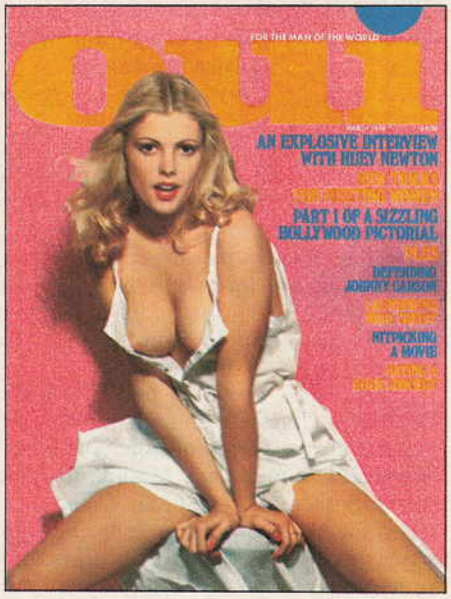
That bisexual gal who wrote in about the German lady boxers (*Mail*, February) wasn't the only female to be turned on by that item. My wife of ten years, who didn't have a violent bone in her body (or so I thought), took one look at those lady boxers and went out of her skull. For a week she kept after me to buy her some boxing gloves and teach her to box, which I finally did. She turned out to be a good student, except for one thing: She can never go more than three rounds before she is ready to rape me. She always goes at it bare-chested, her beautiful boobs bouncing up and down. I always know when the last round is on because she pushes her trunks down to the floor, steps out of them and comes at me with fists flying. I don't complain because the dividends are fantastic.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

UNCOVERING SUE

I'm sitting here drooling over the March cover, considering various ways of preserving it for posterity. Who is that girl?! She's a goddess, an absolute goddess! I've got to see more of her!

J.H. SHORT
Petaluma, California



Unlike Randy Newman, we never like to disappoint short people (ha ha). Besides, it just so happens that everybody here also thinks that Sue, the March cover girl, is one spectacular lady. For more of Sue, turn to page 60.

LET IT BE

John Weeks's fascinating scenario for a Beatles reunion (*The Beatles' Not-So-Magical Mystery Tour*, March) gives us a pretty fair idea of what his own wet dreams are all about. Just to set the record straight, *Let It Be* was recorded before *Abbey Road*, which was the Fab Four's last album and a masterful final exit.

BILL RICHARDSON
San Diego, California

SPOON-FED HEADACHE

Curing a hangover (*Sometimes a Great Potion*, February) is really no big deal. I mean, cucumber juice and raw eels? Ugh! Raisins and vitamin B? Surely you know the best cure for a hangover is two healthy lines of Bolivian flake.

WILLIAM CLARK
Oakland, California

DISCOURSE ABOUT INTERCOURSE

Hooray for Lisa Southern's article *The Little Man in the Boat* (January). It's about time that men stopped being so inconsiderate of women in the bedroom. Too many men just want to get their nuts off and the hell with the women. Southern's article should be broadcast over every radio and TV station in the world.

I'm just a guy who thinks that women

have been taken advantage of for too long. I'd love to meet Lisa Southern. I guarantee I could show her that there are men who care what the woman feels. I hate to brag, but I know what I'm talking about, believe me.

Lisa, if I could meet you just once, I'd give you such a tongue job that you would cry out from the ecstasy of multiple orgasms, and you'd go away saying that for this once, you'd been licked by a man!

JAMES R. MARTIN
Newport News, Virginia

Southern's article upset me almost as much as *The Hite Report*. It never fails to amaze me how many women allow their sexual relationships to be one-sided. I know that intercourse in itself does not always bring my lovers to climax. I wish that I could last longer, both for the woman's sake and mine, but I just get too excited about what I'm doing.

Nevertheless, I've only had one lover who never climaxed through intercourse with me after a period of time. She never climaxed with me in any fashion, for that matter. Bothered the hell out of me.

Fortunately, I now have a girlfriend who makes sex a total delight. She loves all forms of sex and can have orgasms without end. She makes a distinction between vaginal and clitoral climaxes; she insists they feel totally different. She needs to pause after experiencing a clitoral orgasm but she can have vaginal orgasms one right after the other. Just for fun I counted them one night; she had 25 orgasms (2 clitoral, 23 vaginal) within four hours.

Sex is so fantastic that I can't help but hope that Lisa finds someone to help her out—fast.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Wrightsville Beach, North Carolina

Lisa Southern replies: "I have received umpteen letters from men who are disturbed about 'coming too fast.' Men seem to consider this a grave inadequacy. When it happens to me, my only reaction is: 'Oh, isn't that cute. He likes my body so much he can't control himself.' It's true that ejaculatio praecox *is not going to satisfy me sexually, but the men who go to such pains to train themselves to thrust away forever are even more tiresome and ineffectual and run up my bill at the gynecologist's. Most men who pride themselves on 'lasting a long time' during intercourse think that's all there is to learn about sex.*

"You say that all but one of your women friends has been able to climax through intercourse alone. Now, I do appreciate it that you've read my article and The Hite Report *so carefully—that is a lot more than* my *boyfriend will do—but you don't seem to have gotten the message. Let me confront you with a better guess as to the truth of your sexual experiences. The one woman who never came is probably the only one who was entirely honest with you. It's my guess that the rest were lying.*

"As for your current sweetheart, I don't doubt that she loves you and is enormously turned on by you. But as to her claim of 25 orgasms—well, there's no doubt in my mind that she's telling you a whopper. The two 'clitoral' orgasms were probably the truth, and that sounds well within a normal range for a four-hour period. Which still makes your sweetheart luckier than 90 percent of all women and certainly makes her two up on me."

GRAHAM CRACKER

Even though Chuck Ashman is a friend of mine, I think that his article (*Judgment Day for a Crusader*, February) should have been entitled *Billy Graham Meets His Destroyer.*

FRANK BARRON
The Hollywood Reporter
Hollywood, California

Ashman's article is one of the best satires I've read in a long time. Ol' Tricky Dick attempting to defend Billy G. before St. Pete? Marvelous. The scenario is perfect for an hour-long TV skit—if those censorial people who run TV would ever allow such a thing to be done.

It is indeed a pity that this article is in a magazine where it probably will not be read by the very people who need it most. If I had access to a pulpit at the present moment, I would adapt it for a sermon; but, alas, it was for doing similar types of

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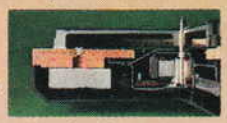

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things that I was barred from pulpits in the first place.

I would like to throw one good-natured barb at Ashman, however. It was a lapse to have Old Pete say, "Compassion is not in order here," for compassion is precisely what liberal Christianity and Judaism are all about. Billy Graham is constantly consigning people to hell, and if Pete and Ashman consign Billy to hell, they are no better than the evangelist. There is no hell; a compassionate God would not allow it. It would be the ultimate betrayal on top of the earthly terrors we already suffer.

I commend Ashman, though, for taking on the Evangelicals; for if they and their political brethren actually get the power they seek, we can say goodbye to even the appearance of democracy. I've seen it happen first hand at the seminary, and it would be hilarious if it were not so frightening.

ROBERT MCVEY ATHERTON
Freelance Theological Graduate
Kansas City, Missouri

MISSIONARY SEX

As a foreigner, I thought OUI might be interested in learning how *we* handled the sex question after we had kicked out the missionaries.

In the old days we practiced the ancient law of *kapu*, which required that all sex must take place exclusively between siblings. If no sibling was available, it was possible to adopt and assign a cousin. In this way there was no possibility of spreading V.D. Furthermore, as sexual activities began in early childhood, there was never any frigidity or perversions.

The missionaries condemned these customs as abominable and labeled them as incest. Before a generation was over, the missionaries had abolished all sex, ruining the sex lives of every normal person on the island.

Finally the missionaries were chased off and the old law of *kapu* reinstated. Today, 30 years later, our people are happy and healthy once again, after just one generation of freedom from the evil white man's code.

F. ROBINSON GURLEY
King of Niuhu
Hawaii

SAY WHAT?!

Even though, paradoxically, a man who is coming has a good thing going, I should like to remind promiscuous males to be religiously careful about not leaving evidence of their sexual activity. After all, pecker tracks are the prints of piece.

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"Natalie Cole introduced us to the white rum screwdriver."

"I first met Natalie Cole when she called me in as recording engineer on one of her albums. Natalie's the perfectionist of all time, and not just in her singing. I mean she really knows it all when it comes to mixing music tracks.

After one very late session, she invited us back to her house for a nightcap. Natalie was having a screwdriver, but instead of mixing the orange juice with vodka, she used white rum. Now that was a new one on us, and we had to try it.

La Cole is on to a great thing! White rum mixes better with orange juice than either vodka or gin. It has a nice clean, mellow taste we really enjoy. Since then we've discovered that white rum is terrific with tonic or soda and makes a fantastically smooth martini.

Leave it to Natalie Cole, the perfectionist. Whether it's mixing music or mixing drinks, this lady knows what she's doing."

Convert yourself.

Instead of automatically ordering a screwdriver, try a white rum screwdriver next time. You'll find it makes a smoother drink than vodka (or gin) for a very good reason. Unlike gin and vodka, white rum from Puerto Rico is aged for at least a full year before it's bottled. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

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OPE RS

Our miss is getting ready to play the world's oldest water sport—but first, spectators, take a refreshing squirt of summer *Openers*. The Dancing Dills are with us tonight, and there's some really swell instructions on eating ice cream on page 21. Don't worry if you overindulge; we've got a fun new trick with barf-bags on page 14. Then, get ready to man your hoses.

COKETAIL CONVERSATION

Here's a few hits that'll help get you through those rare and unexpected lulls at your next snort-out.

- The first person (Angel Mariani) to bring coke to Europe was given a medal of appreciation by the Pope.
- The Indians stop their toilsome journey up the Andes every hour. They call this stop a *cocada*.
- You never hear the expression, "He holds his coke well."
- The Indians have no measurement for time or space. They measure everything by the length of time a few chews of coke will last (about 40 minutes).
- Coke sniffed through the same dollar bill will eventually take the ink off the bill.
- Men who go to singles' bars with a gram of coke triple the number of women they pick up.
- If a leaky faucet were a nose and dripped a drop a second, it would drip 2400 pounds of coke a year.
- "God is a substance" —Peruvian Indian saying.
- The moment of truth is at a coke deal.
- There once was a man born without a nose. There was no trace of it on his face. The man, however, was able to smell through his ears, which he also used for sniffing coke.

—SCOTT COHEN

NO LONGER A SIDE DISH

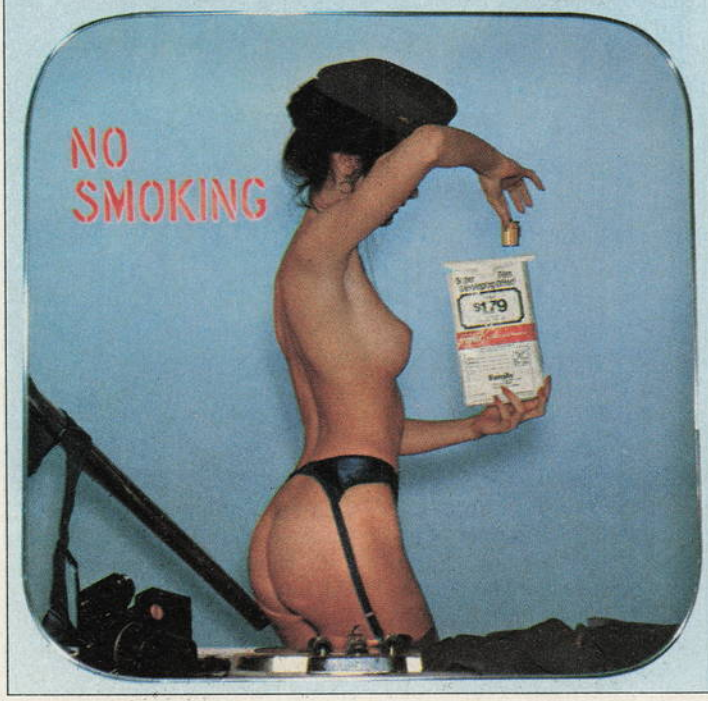
If you've ever been fortunate enough to have a dilly of a time, then you know what it's like to watch the Dancing Dills tap-dance in their shiny green pickle suits.

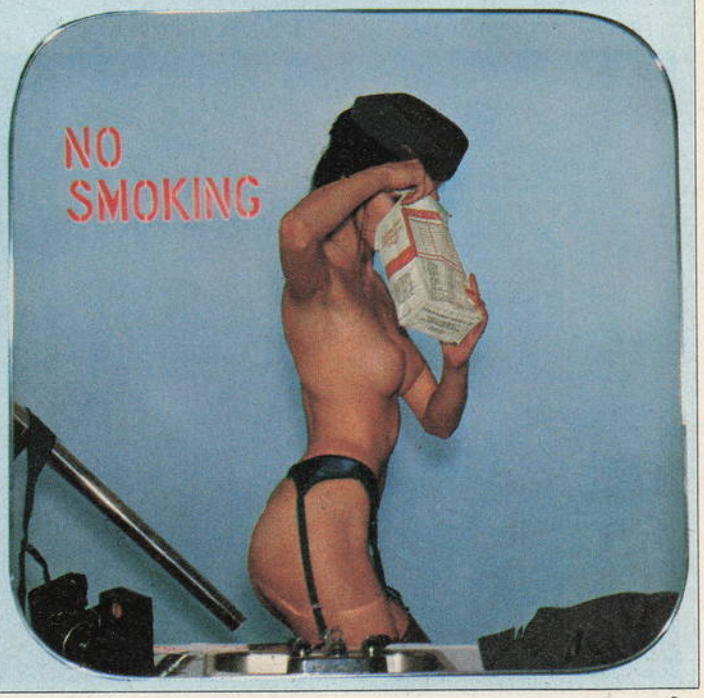
Composed of a "loose" group of 15 men and women and several baby gherkins, the Dancing Dills made their debut on April Fools' Day by tapping down one of Berkeley's major streets while a local radio announcer

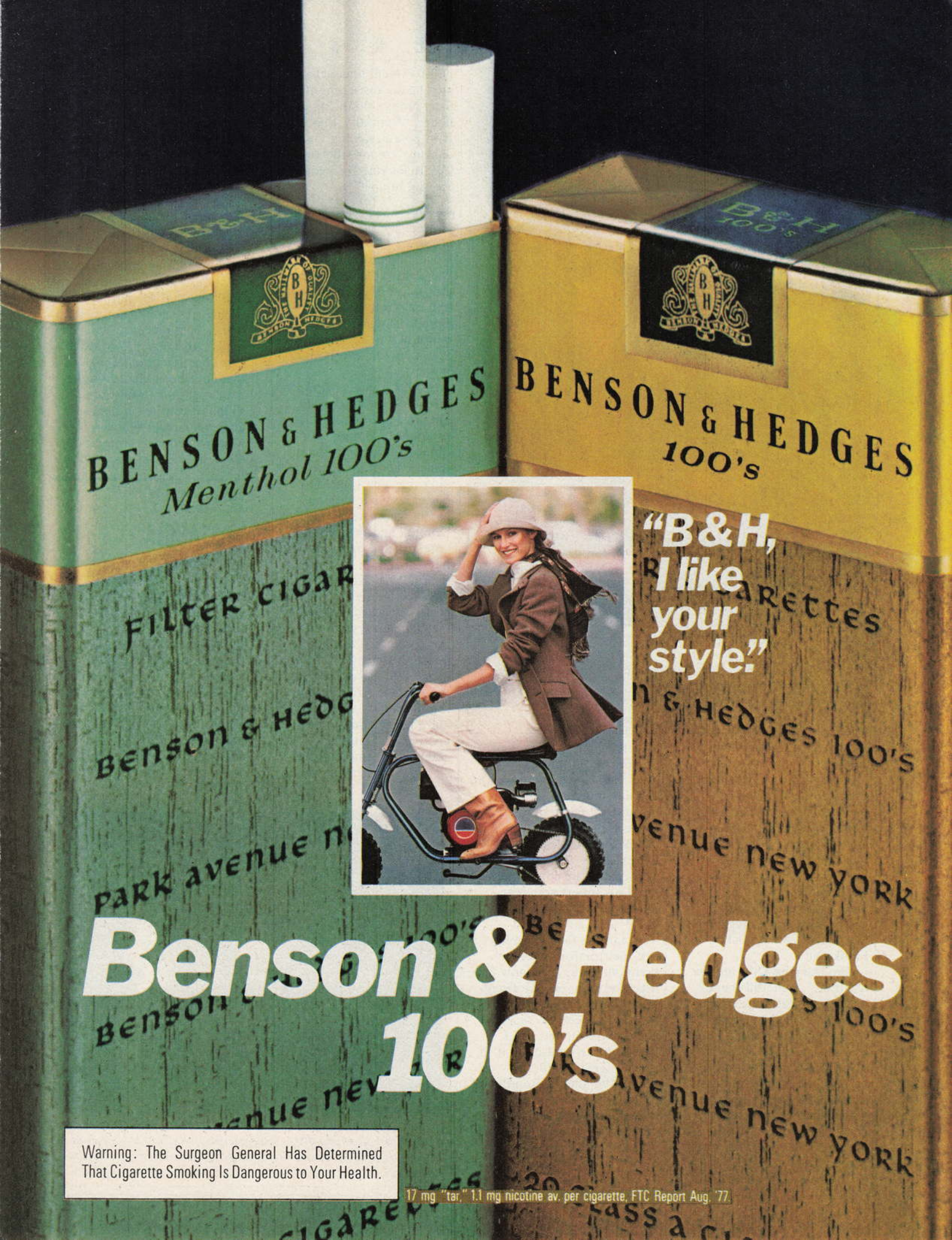
URP URP AND AWAY

As you can see, TWA doesn't waste (pardon the expression) anything. Now, if you're not inclined to shoot your cookies, you can employ their newly designed barf-bags to score your gin game or mail in your film to have it developed. It's not specified, however, if there is an extra "handling" charge for processing film that is sent along with reprocessed mai tais. While Big Biz continues to regurgitate waste and inefficiency (most of them long ago threw in—up?—the towel to our disposable society), it's encouraging to see that one insightful and highly creative organization is finally buttoning its lip and resisting the flow of this wretching excess. Now, if they can just come up with something else to do with those silly earphones.

—KEITH BRANDON EDWARDS



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BLOW IT OUT YOUR FACE

Say hello to Ron and Pam. They're practicing what they're famous for—blowing darts! Yep. In fact, Ron does this for a living, and ever since he met Pam four years ago, they've been doing it together. Ron says he's not particularly good at hitting the target, but he can blow a dart clear across the room. We think Ron and Pam belong together. Don't you?

gamely tried to interview them.

Since then, the Dills have appeared on the *Danny Thomas Telethon*, the *Great American Cancer Smoke-Out*, the *American Lung Association Telethon*, and at the Shriners Hospital annual Christmas party and a shopping center extravaganza hosted, not surprisingly, by San Francisco disc jockey Frank Dill.

The Dancing Dills are the result of a, well, dill-iberate decision by cartoonist Dan O'Neill and self-appointed Mama Dill Gloria Belsky to add spice to their lives. "Dan and I were sitting around at a party one night," says Belsky, "when he suggested that we do something crazy. We just decided then and there to become dancing pickles."

The pair were joined in their relishing idea by their families and a number of other Berkeleyites who wish to remain anonymous, including an IRS agent and an editor of the *East Bay Review of the Performing Arts*. Says Belsky: "The IRS agent is worried that he could lose his job if his supervisors ever found out he was a Dancing Dill."

So far, the Dills have limited their performances to nonprofit groups. "People have urged us to go on *The Gong Show*, but we've said no to that," says Belsky. "Yeah, we could make money, but I hate to nickel-and-dime it. It gives us greater independence. I'm allergic to orders. I mean, who wants to be ordered around for a $50 gig here and a $25 gig there? If we sell out, we should sell out for a big bundle."

What's next for the Dancing Dills? O'Neill and Belsky are already discussing plans for a group of dancing potatoes. "Naturally, they'd be Irish potatoes doing Gaelic dancing," reports Belsky. "We're looking for people who are real lumpy."

—GARY HANAUER

ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH

Once, the multiple orgasm was a myth. Then Masters and Johnson got hold of it and turned it into "The Great Female Threat." Now evidence has arisen which shows that men, too, can do it do it do it.

Sex researchers Mina Robbins and Gordon Jensen questioned the long-held assumption that men simply cannot, under any circumstances, get it up again right after they get it out. They began research with one young man who boasted that he often had five or six "preliminary" orgasms without ejaculation prior to his final killer blast-off.

Wired for sight, sound and response, the multiclimaxing claimant was observed by the doctors as he made love to his girlfriend. They found that "after each orgasm the man's erection lessened slightly for 15 or 20 seconds, and then the buildup to another orgasm began." Encouraged by these results, Robbins and Jensen found 14 more men, aged 25 to 55, who graciously demonstrated their ability to experience rapid-fire rhapsody.

Robbins and Jensen believe that orgasm and ejaculation are two physiologically distinct processes and, hence, that males can reach a climax without ejaculating. Even though they say the potential for multiple orgasm is within us all, they are quick to point out that the purpose of their research is not to set higher "performance standards" for men, but rather to tear down the limitations that have been placed on the male orgasmic experience so that it can be "enhanced and expanded." Which is what we've been trying to do all along.

—SUSAN PLESKO

DRAG CITY NOSTALGIA

Hey, twerp. Tired of gettin' dust spun in yer face by the bullies with the muscle machines? Fed up with cruisin' for burgers and losin' yer chick to the guy in the 442 just because he makes a good squeal comin' into the lot? Well, now ya can do somethin' about it. A company called Esion Products (P.O. Box 2614, Alameda, California 94501) has achieved a new triumph in

HORSE SENSE

"I don't like to put the cart before the horse," writes this lovely and whimsical young miss, "but recently, while horsing around in the woods, Nabob leaned over and gave me a kiss on the cheek—just as my boyfriend took this picture." No stud jokes, please.

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Lady Tashat, daughter of the treasurer of the Temple of Amon at Thebes, died about 715 B.C. Like all members of her caste, she was given a proper mummification. Well, maybe not so proper.

Since 1916, Lady Tashat has resided at the Minneapolis Institute of the Arts. Last year, as part of her 3000-year checkup, she was X-rayed and a curious lump was revealed, wrapped between her thighs.

The curious lump in Milady's lap turned out to be the head of an adult male.

It isn't likely that it got there accidentally, since the head is cradled in Lady Tashat's fingertips, proving yet again that there's never been such a thing as a hard-hearted woman to a soft-tongued man.

commercial nerdism that'll help put ya right back in the carhop sweepstakes. They're called "Wheel Squeels," and ya can get a really nifty set for $6.95. Blast these babies out with yer 8-track or stereo and ya get a sound just like the real thing. Maybe even better. Of course, we don't advise that any of you toolin' turkeys try to upstage the Fonz with them cheaters. Ya might upset his cool.—K.B.E.

PUNK SPLUNGERS

The boys are crashed, slumped against the equipment. Rat-Sprout is cuddled up in his bass drum. Spaz and Mumps are curled against their amps. Moon-Face is pissed cuz the bass player from the Slugs ripped off the issue of *Slash* with the Avengers interview and he's bitchin'. Cruze doesn't want any part of it. She knows a punk can't afford to think, so she's slapped on her Fiorucci purse—the one she got from that Skulls' roadie—and she's off for a splunge—a carefree punk-impulse groce-lifting spree. Fuck, even if Puss has been acting *respectable* lately, he has to eat, right? Hanging out at the Masque (a punk club) in Hollywood, a punkette has to cope. Captain Sensible, the Rubber City Rebels, Arthur J., Screamers—she's helped 'em all stay under. Bulb. Oink. Wall. Crib Death. Sodomize Liberals! Fuck it. If she's not careful, she remembers, she might learn something. Away.

STORY # 7,265,927

New York. The City. The meanest, toughest town in the world. And no one is closer to that brutal reality than the New York City cop. For the Big Apple's finest, life is no bouquet of roses, no Hollywood fairy tale. Just take a gander at *The Policeman's Voice*, a paper "of the cop and for the cop"—his trade journal. Yeah, a cop is a businessman, and in this town his business is 4 murders, 703 robberies and burglaries and 626 related major crimes each day. When humanity behaves like this, there's only one way to relate to it, to put it into perspective. . . . And pal, it ain't by suckin' on no Tootsie Pop.

—Lee Frank

SON OF JAWS MEETS MUFF

Tired of watching all those frisky teenage girls parade past your beachfront home? Of course you are. What you need is a way to get them off the beach and into your

Whatever became

of what's-his-name?

In years to come your children might ask that question. You may answer, "He is dead. He was called the bald eagle."
But your children may be asking more urgent questions. They may ask, "What has happened to the trees... the oceans and rivers... the air we breathe and the foods we eat?.."
The danger to the bald eagle represents only a small fraction of the hazards we are creating for ourselves, and for the world we live in. The results of short sighted actions by man are endangering us *now*, and must be acted on *now*, to assure that the problems do not grow beyond the point of remedy.

The EDF is a coalition of scientists and lawyers. We intercede in the courts and before government agencies on behalf of you, the bald eagle, and other living things. Our work is not glamorous, but it is essential. We strive to assure an environment which allows for technological progress in a humane context. We urgently need your support.

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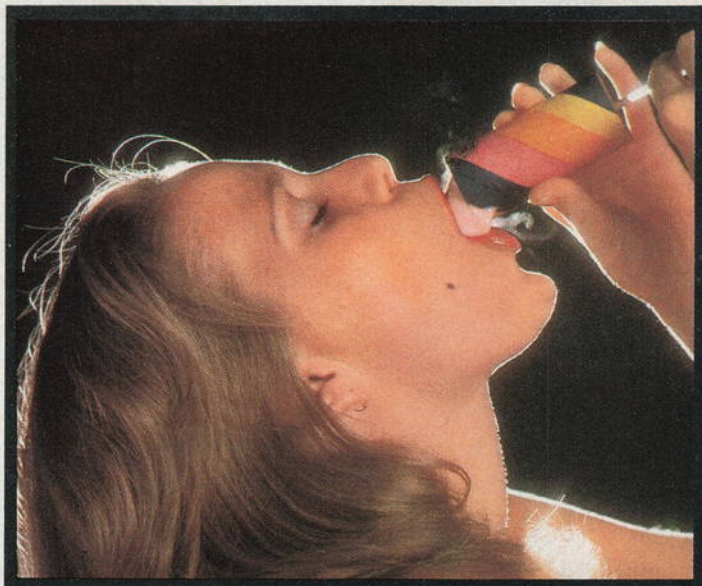
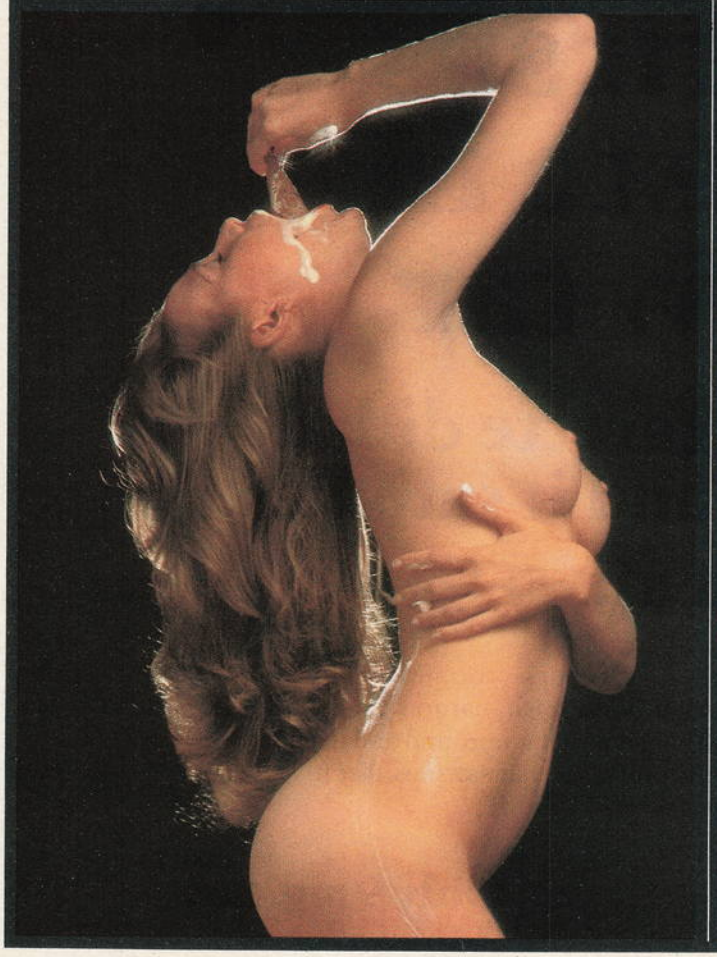


HOW TO SUCK AN ICE CREAM

Sucking on ice cream is our nation's fastest-growing sport, and many young ladies take their cone-chomping seriously. Some of them like to nibble around the edges. Other less inhibited types plunge right in with a tongue-up-the-middle and slosh away for whatever they can get. Then there's always the non-conformist who bites off the wrong end of her cone and sucks her 'scream from the bottom. Some girls like to keep a firm grip on their torpedo; others just let it push-up as it pleases. In case you didn't know, it's the way some junior misses suck on those bomb pops and chocolate bananas that makes the Good Humor man so happy. Really makes you *hungry*, don't it?



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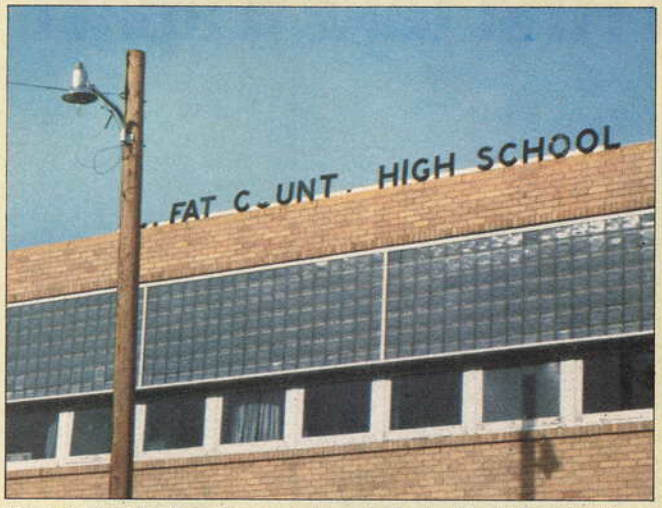

The quality of education sure has slacked off a bit lately. Many kids today are shuffled through their graduation ceremonies before they even have a handle on the King's English. Not so at Moffat County High School, in Craig, Colorado, where some spirited local thespians displayed their language skills and expressed their feelings very clearly, thank you, by making a few minor alterations on the school logo. The PTA "Thin Lips," of course, have been flapping ever since.

FLASHER OF THE MONTH

Although we're a bit skeptical about the quality of his final product, we have to hand it to this guy who calls himself "The Phantom Fandango." Fan, as he's known in the trade, decided to stir some of his own fruity cheesecake into the conservative spread at Knott's Berry Farm. With the help of two Star Trek *"Communicator" walkie-talkies, he caught this cherry at the top of the chutes of the Log Ride just as she streaked her way into the amusement-park history books—and nailed this month's $150 prize. Keep tuned for the undraping of some truly "Magic Mountains," flash fans.*

bungalow—and here it is. For $900 you can buy a five-foot fiberglass shark made by Stephen Winkworth, a London artist. It's remote-controlled, and it can dive, swim, turn and change directions at your command. It cannot be programmed to attack, but it's guaranteed to scare the string bikini off a trespassing bathing beauty. Go get 'em, killer.

SLICKOMANIA

Getting a tan is no easy task anymore. Now, before playing beach-blanket bingo with your baby, ya gotta goop some globoids on her bod to get rid of the gunk. This slimy little item popped up recently in a cosmetic catalog.

FOR OILY BEACHES: ANTI-TAR GEL

Odorless and spreadable, this gel instantly dissolves tar stains on the skin. 1.7 oz.—$1.50.

Undoubtedly, this globosity is destined to become indispensable to sun worshipers everywhere—unless, of course, we can get the oil boys to start lacing their high-octane gumbo with Coppertone. In the meantime, if you're tar-struck, you can order yours from Yves Rocher, Inc., 2909 MacArthur Boulevard, Northbrook, Illinois 60062.

—KEITH BRANDON EDWARDS

MERCI

Sorry, Sweetheart, but it looks like this is the end of the line in diminutive beachwear. But before we hit the surf to check out the latest styles, allow us to splash some cash on our esteemed contributors. Editorial: coke facts, Scott Cohen; dancing dills, Gary Hanauer; TWA bag, special thanks to Kathy Bauch for flying that one past us; multiple orgasms, Susan Plesko; wheel squeels, thanks to Thomas Girvin for spinning them muthas through our office; cryptolingus, Bury St. Edmund with research by Heidi Reidell; *Policeman's Voice* (photo and copy), Lee Frank; motorized shark, Gay Haubner; anti-tar gel—that item leaked in to us from Richard Cullen; ice cream, thanks to Ed Bott for inspiration. Photo: *Openers, Merci*, TWA bag and punk purse, Grant Edwards; dancing dills, Dave Patrick; blow darts, Phototrends; horse kiss, Trismegistos; fat cunt, Dana Atchley; ice cream, Howard Koby. Art: coketail, Larry McEntire; cryptolingus, Everett Peck.

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Sex Tapes

BONDAGE

Mention the word "bondage" to most people and they think you're a pervert. Bondage is for S/M freaks, they say, immediately imagining whips and chains and iron cuffs. And for some people, bondage probably does mean whips and chains and iron cuffs. The point, though, is that it doesn't have to. Alex Comfort, in "The Joy of Sex," finally brought bondage out of the cave by explaining that the key consideration here is restraint, not pain. Being tied up is not supposed to hurt and, as a number of this month's respondents found out, bondage techniques, when performed by an expert, can lead to a most exquisite kind of ecstasy. Historically, it was always the woman who was bound; but in these liberated times, as the search for the ultimate orgasm continues, men are just as likely as women to tie it on.

Larry L., 26, computer analyst: Bondage—forget it. Who wants to make love without using their hands? I may sound out of it, but sex has gotten too gimmicky. I'll take a plain old-fashioned in-and-out hump any day.

Claude J., 38, fashion photographer: Mild bondage has always been one of my favorite sexual activities, though I prefer to do the tying rather than be tied. And, like many men, I've always had a thing for young, firm, lovely unawakened girls. I love to teach them about their bodies and about the bodies of men, how to give and receive sexual pleasure. So when I saw Jennifer, alone, sipping a *kir* in a Paris café, I got an instant hard-on. It turned out that she was American, but she dressed like a French girl—skin-tight blue jeans that revealed long, slender legs and a saucy, firm ass, and a silk shirt unbuttoned just far enough to show the half-moons of her nice-sized breasts. The silk slid across her breasts and mirrored large, very dark and very erect nipples, which were easily seen against the pale color of the fabric. Her mouth was full and sensuous, just like her nipples, and she had beautiful, creamy skin. I immediately guessed that her cunt would be delicate, tight and sweet-tasting, as it indeed turned out to be.

We started talking—she was very friendly—and after several drinks she was high enough to tell me that she'd had one or two sexual experiences with guys her own age that had left her cold. She let me know that she'd been daydreaming about sex with an older and more experienced man, and I was quick to offer my services, beginning that night. Over the next few months, I taught her everything; she was an extraordinarily fast learner. There was one thing I had yet to expose her to, however, and that was bondage.

One night I came over to her place armed with a joint of supergood grass, to find Jennifer just emerging from a fragrant bath, her skin gleaming and her beautiful nipples hard from a towel rubdown. I wanted to take her right there, but instead I just ran my hand between her legs and across her breasts suggestively, and then watched her slip a front-wrap, cashmere robe over her nude body. I lit some candles in the bedroom, which was equipped with a low velvet couch and a high four-poster bed, and I lit the joint. Jennifer's robe fell slightly open, revealing her lovely legs up to her thighs. She had tied it very loosely and provocatively, so that it was open almost to her waist. After a few hits on the joint, Jennifer began to stroke my hard cock through my pants, and leaned back so that her robe parted even further. She began to unzip my pants, her eyes half-closed, but I grabbed her wrists, stopping her. I then untied her robe and pulled it off her shoulders, leaving her body exposed. Slowly, I lifted her, letting the robe drop and, with my arm encircling her slender waist, I held her against me as I began walking toward the bed. My

other hand slowly caressed her ass, and she began to moan in anticipation.

I laid her on the bed—her eyes were closed, so she didn't notice that I'd grabbed a couple pairs of her panty hose from a nearby chair—and continued stroking her while I tied one end of the panty hose to one of the bed posts, then slipped the other end around her wrist. She opened her eyes but barely noticed what I was doing. I walked around to the other side of the bed, secured her other wrist and then stepped back to undress. The sight of her bound, naked and helpless on the bed was enough to make me come right then and there, but I was determined to hold out for better things.

She watched me as I removed my clothes, and when she saw my huge erection she licked her lips and undulated her body on the bed, wordlessly asking me to fuck her. I stood by the side of the bed and slowly ran my fingertips over her lips, then lightly down her body, briefly circling her blood-infused, erect nipples, then moving across her flat stomach and down her leg, avoiding her hot, yearning cunt. She began to shiver slightly in anticipation, opening her legs in response, showing the glistening lips of her beautiful cunt.

Not wanting to rush things, I leaned over and began kissing her languorously, exploring her mouth with my tongue, sucking her tongue into my mouth. She moaned when I broke away to begin nibbling at her neck—a very erotic zone for her—kissing and sucking and making her breathe faster, harder, then running my lips across her right shoulder and down her arm to where her wrist was pinioned to the post. Slowly I reversed my motions, lightly massaging her shoulders and breasts with my lips and tongue, teasing her nipples, biting them, sucking hard until Jennifer begged for more. I moved my mouth away from her breasts, frustrating her, and continued my French bath down her body. For an instant I ran my tongue across her clit, stopping for a moment to nestle my face in her moist, soft pubic hair; then I kissed my way down her leg to her ankle and back up to her cunt. With one hand I raised her ass; with the other I spread her cunt lips and began eating her, sucking in her fragrant juices. Her clit hardened from my tongue-teasing as she thrashed and moaned on the bed.

When I felt her close to orgasm, I pulled my mouth away; she cried out, begging me not to stop. I ignored her pleas and took my hard cock in my hand, aiming the tip at the dripping opening of her cunt. In a low, strangled-sounding voice she said, "Put it in. Oh God, please fuck me, fuck me. . . ." I teased her for a moment, moving over her so that my cock stroked her stomach, then poked her breasts. I moved up to trace her lips with my cock tip, then forced my member into her mouth, fucking her mouth with it as if it were her cunt. Bound as she was, she could only lie back and take it, sucking and moaning. After a moment she really got into it, her body twisting, her mouth working hard. I pulled out my cock and replaced it with my mouth, forcing her to taste herself on my lips, which were still dripping from her cunt juices. Easing my body on top of hers, I nestled my cock between her legs, as she struggled without hands to get me inside; failing that, she tried to masturbate herself against my hardness, moving her pelvis against it.

Once again I poised the prick tip at her opening, and as she strained for entry, screaming for me to put it in, I first drew back, then without warning plunged into her, filling her completely. She shook and moaned on the bed as I thrust again and again, bringing her near orgasm. I pulled out again as she shuddered and then quickly slid down her body until my mouth was in front of her cunt. Drawing her buttocks and cunt open with my hands so that she lay completely accessible, I tongued her asshole, then captured her clit with my lips while I penetrated both her openings with my fingers. Now she was really wild, banging her wrists against the posts, straining to break free. I felt her body tense up as she again approached orgasm, and I withdrew my mouth and hands, replacing them with my swollen cock, finally entering her so deeply that I thought I would go through her stomach. She began to come, in huge, shuddering spasms, as I ejaculated into her.

Bound as she was, she could only lie back and take it, sucking and moaning. Then she really got into it, her body twisting, her mouth working hard.

She told me later that the fact of being bound to the bed, totally at my mercy, was such an incredible turn-on that she literally lost her mind. Since then, bondage has had a very special part in our sex play.

Courtney F., 24, secretary: If you'd asked me about bondage a year ago, I would've thought you were really kinky; but just a month ago, I got involved in the most exciting sexual experience of my life, and it involved bondage.

Every Friday night my boyfriend plays poker with four of his buddies. It's a real macho trip; they drink and smoke cigars and all that. Women aren't allowed, but on this particular Friday, Joe told me to come pick him up around midnight. It was a warm night, so I was wearing a thin cotton dress, no bra, just a pair of bikini panties.

When I got there they were all pretty rowdy, and Joe told me to sit down and wait awhile. Sort of as an afterthought, he handed me a vial of coke and said I ought to snort a few lines while I was waiting. Well, I never turn down coke, so I did a few lines and was beginning to feel a little horny. The guys had just finished a big hand, and while they were getting ready to deal again I walked over to the table and stood near Joe. He looked up at me and started running his hand up my leg.

Pete, the dealer, stopped shuffling the cards, and soon they were all watching Joe and me. As Joe's hand inched up towards my crotch, I guess I closed my eyes, 'cause I suddenly felt him slip his fingers under the elastic of my panties to begin exploring my cunt. He said, "Wow, you're wet, baby—you're pretty wet." I heard the other guys murmuring, and I was sort of self-conscious but didn't want Joe to stop; it felt so good. Then someone got up from the table and Joe said, "Come on, guys, let's cool her off," and they lifted my dress up over my head so I couldn't see. Then I realized that someone had tied the dress over my head so that I was, in effect, blindfolded, with my arms tied above my head and my body totally exposed. Even though I was turned on, I felt more than a little scared, but there was nothing I could do to stop things. Joe's fingers were still in my cunt, but I felt other hands on my breasts—someone's arms were encircling me from behind, and I felt a hard cock pressed up against the crack of my ass. Then my panties were pushed down and someone got down on his knees in front of me, spread the lips of my cunt and began eating me. With his mouth still on me, he raised my legs over his shoulders, while someone else lifted me by my waist from the back, his fingers kneading my nipples. They carried me to a table and laid me on it. I felt hands grab my legs and hold them apart on the table for the convenience of the man tonguing my cunt; other mouths were on my breasts, sucking the nipples hard; still other hands were stroking my belly and reaching around to my ass. Thanks to the coke, I guess, I completely gave myself up to the situation. It was so incredibly erotic, especially

since I had no idea who was doing what to me and had no control since my arms were tied.

I didn't want it to stop. I felt like I was being devoured; it seemed like there were a million mouths and hands and tongues on my body. My every muscle tensed and strained. The men, sensing my approaching orgasm, only went to work more furiously on me, sucking and biting. Someone shoved a finger up my ass and I came violently, thrashing against their grasp on me as they were holding me down. As I began to come off the orgasm, shuddering and moaning, I felt someone slip a cushion under my hips. My legs were held wide apart as a very thick, hard cock pushed into my cunt, burying itself in me in one great thrust, then slowly drawing out and thrusting in again in great, sweeping motions while my breasts were being caressed and sucked and bitten. I felt myself approaching orgasm again, but suddenly the guy groaned and came. Before I even realized that he was out, someone else entered me, and I was shivering and moaning again, as the cock moved faster and deeper, faster and deeper, and I was coming again and again. In the haze of the last orgasm, which almost seemed to carry my whole body off the cushion, the man ejaculated inside me as my pelvis thrashed and my body arched. Afterwards, they untied me and let my dress down, and I looked around at them, having no idea who had done what. You'd think I'd be embarrassed or something, but I wasn't. Of course, neither were they. And believe it or not—when we got home, Joe and I had an incredible fuck.

Stuart G., 29, salesman: I've only had one experience with bondage—it was at a party—but I'm hoping to have more. The people giving the party were known to be a little kinky, but my wife and I were curious because it was the first time they'd invited us over. Carl, the host, greeted us at the door, but before we could see into the room, he said, "Wait. Everyone who enters must be blindfolded; it's sort of an initiation, but you'll enjoy it." Well, we didn't want to be party poopers, so we let him tie black scarves over our eyes and lead us into the room. I could hear the party going on, but I couldn't see anything; I knew that my wife had been led away, because I heard her voice receding into the distance.

As Carl led me into the room, someone else—I think it was a woman, from her scent—took me by the other arm and said, "Over here, Carl." I was getting a little freaked out, and then I felt them stop and turn me around so that my back was up against some kind of post. Before I could do anything, I realized that my hands were being tied behind my back, around the post. I was pretty scared and I started getting really paranoid. They could kill me, do anything—I was so helpless. But then I felt someone unbuckling my belt and unzipping my pants, and a soft female voice told me to relax, that she was gonna give me the best blow job of my life.

Suddenly my fear dissolved and my cock was stiff and throbbing as this very moist female mouth came down over it, playfully tonguing the head, then licking and gently sucking my balls, then coming back down over the head to plunge it down her throat, sucking, stroking, licking and swallowing me into a magnificent orgasm. After she had sucked down the last drop, she slipped my cock back inside my pants, zipped me up, untied me and removed the blindfold while the people watching applauded. And that was the initiation.

Sarah L., 37, biology professor: Bondage is definitely not my favorite sexual pastime. It's not that I don't like to experiment. I do, but on my husband's insistence—he'd seen some porn movie about bondage that got him all hot on the idea—I allowed him to tie me up and make love to me, but I just didn't get off on it. I don't like the feeling of not being in control, either sexually or in any other aspect of my life, and I didn't like being restricted and at someone else's mercy. I know women are supposed to like being dominated sexually, and some of my female friends love to do bondage, but I guess I'm different. To tell you the truth, I'd much rather switch roles and tie my husband up and let him be the submissive one. □

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES NYMAN

SEX TAPES Letters

"Sex Tapes Letters" is a column devoted to you, the reader. This is your opportunity to comment on any of the preceding "Sex Tapes" or to share similar experiences with us. All writers in this column will remain anonymous. Write to OUI *Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069.*

DRIVE, SHE SAID

You know what the classic definition of a nymphomaniac is, don't you? It's just someone whose sex drive is stronger than your own.

BETTY W.
Joplin, Missouri

I was disturbed to read about nymphomaniacs in your magazine a while back. I think I'm a good lover, but I don't seem to be enough for my wife. I don't know if she's cheating on me, but I'm sure she's thinking about it. When I have male friends over to the house, she doesn't wear underwear, and she's always crossing and uncrossing her legs so that everyone gets a view of her. My friends have even joked about it. I get mad at her when she does that, but she just laughs and says, "Maybe next time I'll take all my clothes off." I feel like choking her. I believe in monogamy. I've never cheated on her and I'll never want to. But I think she's going to cheat on me, and I don't know how to stop her. I wish she would act like a lady around my friends, but instead, she comes on to them. If she gets raped someday, I'll know she deserved it.

MATTHEW S.
Calabasas, California

My husband tells me I'm a nymphomaniac, but he certainly doesn't seem to mind my hot sexual appetites, even when it comes to having other men, which I do frequently with his approval. I'm not particularly insecure. I'm definitely orgasmic, and I don't think I have any more problems than anybody else—so why call me a nympho? Labels are so degrading. I just like to have lots of men and I like them all in a row. My fantasy is to have perhaps 20 of them, one after another, until my cunt's so sore I can't fuck anymore and my mouth's just dripping with come.

My record so far is seven men in a row, with my husband watching. I also like to play with several guys at the same time. You know my favorite movie—*Behind the Green Door*? There's this one scene where Marilyn Chambers has one guy's cock in her mouth and two other cocks in her hands—well, I've done better than that. My husband had four buddies over one day to watch a football game, and seeing all those good-looking guys got me real wet in a hurry. I waited until halftime and then came into the room wearing a white see-through robe with nothing under it. I don't mean to be vain but, according to my husband, I have a knockout body—great tits and ass and a tight, wet cunt.

> I began running my hands across my belly and down between my legs, teasingly.

My husband knew what I was after and said to his buddies, "Hey, Judith gives great head—you ought to try her." But none of the guys seemed to know where to go from there; so I just slowly unzipped my robe and stepped out of it naked, letting them all get a good look. Then I casually reached down and began stroking my breasts, circling the nipples, running my hands down across my belly and between my legs, teasingly. I tell you, nothing gets a guy off quicker than to watch a chick play with herself, and these guys were no exception—they practically popped through their pants. But still, no one made a move towards me, although my husband was just smiling away; so I decided to really give it to them. With my hands stroking and playing between my legs, I moved backwards onto our huge sectional couch and lay back with my legs spread apart. Then I closed my eyes and really got into it, rubbing and fingering myself with one wet hand while massaging my breasts with the other, until I forgot about the men and worked myself right up to the point of coming.

Just as I was almost there, I felt someone push my hands away from my dripping snatch and go down on me, spreading my pussy lips and plunging his tongue deeply inside me. This guy knew what he was doing, and after about 30 seconds I began to come, but he just kept right on with that sweet tongue, and I held his head down hard against my cunt so he wouldn't stop.

After he'd made me come three or four times and my skin was so hot you could fry an egg on it, he flipped me over and pushed his cock into the opening of my ass. Now, ass fucking is a favorite of mine. It never pains me more than it pleasures me, and it's so nice and tight down there that I always find it superexciting to have some guy struggling to get his cock in. I was nearly feverish with excitement as he buried himself all

(Continued on page 132)

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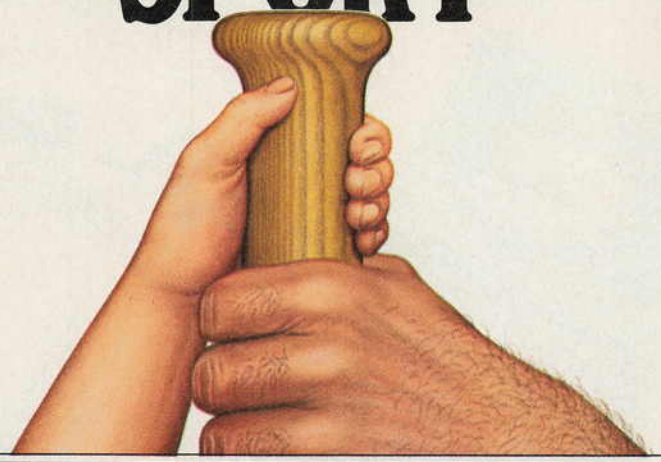


THE GOOD NEWS BEARS

by D. Keith Mano

Gallagher's up. Where's Gallagher?"

"He can't bat, Mr. Mano."

"Why? What happened? He was in the on-deck circle a minute ago."

"He's having his hand fixed, Mr. Mano."

"His hand?"

"Yeah. He's got the batting doughnut stuck on it."

Where prepubic children gather, Mel Brooks would look like a WASP straight man. When I was a coach, my stomach began making tripe pizzicata of itself hours before any Little League game. I'd chew tobacco until I turned red-orange—Chinese-restaurant-pork color—with nicotine poisoning. (A caucus of team mothers finally made me stop. Their offsprung were sliding through brown spit and even Dynamo wouldn't soak it out.) One game we blew two (2) ten (10) run leads in two (2) innings—10-0, 20-10—and lost 32-31 on a last-minute penalty kick. Which, believe me, isn't all that exaggerative. I recall the time our second-baseman caught a mean burner backhand, nose-diving—then tagged *his own shortstop* out at second and ran in while three runs came across.

Not to mention personal crises: Take Farquaharson. Fark, for short. Or General Fark Up. Fark had all the tools—to be a bricklayer. He admired Carl Yastrzemski. He'd stick his bat way up and straight out, like maybe he was trying to hit a *piñata*, not a baseball. Before he could get it down again, the catcher had thrown back. Which was fair enough: Fark didn't really want to hit; he just wanted to look statuesque. First game, when he'd struck out on a pitch in some other time zone, Fark came off crying. "Hey, Fark," I said, "bat's slow." "I'm sorry, Mr. Mano, but my grandmother was in a motorcycle accident today." "Oh," I said. What else could I say?

Next game, Fark lets a grounder bounce through—I mean actually *through*—the webbing of his glove. He chased it, wheeled and threw. Only he overdid the wheeling part and threw back out into center field. Fark cried. "Hey, Fark," I said, "use both hands." "I'm sorry, Mr. Mano, but it's this glove. My father took my good one and buried it in the backyard because I didn't clean up my room. I've been digging and digging, but I can't find it." "Oh," I said. What else could I say? Could I call Mr. Fark and ask him at least to tell Fark Jr. when he was getting warm with his shovel?

Third game, Fark struck out on balls that would've been belt-high in Brobdingnag. "Hey, Fark," I said, "wait for a good one." Fark cried. "I'm sorry, Mr. Mano, but my mother got a heart attack last night." Since Mrs. Fark had just delivered him, I knew right off that *a)* Fark was plain lousy, not under emotional stress, and *b)* his grandma didn't drive a Kawasaki.

Most Little League managers and coaches want to win—arggh—about seven or eight thousand times more intensely than their kids, who feel let down—ecch—for seven or eight minutes after a loss. But my Little League experience has been very positive. In four years' coaching, I haven't yet run across your horror-tale Torquemada-style manager. The growns are pretty damn fair, patient, dedicated: They repress that urge to tear little arms out of little sockets. There is, however, a sure-shot trick to managerial success: Have your Thalidomide-gloved men get sick, while everyone else stays in *Prevention*-magazine-type good health. Up our way, each boy has to play at least nine outs per six-inning game. Figure four or five of these go after the baseball as if it had been leaked recently from someone's plutonium-waste-disposal tank. I knew one manager who, when he had a ripe June head cold, would blow all over any kid batting less than .200.

There are cultural problems, too. I live in an all-Catholic town. Comes Saturday morning, I arrive at the field with score book, Havana Blossom Chew and Episcopalian son. No one around: It's Confirmation day. Next week I show up and no one again. The groundskeeper is surprised at me: "No game. It's Confirmation day."

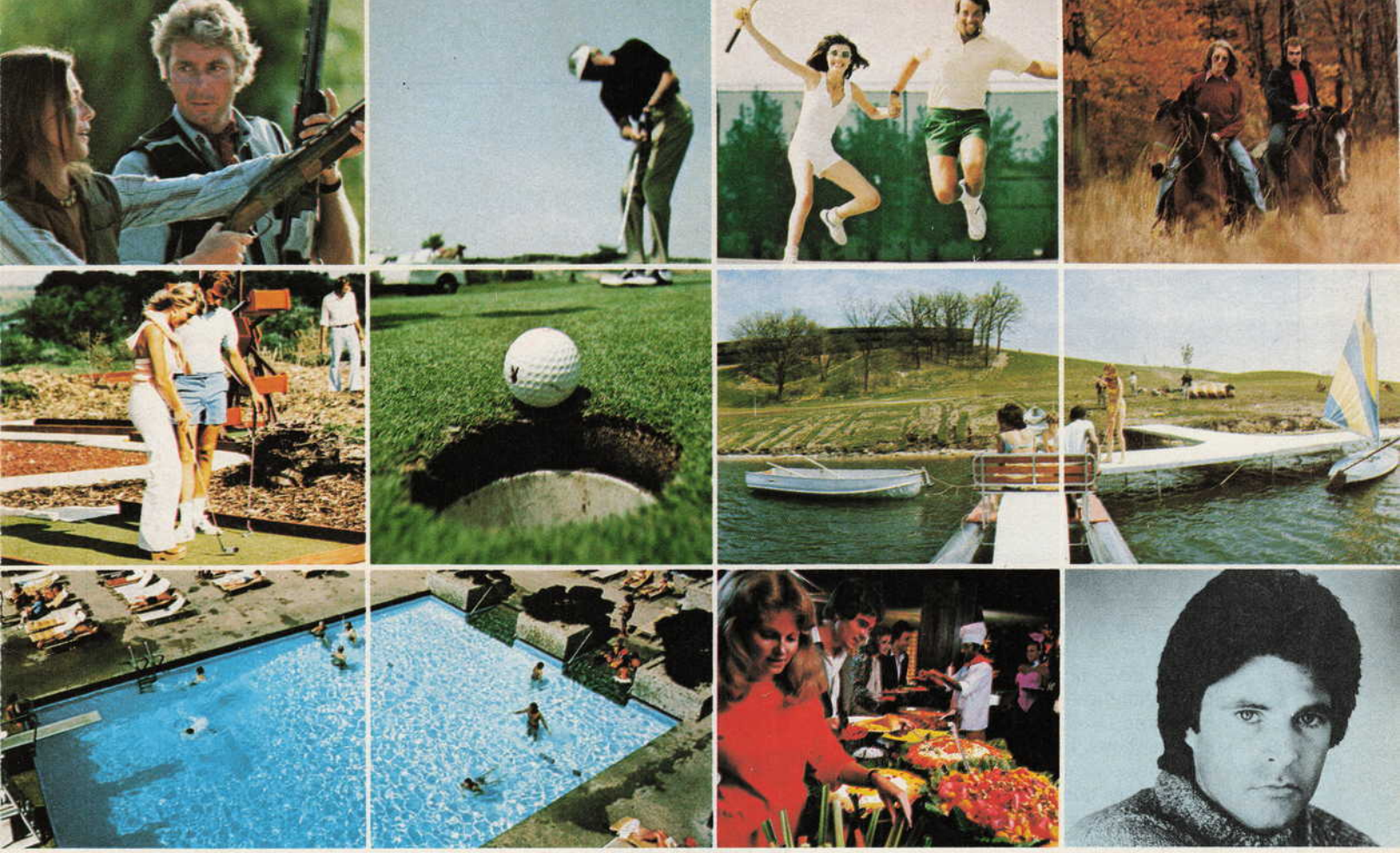
"Wait," I tell him. "They had Confirmation last week."

"Naw," he says. "Today, too. Last week was just A through M."

And Little League has taught me my age. Used to be, on an evening stroll, I'd dusk-dream about those three or four superstab catches that I've made in my day. When Big Duke, ex-Philly farmhand, hit one over third, bases full, and I lay chaise lounging four feet up, and the force of his line drive (which I never saw) spun me pig-on-spit fashion in midair and I landed face to left field, stung with astonishment and a baseball. Now I dream about catches my elder son, Roderick, has made—fully extended, hair wild in sunlight—gull, kingfisher plunging down. And I'm a father, not a ball player anymore. He's good, better certainly than I was at that age: He can keep his head down on a cobra short hop, which his chicken father could never do. Someday I must ask my wife if the milkman was around 13 years ago. And if he could hit a line drive or go back for a long one.

On the other hand, my son forgot his jockstrap just before last summer's all-star game. Manager made me drive 15 miles round trip to get it.

Maybe the old crab apple didn't fall so far from the tree after all. □



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AMERICA, COME ON DOWN!

by Michael Price

Let's talk some Gauche. Possibly the three un-chic-est (negative superlatives were never my road game) activities in America, 1978, are wearing suspenders, eating Twinkies and watching television game shows. I just did all three.

The most mysterious aspect of the game-show phenomenon is that, although nobody claims to have any use for or interest in them, everybody wants to be *on* them. Except you and me. We're too cool for that. But if we should happen to encounter a civilian or two who'd like to know which characteristics are sought in potential contestants, here are the buzzwords.

Enthusiasm. Energy. Articulation. Game-interest. Intelligence (surprise!). And, of course, that evergreen standard, good ol' *personality.* Those are the qualities, not necessarily in order of importance, that game-show producers look for. Also, something called *naturalness*, but that can be tricky.

Naturalness. Sometimes it doesn't show until it's too late. I mean, there *are* people, contestants, who display an abundance of those qualities mentioned above and talk a terrific game. And they're just fine, they've got it all together, right up until the very moment that bigass muthah camera swings 'round, its red Talley light brightly lit, its blinkless lens pointing directly into their bridgework—and suddenly the cold, clear fact comes thundering into their melon that they *will* be scrutinized, dissected, analyzed, discussed and most probably scorned by literally millions of their fellow human beings, as well as every single friend, relative or acquaintance they have ever known or will ever meet for the rest of their natural lives.

Now, for some individuals, y'see, the "naturalness" in responding to such a relentless realization is a big, fat, "natural" number, the dread specter . . . drum roll . . . *El Freezo.* An absolutely flawless imitation of a catatonic grapefruit.

It happens. And it's a reason, a lesser one, that all television game shows are pretaped.

You want naturalness?

Take your basic regulation glamor-starved, luxury-deprived homemaker-and-mother-of-three from Deep Kneebend, U. S. A., who somehow dazedly manages to struggle all the way up to the very top, the superbiggie prize level, the riches of the world but a simple option away—and she picks the wrong celebrity, looks behind the wrong doodad, names the wrong tune.

"Oops!" oopses the cute/cheerful/sincere emcee, dentally. And there goes that all-expenses-paid vacation flight (for two) to Paris, that new Camaro, that combination sofa-trash compactor, that Malibu beach house. *But*, he reassures us and comforts her, she doesn't go away empty-handed, nosir . . .

She does take with her, she and we learn together, a full year's supply of toilet seats, a set of color-coordinated mix-'n'-match dust rags, genuine thanks for having played our little game and some truly wunnerful memories of this exciting experience . . . all speedily spat out with the hearty indifference of a truly cute/cheerful/sincere human being.

We're still on naturalness, remember. Thus, it is not beyond the realm of possibility—and understanding—that her particular natural reaction to his consolation rap is a well-aimed wedgie right smack in his cute/cheerful/sincere balls.

Unfortunately, that doesn't happen very often. But it could. Yeah, it certainly could. Only thing is, we'd never know. Damn pretaping.

The only way to get on any given show is to see it in person. Since the common practice is to distribute applications after each taping session, attendance is the well-worn route to contestanthood. Virtually every network game show requires your presence in the studio audience. That way, they're sure you've seen the goddamned thing at least once—and why am I getting so hostile?

And here's a really solid inside tip: Television networks, in their infinite quest for nationwide affection and the illusion of accessibility, know that it looks bad and the rest of America resents it when contestant after contestant owns up to living someplace in California. So if you do, don't. Go ahead—pick a town, any town. Lie your way into its population, however temporarily.

One brief flash of justice before we part. Television game-show emcees, like all the rest of us, come in a wide variety of relative worths. Two are definitely worlds beyond the run-of-the-mouth types described herein. Peter Marshall, I'm here to tell ya, is not only the best game-show guru on the tube today; he's a total class act. Always has been. Next time you don't watch *Hollywood Squares*, watch him. Closely. The guy has total control over an incipient madhouse and a pair of amateurs he nursemaids through the public rush of their lives. Marshall is the kind of a guy who, when he asks, "How are you?" really wants to *know*. Aw, c'mon, is he really that genuine?

Is Flipper waterproof?

The other is Jim McKrell, former on-camera pilot of the now defunct *Celebrity Sweepstakes* fandango. Wherever he is.

Those are pros, folks. But what do you care? You never watch game shows anyway, do you? □

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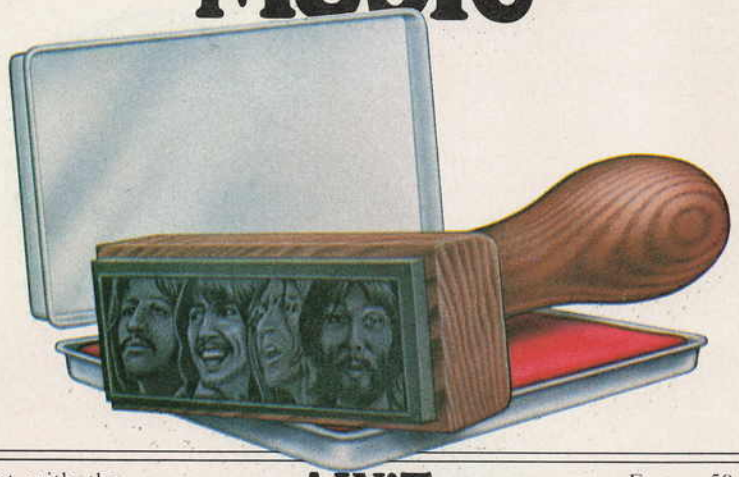


AIN'T NOTHING LIKE THE REAL THING

by Ed Naha

The needle makes contact with the "big hits" LP and the sounds fill the room. Rock sounds. Hit sounds. But wait—there's something different about *these* hits. Raspy Rod Stewart's *You're in My Heart* sounds like someone's going through a therapy session for cancer of the trachea. The strains of Linda Ronstadt's *It's So Easy* are magically transformed into an evening with Theresa Brewer in a hard hat. Queen's *We Are the Champions* is mangled into a leaden *Die Walkure* au-go-go. What goes on here? Is this the first battle of the bands where everyone loses?

Not quite, although this "top tunes" LP is admittedly stranger than most. It has all the hits you crave, but none of the actual hit artists. Called *Stayin' Alive*, this two-record set is a recent example of that unique species of LP known as the sound-alike recording—that economic bonanza hawked on late-night TV by speed-freak announcers who assault your eardrums. All your top-ten favorites performed by identityless rock clones.

The songs offered are usually pretty close to the originals. The records themselves are a bargain, usually selling for $4.99 (with 20 songs).

"I haven't seen any complaints," beams Bill Isaacs, A&R director for Brookville Marketing, a New York-based outfit. Isaacs, a pleasant top-forty-conscious music maven, supervises Brookville's TEJ label—one of the few sound-alike record companies around today. Together with media director Barry Rosen, Isaacs takes these clone recordings from inception to delivery on the tube. "No complaints," he emphasizes. "But I have seen a lot of people writing in to say they think it's great. You get twenty popular songs for under five dollars. If they had to buy all those singles, it would cost a hell of a lot more. And the people who are usually buying these are eight-to-ten-year-olds."

According to Rosen, sound-alike fans don't really care if the hit artist isn't on the record itself. "The records are something the kids play at a party. When you're at a party, you're not really listening that closely. You usually just stick the records on the turntable in a stack of forty-fives. Now, with us you just stick on our album. I mean, at a party no one stops what they're doing to turn around and say 'Hey! That's not Barry Manilow!' "

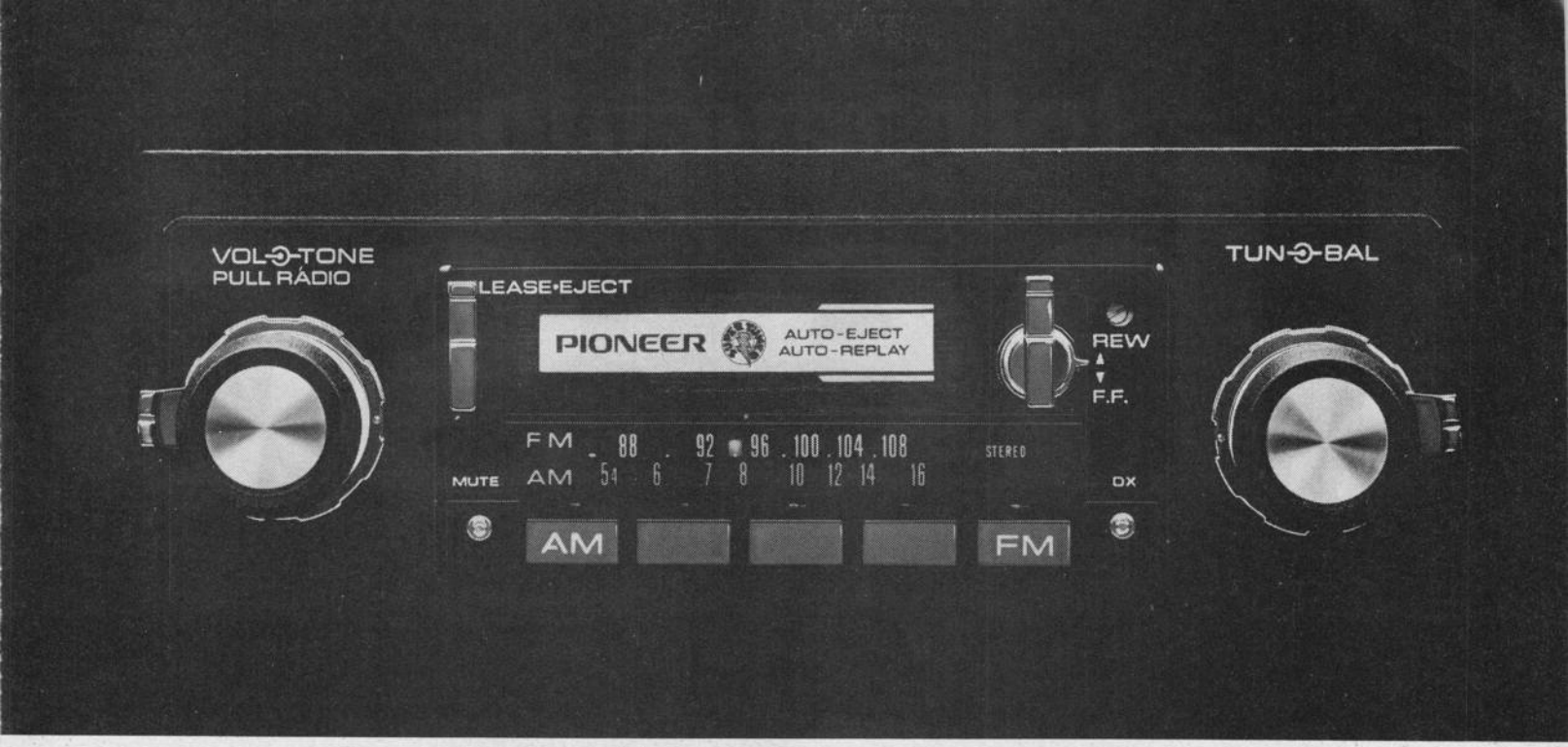
Isaacs himself is responsible for launching the echo LPs, watching the pop charts closely and culling both the hottest hits and artists. Once the selection is in hand, the only task left is to get into the studio and duplicate them. The TEJ clone LPs are all recorded by an endless roster of nameless studio entities known collectively as the Dynamic Sound. "We record in different studios," says Isaacs, "and they have staff arrangers and staff jingle singers. The singers can sound like whoever we want them to. Most of them will never make it on their own, because they sound so much like Elton John or the Eagles. There are more singers around than we can record. Everybody wants to be a star. We can almost order the exact type of voice we want. We pick only the best."

Frighteningly enough, many of the singers present on the TEJ recordings *do* sound exactly like the real superstars. On *Stayin' Alive*, for instance, although the Electric Light Orchestra clones sound strictly battery-operated, Billy Joel's double is just as frowsy as the real thing.

Even a 50 percent vocal-accuracy score is amazing when one considers that each TEJ opus takes only two weeks to record *twenty* different songs. In the "normal" record biz, an eight-tune LP usually takes a minimum of two months to lay down. In clonedom, however, there are no frills. The session musicians put down the tracks; the jingle singers come in, sing their parts and go home. To the faceless members of the Dynamic Sound, it's just another job. "They don't feel funny about imitating the stars," Bill says with a smile. "That's what they get paid for." "Besides," Barry adds, "they're never identified with the record. All our artists are the Dynamic Sound. It just gives the singers a chance to earn a little extra money."

For Bill and Barry, the world of clone records is a field that is neither new nor particularly strange. TEJ began turning out sound-alikes some five years ago when the royalty costs for *real* greatest-hits packages became too extravagant to bear. But, according to Bill, the concept of clone records has been around "since the industry began. Years ago, there were companies that *only* made imitation forty-fives. They were sold cheaper than the real things." And Barry points out, "Originally, you didn't have to say who it was singing, as long as you didn't say who it wasn't. I mean, you couldn't say it *was* Rod Stewart singing, but you didn't have to point out it *wasn't*. A lot of consumers felt burned. Now there's a law that says you must state who's performing on the record."

So, while the concept of cheapo imitators aping someone else's songs at cut-rate prices may enrage some musical sophisticates, the rock-clone coterie simply loves it. So does TEJ Records. The top tunes are peddled. A profit is made. The preteens save money and everyone is happy—everyone, perhaps, except the die-hard rock fans who have to sit through the clone commercials as they burst forth from the boob tube. □



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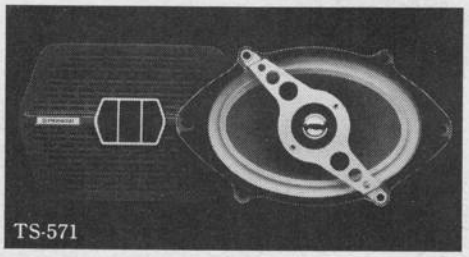

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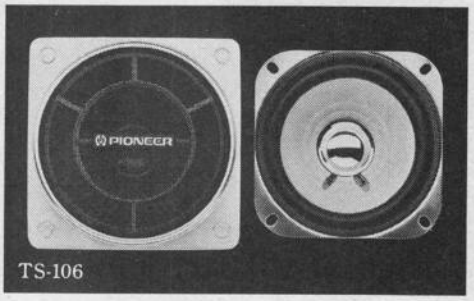

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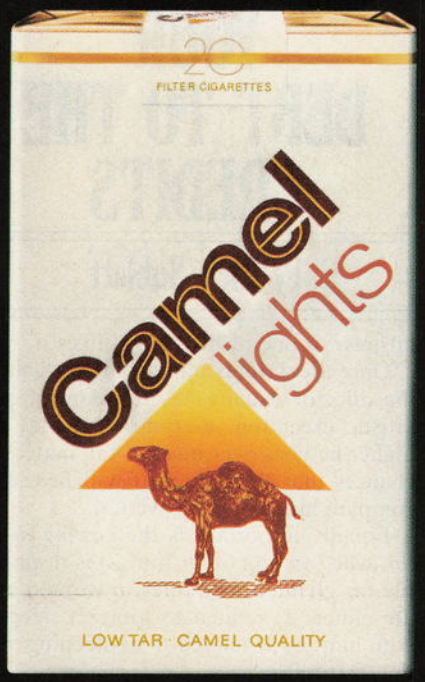

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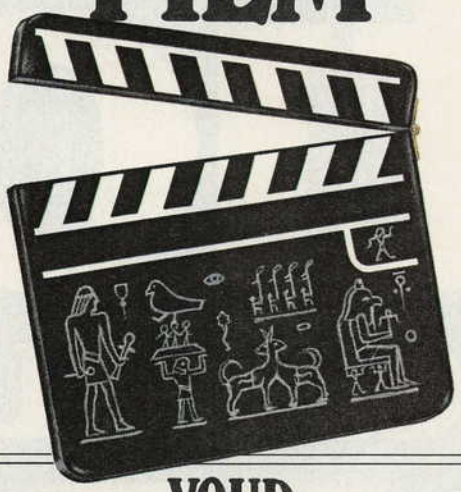

YOUR DEBT TO THE CREDITS

by Rick Sublett

Ever wonder why movie tickets cost so much these days? Well, aside from old-fashioned corporate larceny and greed, runaway production payrolls have a lot to do with it.

Just check out the endless credits they flash up on the screen. Those lumbering litanies of all the "creative people behind the scenes." The scores of "faceless men and women who work their special magic," while you foot the bill for their Porsches, Bel-Air estates and Vienna-educated therapists.

That's a financial responsibility most of us moviegoers willingly shoulder.

But one question nags like Ralph Nader, no matter how passively we part with our movie allowance: "What do all those people on the credits *really* do to earn our generosity?"

What the Money-Mongers Do:

The *producer* usually dreams up the movie, fast-talks backers out of cash to make it and then dumps all the real work on his needlessly large army of staffers. He is Hollywood's equivalent to the president of the United States. And, in many cases, he is just as impressively incompetent.

The *production manager* directly handles budgets, salaries and other key financial responsibilities—such as taking the blame when the sheriff shows up to repossess the sets and costumes.

The *executive producer* is the most important person in the production pyramid. He (or she) spies on the producer *and* the production manager, on behalf of the people who put up all the money in the first place.

What the Creative Corps Does:

The *screenwriter* picks out one of the seven basic plots that Hollywood always uses, then breathes new life into it with meaningful characterizations, imagery and carefully constructed dialog.

The *director*, in turn, immediately bans the screenwriter from the lot and totally rewrites the script the way he, his wife, his mistress or one of his "stars" likes it.

Once the script is actually in production, the director usually has full control over artistic execution, ever mindful that the higher he goes over budget, the better the chances that Rona Barrett will favorably compare him to Orson Welles.

Equally important is the *casting director*, who (among other things) is responsible for giving acting roles to women who are either: 1) related to him; 2) sleeping with him; or 3) related to or sleeping with the distributor(s).

The *cinematographer* devises the camera shots, in close consultation with the director . . . but he seldom if ever pushes the shutter button himself. Not with so many skilled union *camera operators*—and skilled union goon squads—so readily available to efficiently run the equipment or burn the sound stage to the ground, without leaving a trace of arson.

Likewise, the *film editor* often stands back from the Moviola, to keep "the big picture" in mind, while well-paid *assistant editors* glue the "little pictures" together, frame by frame.

Those, of course, are but a few of the well-known, essential jobs filled by people deemed worthy of recognition in the credits. Along with them is a staggering list that includes everyone from the *production designer* (who determines the entire visual "look" of the movie) to the *dressing-room valet* (who hides the leading man's cocaine when strange, crewcut men wearing white socks and shiny black shoes show up on location).

But what about some of the less heralded tasks—and the less heralded people who perform them at premium rates?

The *costume designer*. It's a little-known fact that they are all named Bruce or Edith Head (whose real name is actually Bruce Head).

The *head gaffer*. Many laymen believe this is the industry term for chief electrician. But, in truth, the head gaffer is in charge of landing fish onboard the producer's yacht.

The *key grip*. Or the head stagehand, to use the old, less dignified description. Good ones have been known to hold up production for an entire full-crew day while arranging a single chair on a set. In civilian life, they are often called "moving-van drivers."

The *postproduction supervisor*. Supervises the final assembly of picture and sound and the hundreds of other tiny details that must be properly included in the total end product. Put more simply, he gets stuck with the job of correcting everyone else's mistakes. If he fails to do so, he becomes known as the *ex-postproduction supervisor*.

Finally, there is the *publicist*. Upon his shoulders falls the most critical movie-making job of all. Employing all the skills of modern marketing and psychological persuasion, he must convince an increasingly irate and tight-fisted public that his movie is worth shelling out money to see. The old term for this sales-promotion technique is "lying."

Remarkably, publicists are among the most humble people in Hollywood. Despite their importance to the industry, their names seldom appear on the screen. Most simply seem content with the personal knowledge of a job well done. Who really needs the vanity trip of public recognition? Especially when the lynch laws in many states are still so vaguely worded. □

Being selected Playmate of the Year is no small honor, considering the caliber of the young women who grace PLAYBOY's centerfold each month. This year's choice is September's Debra Jo Fondren. And you can clearly see why. June PLAYBOY unveils Debra Jo's secrets of success in a smashing 12-page pictorial. Also this month, an insider's look at how the U. S. body politic really works—and plays—by someone who should know: Bobby Baker. Also: an impartial survey of singles' bars tells which professional types make out the most. There's also an interview with God's best friend, George Burns. And a whole lot more. June PLAYBOY. At your newsstand now.

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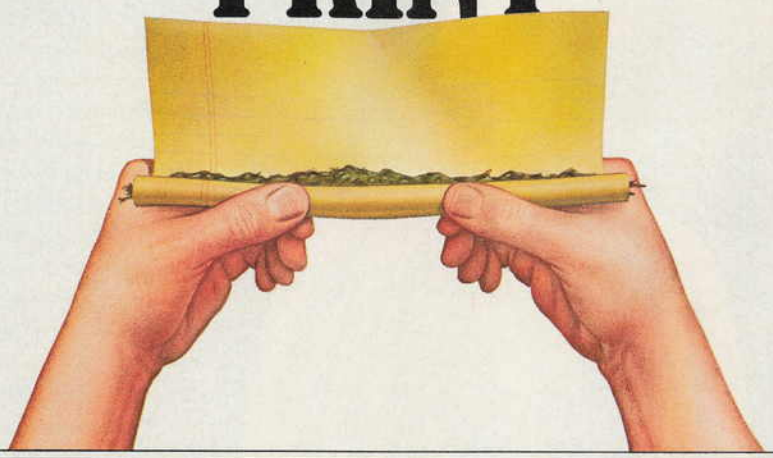

THE SEEDS AND STEMS OF WRITING

by Jesse Kornbluth

Unlike many writers who were first published during the go-go 1960s and whose greatest works ended up in ashtrays along with the roaches of their primo Colombian joints, I didn't start smoking dope so I'd have more fun at the typewriter. I started writing so I could afford better dope. Before marijuana disrupted my easy undergraduate life, I dabbled in articles and amused myself by outlining novels that I never got around to writing. Then I discovered a friend in Los Angeles who was willing to ship me honest kilos of choice, fresh Michoacán at his cost—$80 the key. All he asked was that I pay the Air Express charges. I didn't balk. Like other young men who got their start in business by dividing weight and selling it to their friends, I soon had all the dope I could smoke and an expanded sense of my own possibilities. And that sense told me: Write your brains out.

My output doubled, then trebled. *Mirabile dictu*, my grades even improved a notch, and still I had time to participate in every demo, boogie at every party. Soon I was invited to speak before Harvard Med students, who were grappling that grim winter of 1968 with the possibility that marijuana caused untreatable brain damage—a conviction they acquired, no doubt, from my mother. I came stoned, of course, wearing Brooks Brothers tweeds and the Chesterfield overcoat I wore to any event where storm troopers might intervene. The Brandeis students on the panel thought I was a narc and shunned me. Clearly, the heathens in Waltham had never encountered a stoned Ivy League Jewish writer. My response was to step up my output.

Between 1967 and 1971—when I finally realized that dope is not bad to type on, pretty good to think on and best for rereading one's brilliance after a long, unstoned day at the keyboard—my typewriter smoked from overuse while I toked away on increasingly expensive weed. I edited a book. I wrote dozens of articles. But mostly, because marijuana revved up my visual imagination, I wrote screenplays; and most of them, not surprisingly, were about drug reality.

And I had a perfect track record: three dope scripts, no dope movies and a lot of my money from these projects drifting out the window like smoke. I couldn't insist any longer, with perfect Sixties insouciance, that reality was a crutch for people who couldn't handle drugs. I knew at last what writers meant when they snickered about the mad dope scribe who knocked out the great stoned American novel—and discovered it was only five pages long. I reconsidered marijuana as a perceptual tool; in a time when millions of my would-be readers were making environmental casualties of themselves with drugs much stronger than grass, thoughtlessly decreasing their chances of understanding my multileveled prose in the process, it was foolish—no, outright self-destructive—to exalt my consciousness any longer.

I went straight, but some of my hardier friends refused to compromise with creeping moronity. Ray Mungo, who wrote the first college editorial calling for LBJ's impeachment righteously stoned and then penned five books, including the classic, *Famous Long Ago*, in a state of high serenity, uses dope to this day. The poster announcing his candidacy for governor of Washington, in fact, shows him blowing a joint. "I wouldn't want to be governor if I couldn't smoke dope," he says, confessing a preference for Colombian when he writes. "I can write without dope, but very often I will use the absence of dope as an excuse not to write. Why? Because my writing, my serious writing, is a metaphysical process. Dope liberates my consciousness so I can be a good medium. I just get high and let it come. If dope made my writing nonlinear and hard to follow, I'd still rather write that way, but people do read my books and claim to have understood them."

But for Robert Sabbag, author of *Snowblind: A Brief Career in the Cocaine Trade*—which Hunter Thompson, among others, wagers is probably the best drug book we'll ever see—Colombian coffee is the inspiration-booster of choice. Though he has traveled with the infamous Zachary Swan, a smuggler who claims never to have turned up his nose at any quality powder, Sabbag feels his writing is scary enough without any additives. And, he suggests, all drug writing may miss the point in a time when big bucks are to be made playing it straight. Says Sabbag, "If Coleridge were alive today, he'd be taking the *Kubla Khan* money in deferred payments against the advance on *The Preface to the Lyrical Ballads*."

Sabbag is a wise and true voice and, Mom, I agree with him. It's just that last week I happened to find myself sitting next to one of America's better-known songwriters, and he just happened to be holding a joint of dope he described as "$1800-the-half-pound Mendocino *sinsemilla*"—highly cultivated, all-female California tops so potent that four tokes are one too many. Conflict City! I knew I had to go home and play on this Jewish piano.

I smoked. I flew high and clear and wrote my fool head off, as in days of yore. And I learned something: The rich *are* different from you and me. The dope *they* buy, you can puff all day. Which is what I said in the three-page novel I ran through the typewriter that night. □

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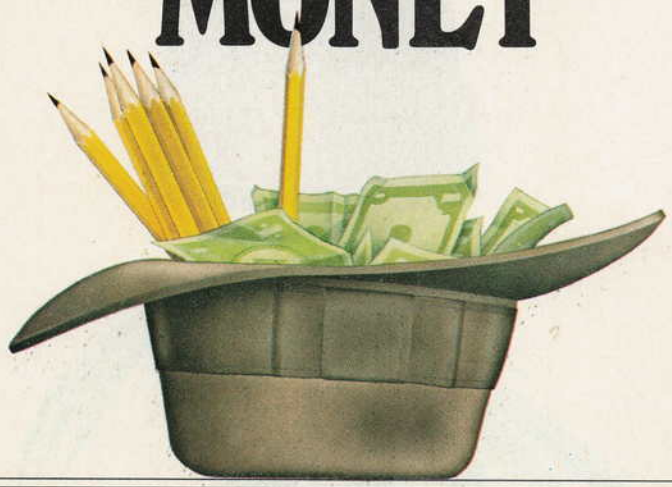

HOW TO GET A LOAN WITHOUT BEGGING

by Chris Barnett

Next time you want to borrow a few bucks, remember Hoshang Mostofizadeh. The 31-year-old Iranian scion needed $25,000 for a "short time"—maybe only a month—to cover last-minute expenses prior to the opening of his spectacular $2.1-million Sun Grove restaurant on San Francisco's trendy Union Street. Surely he was a good risk. His family owned hotels and freight companies in Tehran, including even the building that houses the Iranian Consortium of Oil Companies. He is also a part-owner of Orpheus, a string of chic San Francisco fashion boutiques.

But Barclay's Bank of California shot him down on the personal loan. This despite the fact he had deposited more than $800,000 there in one year, brought them nine new accounts and pumped $2 million of Orpheus' cash flow through the Union Street branch. He was also going to collateralize the loan with the pink slip of his fully paid-for 1974 Jensen Interceptor, worth $28,000; the bank still said no.

Mad? Hoshang was one pissed-off Persian.

If a well-heeled Iranian has to grovel before he can get a loan, how should *you* go about borrowing money today? What's the approach, where should you go, and what do you need to know?

For openers, it's easier than you think if you're smart. And I don't mean you need an MBA in finance from Harvard or a brother-in-law on the bank's loan committee. Just do your homework first.

Step one. Make sure you're creditworthy or at least that you've read the *Money* column in the March OUI and have laundered your credit. Not that a black mark or two is going to shoot you out of the saddle—you just may have a higher interest rate with those lenders who will crawl into bed with you.

Second, sit down and prepare a formal, typed presentation to the lender. This will blow them away. It shows that you're a serious borrower and you have a plan for their money. Commercial borrowers do it when they raise cash; why shouldn't you?

Spell out what you're going to do with the loan proceeds (buy a car, a boat or a mountain cabin, consolidate debts), why you're approaching *them*, where you work, your salary, other income. In short, introduce yourself. To the covering letter, attach a separate personal financial statement listing your savings, other assets and their approximate value, plus your liabilities—what you owe and to whom. Include all credit references, credit card and charge account numbers, addresses and phone numbers of credit grantors, and outstanding balances and monthly payments. Finally, figure out your net worth—assets minus liabilities. Relax, you needn't be a Getty to borrow.

This exercise doesn't guarantee you'll get the loan, and you'll still have to fill out a credit application. But it will save time and impress the lender. A word of advice, though: Don't try to snow them; your credit rating will still be checked.

Before you sit down with that steely-eyed bank loan officer or that super-friendly finance-company credit *counselor*, make sure you're getting the lowest possible financing costs. Don't be a rube and haggle all afternoon with a car dealer trying to beat him out of $50 on the window price, then eagerly sign up for his *No Sweat—We Carry Our Own Contract* financing plan. Shop around. You could save $500 or more over the life of the contract.

Bear in mind that minimum and maximum interest rates vary by state, by lender, by loan period; there's no simple rule to follow. Frankly, some lenders charge what the traffic will bear. Still, Uncle Sam has seen to it that you won't be reamed too badly if you ask questions and pay attention. Federal truth-in-lending laws require that all finance costs must be disclosed. You also must be told not only the quoted rate of interest but the effective interest, the amount you'll actually have to pay annually. To calculate the best financing deal, compare annual interest rates and total borrowing costs.

Where do you get the best deal? No question about it. Go to your company credit union, if you have one. One of the biggest, Hughes Aircraft Company's credit union in Los Angeles, has 57,000 members, but only 33,000 are employees; the rest are retirees or—catch this—people who have quit but were allowed to retain their memberships. Not all credit unions are so benevolent.

The Hughes Aircraft credit union, like most others, bends over backwards to help. "We're here to make loans and serve our members—it's that simple," insists assistant general manager John Sieberg, a former banker. He swears everyone gets equal treatment at a credit union—whether he's a shipping clerk or senior vice-president. With banks, the bigger your clout, the sweeter your deal.

Key point: Credit unions also make no-questions-asked loans on savings, at an interest rate 2 percent higher than savers get. Hughes Aircraft CU members can borrow one dollar for every savings dollar, at 9 percent. Hughes Aircraft also has one of the few credit unions that offers real help to employees buried in debt. First, they'll approve a debt-consolidation loan—1 percent per month up to $15,000. Then they settle with the creditors, mail the

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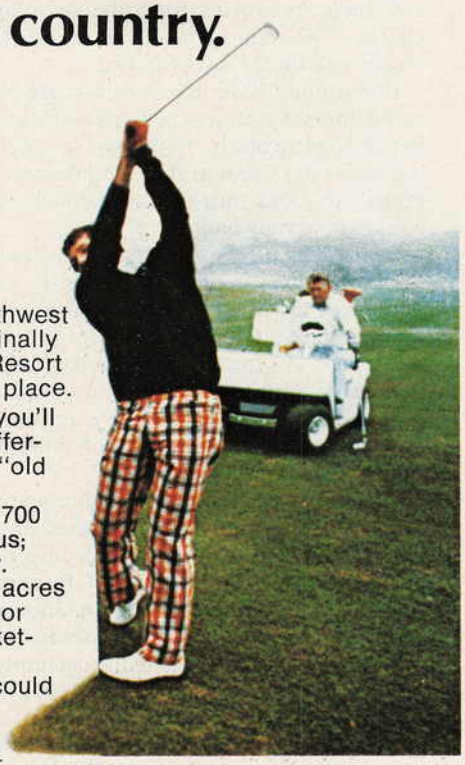

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From the moment you arrive, you'll know Playboy Great Gorge is different. You'll never be stuck in the "old wing" because there are no old wings. Every one of our 700 rooms is new and luxurious; most even have a balcony.

But you won't want to stay in your room for long. Not when you can play in 800 acres of pure country. There's a 27-hole championship golf course, indoor and outdoor tennis, horseback riding, Olympic-size pools (indoors and out), badminton, basketball, miniature golf, a health club, saunas, the world's largest whirlpool and a three-level game room with every electrical wonder you could want. There's even a shopping arcade.

When it comes to eating, we have a variety of restaurants to choose from—not one giant mess hall. So you can eat when you want to and not when you're told to. And how you'll eat! From Tournedos Rossini to hot dogs. From a Continental buffet to bagels and lox. Whatever you have a hunger for, we have a menu for.

For entertainment, see top name performers in our Cabaret. If dancing turns you on, come to the Bunny Hutch Disco. And of course you'll always find plenty going on at the Playmate Bar.

And if you have kids, bring them along, because we also have a complete day-camp program and baby-sitter service.

So come to your place in the country. The Playboy Resort and Country Club. It's your country place.

EAT, DRINK & BE MERRY $110*

3 days and 2 nights in a deluxe room. 2 breakfasts. 2 dinners. 1 night club show. Single occupancy $155. Each additional person in double $86. Taxes and gratuities included.

PAR & PARTY $183

4 days and 3 nights in a deluxe room. (Sunday or Monday arrivals.) 3 breakfasts. 3 dinners. 1 night club show. 3 rounds of golf.** 1 package of golf balls (3). Single occupancy $246. Each additional person in double $145. Taxes and gratuities included.

*Price per pers. Dbl. Occ. Gratuities for maid and bellman not included. Effective April 1, 1978 through October 31, 1978. **Carts not included.

Playboy Key not required with confirmed guest-room reservations. We also have complete convention facilities for any size group. For Key and Convention Information call toll-free **800-621-1116.**

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MONEY At consumer finance companies, "We do not loan to everybody....Out of one hundred people who come in the first time, maybe thirty borrow."

person's rent, credit card, even alimony and child-support payments, and generally keep the wolves from the door—no charge. "We want to take worries off the employee's head," says Sieberg.

If you don't have access to a company credit union, a commercial bank is the next best bet, particularly if you have a checking or savings account there. Banks really eyeball you and your creditworthiness, so get to know your banker.

Sometimes it's wise to take out a small loan and repay it promptly—even if you don't need the money. That way, yours is a familiar face at the bank when you do need cash. As for small amounts, banks generally aren't interested in loaning you less than $1000. Doesn't generate enough—they lose on the cost of shuffling the paperwork.

Unsecured installment loans are a specialty here, but the rates vary drastically—from 9 percent to 18 percent, according to a spokesman for the American Bankers Association, who implores, "Shop around, shop around." Also, look for a commercial bank that charges interest on the declining-balance basis. Suppose you borrow $1200 for a year at a super rate of 8 percent, or $96 a year. The first month, you pay $100 plus one month's interest—1/12 of $96, or $8. Next month, the interest drops to $7.34, which is based on $1100 outstanding.

Some commercial banks and a lot of other lenders charge "add-on" interest, a flat interest-and-financing cost you have to pay even if you pay off the loan early. Here's where you take a screwing, usually in the form of higher interest rates. If you can help it, stay clear of add-on financing.

More banks are establishing credit lines and overdraft accounts for small, unsecured loans. It saves them hassles. Sandra McLaughlin, vice-president of Mellon Bank in Pittsburgh, says her bank will automatically transfer funds into your checking account when you're overdrawn, charging 12 percent interest on a personal loan, 15 percent on a credit card (Visa and Master Charge purchases). In many states, including California, banks can charge 1½ percent per month on the unpaid balance or 18 percent on overdraft. Still, the credit line is a convenient time-saver.

Since lenders are eager and hungry today—particularly some banks who're hawking their wares like London street vendors—you can wheel and deal on some loans. Wayne Akert, vice-president of Wells Fargo Bank in San Francisco, says his bank offers a passel of "special programs"—including a new "manufactured-home" loan, aimed at the average Joe who has traditionally been frozen out of the housing market. Wells Fargo will finance prefab, modular or mobile homes anchored on a private lot at an interest rate of 10.75 percent for up to 20 years. It's akin to a mortgage, but it's a far better rate than the interest on buying a mobile home.

Wells Fargo also has a preapproved "Express Credit" plan, where you can get up to $15,000 cash. Your credit line depends on your income, and the interest rate varies with the amount borrowed: 16 percent annual percentage rate (APR) for the first $1000; 12.5 percent for the next $1500; 11.5 percent for anything over that. Remember, this isn't an overdraft or no-bounce feature for your checking account but a line of credit that's always there. Says Akert: "We don't care if you ever pay it off."

Savings and loan associations are best known for mortgage loans, but they also make other installment loans. Smartest move here is a passbook loan—borrow money that's secured by your savings. It's easy to arrange, too. "Anybody with a savings account can borrow up to 90 percent of the total," says William Brennan, president of Mt. Vernon Savings and Loan Association, Alexandria, Virginia. There's no minimum term, but you should have at least $100 in savings. The interest rate is usually 2 percent over the savings rate, or roughly 7¼ percent if the S&L is paying you 5¼ percent. Why borrow when you have the bucks? You protect your savings—that's why; you may not be disciplined enough to replace it. Plus, you build credit.

If you need money fast and have a fixed-term certificate of deposit or other savings certificate, don't disturb it. You have the liquidity. By borrowing on the CD, you'll pay 2 percent extra—9½ percent on your 7½ percent certificate. But if you cashed it in, you'd really be clobbered with what they accurately term a "substantial penalty for early withdrawal." That rash action will cost you 90 days' interest off the top, and then the remaining interest will be recomputed at a 5½ percent passbook rate *back* to the day you opened it. That can really fuck you over.

It's obvious why your S&L won't make you jump through hoops to get the loan. "We've got the best collateral in the world to cover it," says Brennan. "The borrower's money."

You can also get an unsecured home-improvement loan through a savings and loan. The rate is 12 percent on a declining basis at Mt. Vernon, and you can get up to $15,000 for 15 years, to add a room, build a pool, buy new furniture. You do have to submit a "financing statement" and pledge your home furnishings as collateral.

Another ready source of no-hassle cash is found in your permanent life insurance policies. Insurers tout policy loan features when they're peddling the policy, but generally they don't promote it afterwards; they can use your money elsewhere and get higher investment yields. Until recently, you could borrow almost all of your cash value for a mere 5 percent (remember, most policies only pay 2½-3½ percent interest). Recently, however, some states have OKed a hike to 6 percent, and some companies have really fattened the spread, to 8 percent.

Big insurers, like the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S., pride themselves on responding quickly to loan requests. "We can get loan approval in one or two days," says Luis Mallea, assistant vice-president for Equitable Life in New York. And they won't browbeat you to repay. "We encourage repayment—$10 or so at any time—to reestablish the cash value," he says. Other insurers figure the repayment into the premium.

But if you drain the cash value out of your permanent policy and don't put it back, you're essentially buying term insurance at those stiff permanent insurance rates. Besides, if you are, as insurance agents love to say, "taken out of the picture," they deduct the amount borrowed and all accrued interest from your death benefit. If you let a policy lapse after you've borrowed against part of it, you don't get any cash value back; the debt is deducted, and you automatically get a paid-up policy with what's left over. Yeah, it's easy money—but it can be costly.

One of the most misunderstood sources of funds is the consumer finance company. A finance company makes direct loans, at a simple interest rate on a declining balance, and indirect loans, where they buy an installment contract from a merchant (like the corner appliance store where you bought that TV and financed it) and charge costlier add-on interest. Banks do the same when they buy "paper."

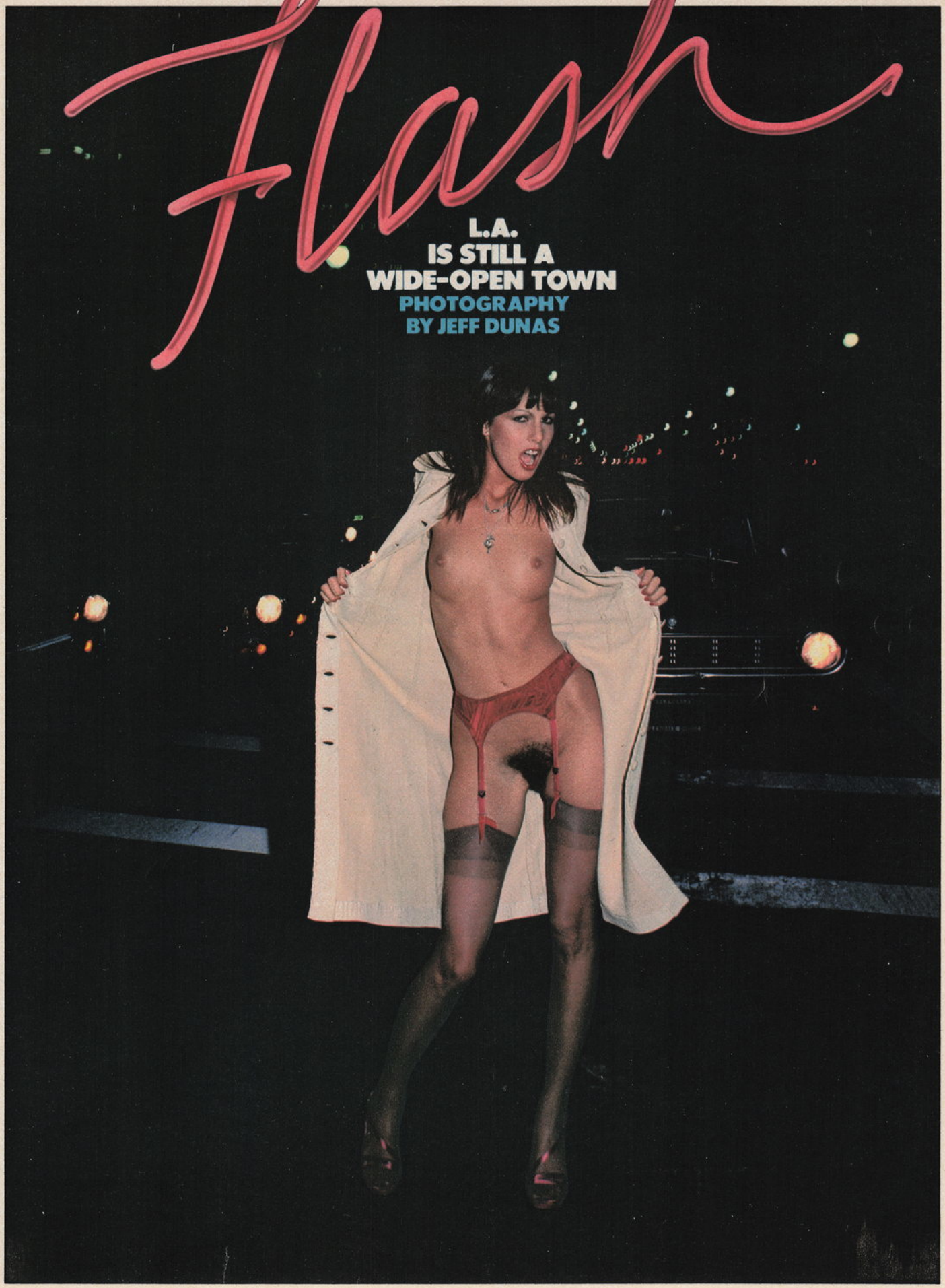
The interest rates are steep—for instance, 24 percent or more on $600 unsecured; 19 percent annually on $3000 unsecured. Consumer finance outfits usually attract the cash-strapped borrower who doesn't qualify for a bank loan. But contrary to their image, "we do not loan to everybody," says James M. Browne, plain-spoken president of FinanceAmerica of Allentown, Pennsylvania, which has 375 offices nationwide. "Out of one hundred people who come in the first time, maybe thirty borrow."

Browne claims the primary purpose of finance companies is "financial counseling." On a bill-consolidation loan—a loan to pay off all your other loans—shop carefully. Make sure you're not losing money on the deal. Don't feel there's a gun to your head when you sit down with any lender. □

Flash

L.A. IS STILL A WIDE-OPEN TOWN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DUNAS



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SEE THE SIGHTS **DINE WITH GRACE** **HIRE A CHAUFFEUR**

MAKE TRACKS **CATCH AN OPENING** **FEEL THE FREEDOM**

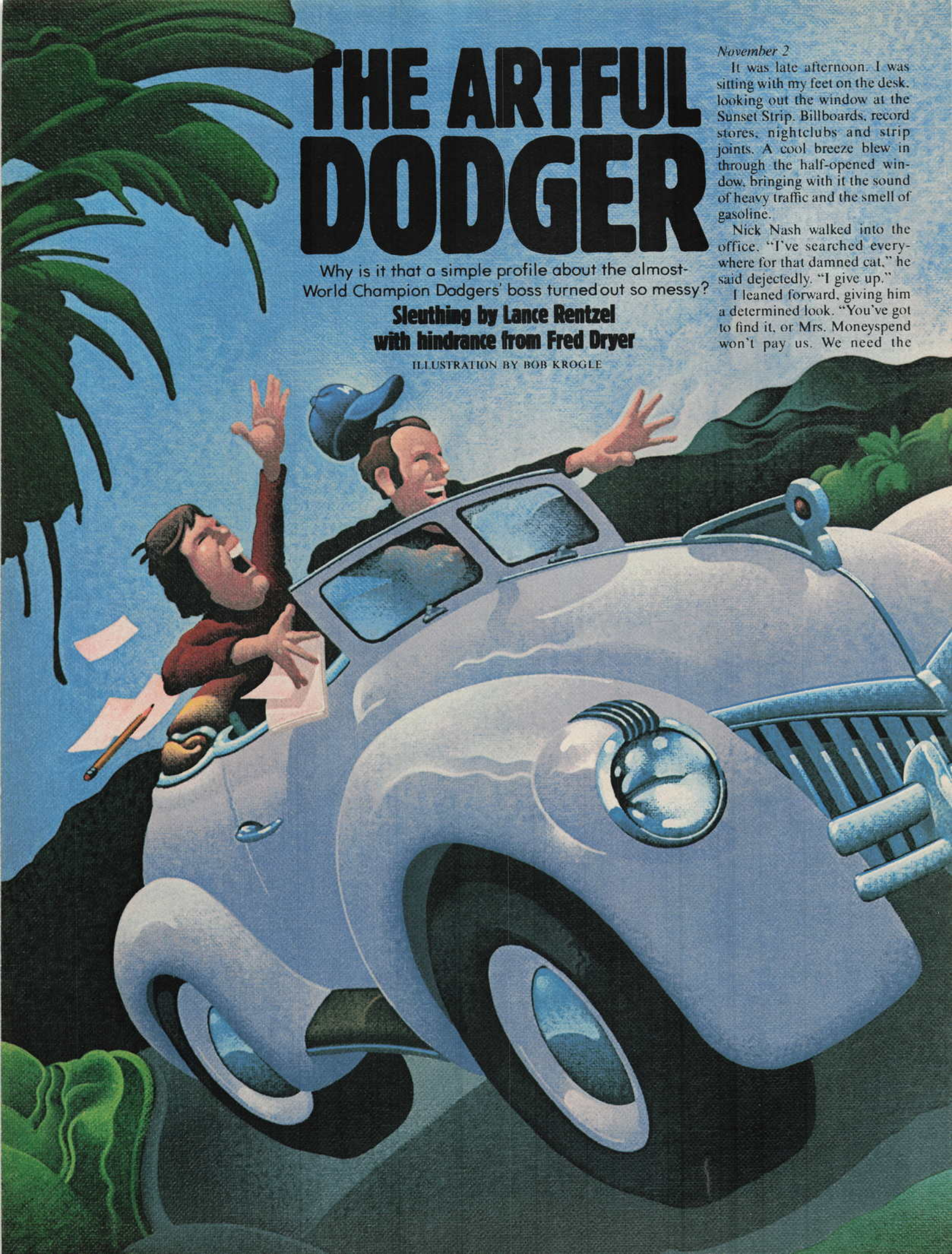
CENTURY PLAZA

THE ARTFUL DODGER

Why is it that a simple profile about the almost-World Champion Dodgers' boss turned out so messy?

Sleuthing by Lance Rentzel with hindrance from Fred Dryer

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB KROGLE



November 2

It was late afternoon. I was sitting with my feet on the desk, looking out the window at the Sunset Strip. Billboards, record stores, nightclubs and strip joints. A cool breeze blew in through the half-opened window, bringing with it the sound of heavy traffic and the smell of gasoline.

Nick Nash walked into the office. "I've searched everywhere for that damned cat," he said dejectedly. "I give up."

I leaned forward, giving him a determined look. "You've got to find it, or Mrs. Moneyspend won't pay us. We need the

dough if we're going to cover this month's rent."

Nash went over to the file cabinet, where he snatched a bottle of Bacardi and two glasses from the bottom drawer. He filled the glasses and handed one to me. We each downed the contents in a single gulp.

"Sometimes I wonder why we decided to become private eyes," Nick said.

"Yeah," I sighed, pouring myself another drink. "It's a tough racket, but we were boozing it

DODGER I pulled out the Lasorda file and began to study it. "Identifying characteristics: Cut his wrists and he bleeds Dodger blue. Has 'Dodgers' tattooed on his heart."

up too much when we were reporters."

Tina Tits opened the door and walked in. Our secretary's breasts were so large that no one seemed to notice how ugly she was, or that she wasn't playing with a full deck.

"There's a girl here to see you, Mr. Grammit," Tina said.

"The name's Granite," I replied.

"No, her name's Body. Barbara Body."

"Not her name, my—never mind. Is she a prospective client?"

"I don't know. She only said she's from *We* magazine."

"Never heard of it."

"You'll want to see her anyway. She's a real knockout."

"Well, send her in, sweetheart, send her in." I looked over at Nash and winked. He was eyeing Tina closely as she walked back to the outer office.

"Goddamn, her bra oughta have license plates," Nash muttered.

In the background, Tina said, "You may go in now, Miss Body."

A soft voice said, "Thank you," and a very sexy blond came through the doorway. She was a knockout, all right, a lovely young animal with spectacular curves. Nash glanced over at me and made a silent whistling mouth of appreciation.

I stood up. "I'm Mike Granite," I said, "and this is my partner, Nick Nash."

She said hello to both of us, then sat down in the armchair next to my desk.

I sank back into my swivel chair and turned to face her. "Now, what can we do for you, Miss Body?"

She swallowed and said quickly, "It's all so confusing, and—that is, I don't know where to start—you see, I'm so worried about everything . . ." She fell silent. Only her blue eyes spoke now, pleading.

I smiled and gave her an understanding look. "Just start at the beginning, and then we can figure out how to help you."

It took her a little while to tell us everything.

"So what it all boils down to," I said, pausing to slam down the rest of my fourth drink, "is that you're in charge of a story that's being done on Tom Lasorda for an upcoming issue. None of the writers you've assigned to interview Lasorda can get through to him, and you're afraid you won't make the deadline. Right?"

She nodded.

"What're you so worried about?" Nash said. "You've got until December fifteenth, haven't you?"

"You don't know how much trouble we've had locating Mr. Lasorda."

"Where do we come in?" I asked.

"Well, you two are famous athletes, so he'll want to talk to you—he loves to be around celebrities, you know. And with your experience as reporters, you shouldn't have any problem handling the interview."

I said, "Our reporting days are over, Miss Body."

"Yes, I know, but . . . Mr. Granite, couldn't you and Mr. Nash . . . ?" She made an appealing gesture with both hands. "Couldn't you make an exception just this once? You're my last hope, and . . . I'd expect to be charged more, of course." She opened her purse with nervous fingers and put four C-notes on my desk. "Would that be enough?"

Eagerness illuminated my face. "It's a start," I said, trying to act casual. "But I want another grand when we hand the story in—plus expenses."

She nodded, then stood up, impulsively holding a hand out to me. "How can I ever repay you?"

I eyed her up and down. "I'll think of something."

I walked out with her, then returned to my desk. Nash picked up a couple of the hundred-dollar bills, kissed them enthusiastically and put them in his pocket. I pocketed the other two and sat down. Things were definitely looking up.

Tina Tits was watching from the doorway. "Must be a big case."

"Yeah," I said. "We've got to find Tom Lasorda and interview him."

"Who's he?"

"The manager of the Dodgers."

"What a coincidence," she said excitedly. "I used to be a dental assistant!" She turned and walked off.

•

November 3

Nash and I spent the whole morning nursing hangovers, but managed to get down to business after lunch. Nash decided to do a little research on OUI Magazine. He began by checking out the centerfold, then went into the bathroom.

I pulled out the Lasorda file and began to study it.

Name: Thomas Charles Lasorda.

Ancestry: Italian.

Address: Dodger Stadium—but every ball park is his home.

Date of birth: September 22, 1927.

Hometown: Norristown, Pennsylvania.

Employer: Los Angeles Dodgers. Has been with the organization for the last 28 years. Originally a player, then became a scout and worked his way up through the ranks.

Identifying physical characteristics: Cut his wrists and he bleeds Dodger blue. Has "Dodgers" tattooed on his heart.

Religious affiliations: Leader of a sect that worships the Great Dodger in the Sky, considers Dodger Stadium blue heaven on earth, and wants the Dodger schedule carved on his tombstone.

Unusual traits: Compulsive overeating.

Hobbies: Hanging autographed pictures of Frank Sinatra and other show-business celebrities in his office.

Nash came out of the bathroom. I shut the folder and put it back in the drawer. "The Lasorda case seems pretty routine," I said, "so I'll handle it. I want you stay on the Moneyspend case—we can use the extra dough."

"Don't worry about a thing," Nash replied, as he headed for the door. "I've got a hot tip on the cat's whereabouts."

I buzzed Tina over the intercom. "Get me the Dodgers' PR man."

I took a packet of brown papers and a sack of Bull Durham out of my coat pocket, then rolled a cigarette with deliberate care.

Tina's voice broke in over the intercom: "A Mr. Bender is on the line."

I lit the cigarette, inhaled deeply, then picked up the phone. It was Steve Brener, the Dodgers' director of publicity. I explained the situation to him. He said Lasorda would be back in L.A. on Thanksgiving and could call me the next day.

I leaned back in my chair, confidence glittering in my eyes. Just a routine case, I said to myself. I decided to take a break.

•

December 1

I was getting a little worried. Lasorda's call was a week overdue, and Nash still hadn't found Mrs. Moneyspend's cat. But he was still determined, hurrying out of the office around noon to run down another lead.

I put in a call to Brener, only to learn that Lasorda was on his way to Hawaii for the winter baseball meetings.

"Well," I said, "I'll call him when he gets back. What's his number?"

"I'm not allowed to give that information out," Brener replied. "But I'll make sure Tom gets in touch with you next week."

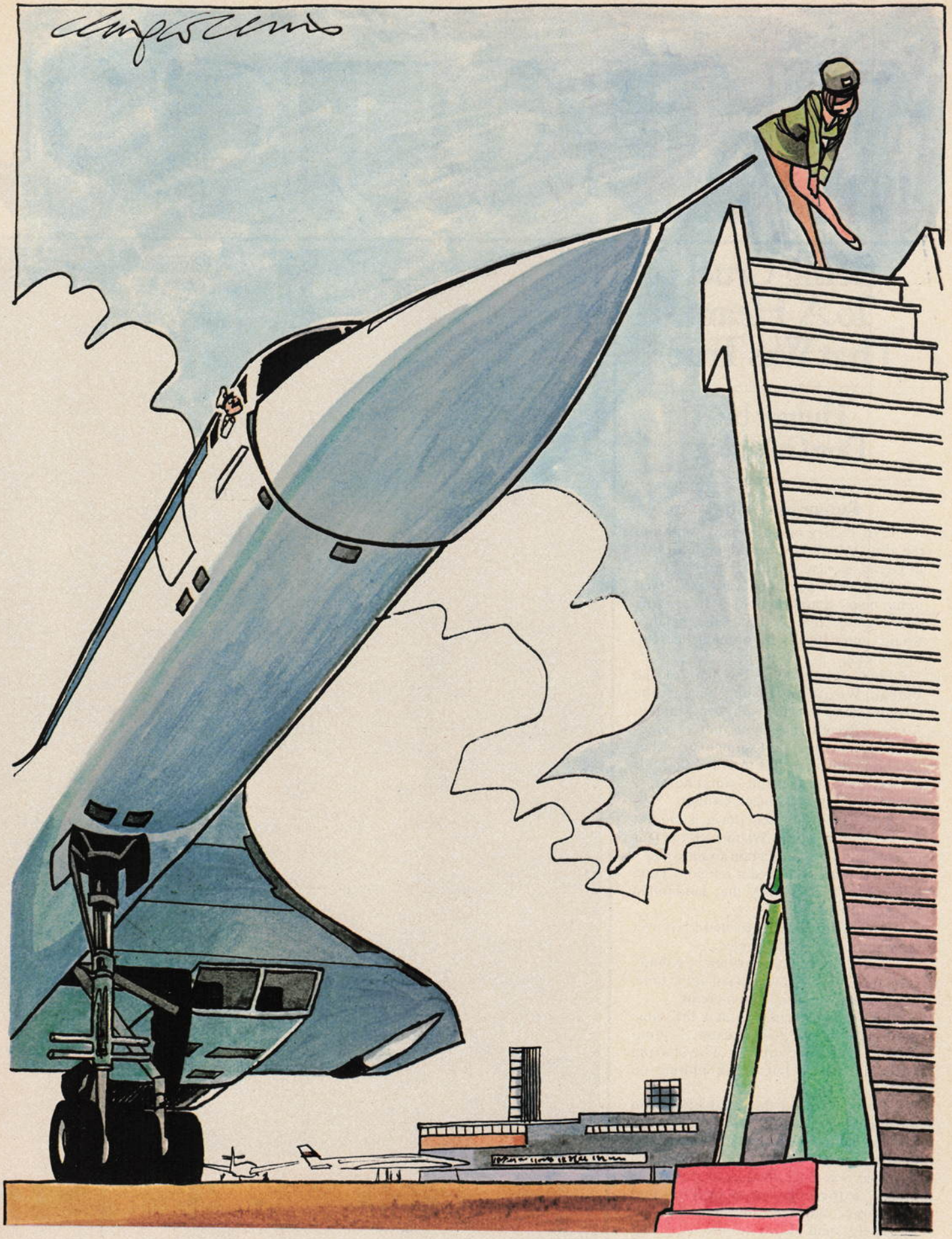
Something was fishy. I decided to force the issue.

"In that case, I'd like to interview some of the players in the meantime—like Don Sutton, Steve Garvey, Tommy John . . . and maybe Davey Lopes and Ron Cey, too. I've got to start digging up a story somehow."

Brener assured me that all of them would be contacting me as soon as possi-

(Continued on page 130)

Lance Rentzel and Fred Dryer last made a mockery of the writing profession with their Super Bowl coverage for Sport.

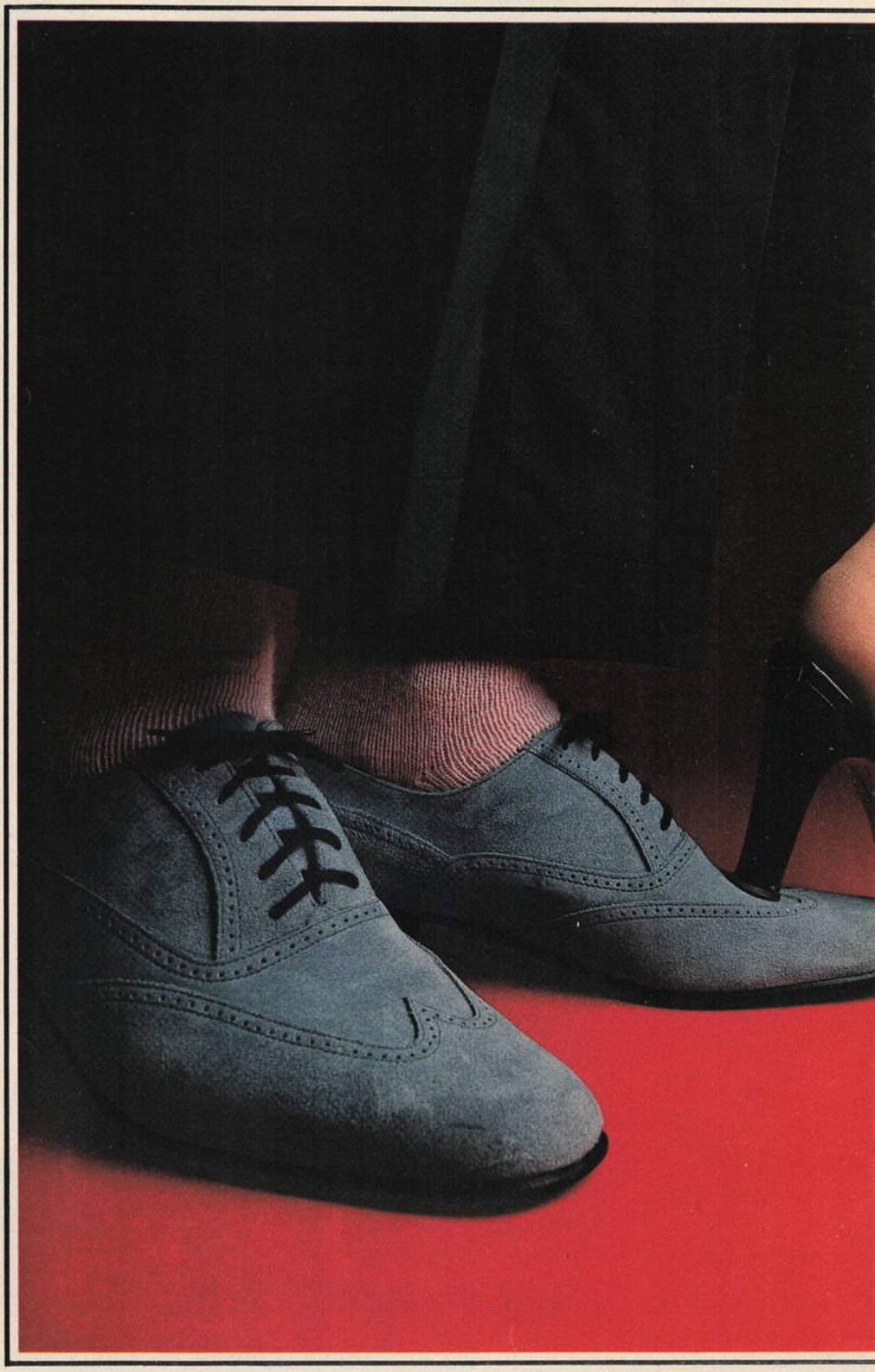


"Go on, Charlie . . . I dare you . . ."

THE OFFICIAL

Being Cruel To A Heart That Was True

Humor by Don Goldberg



Rumor has it that...

• Elvis Presley never actually went into the army. All of those photographs of him in Germany were staged.

• Elvis' bank account never was allowed to dip below a million dollars. If he wrote out a check for $100,000, the balance would automatically be brought back up to a million.

• Elvis turned down the part of the Pinball Wizard in *Tommy* because he couldn't stand working with Ann-Margret.

• Sun Records has thousands of unreleased Elvis tapes that Colonel Parker has tied up in litigation. It's rumored that this is Elvis' most sincere stuff—songs he wrote about his mysterious black brother.

• The Colonel turned down a request for Elvis to appear at Woodstock for fear of exposing Elvis' addiction to narcotics.

• Elvis was considered a religious man. Yet it was Elvis' money that bankrolled Werner Erhard.

• Over 100 high schools sued Elvis over the rights to *Love Me Tender.*

• *Jailhouse Rock* was written by Johnny Cash for Elvis. Cash was in jail at the time, however, and couldn't claim credit.

• Elvis and Liberace shared the same wardrobe. Nobody knew because their audiences never overlapped. The sharing broke up when Elvis began putting on weight.

• The real reason they shot Elvis from the waist up on *The Ed Sullivan Show* was that his pants split in dress rehearsal and Sullivan didn't want to take the chance.

• Elvis was once invited to the White House in the mid-Fifties by President Eisenhower. When he got there, they immediately went down to the basement bomb shelter where they viewed Ike's vast collection of stag films. Hoover had the

ELVIS RUMORS

shelter bugged, unfortunately, and had something on Elvis from that day forth.

• Elvis invented his death to avoid income taxes.

• Elvis is the Walrus.

• Elvis took every drug known to man. All at the same time.

• Elvis had a twin brother who died at birth.

• Elvis gave away Cadillacs to policemen as a ploy to pay off cops who had done him favors.

• The *National Enquirer* once ran a tasteful story on the death and funeral of Elvis Presley.

• Elvis had a preoccupation with death. A palm reader told him once that he would die at the same age (42) as his mother—which he did. Once, while driving around Memphis, he stopped at a funeral home and the director gave him a behind-the-scenes tour, including a close look at how he prepared the dead bodies.

• Elvis had close to $3.4 million in gambling debts when he died.

• The Russians started the Presley Fan Club to infiltrate youth through the control of the record business.

• The license plate on the Chappaquiddick car was traced directly to Elvis' personal secretary.

• Although Jerry Lee Lewis married his 14-year-old cousin due to her untimely pregnancy, it was Elvis' child she was carrying.

• A doctor in Memphis is selling authentic Elvis urine samples for $500 a bottle.

• Jeane Dixon and Sydney Omarr predicted Elvis' death, but were afraid of causing international turmoil with the news, so they disguised the prediction as a new Guatemalan earthquake.

• Elvis ran against Senator Howard Baker for president of the senior class in high school. Elvis lost but Baker was later accused of fixing the election.

• Elvis had a chronic sore throat that would make his voice sound like a sticky carburetor. When this would happen, Presley would go into seclusion and continue to record under the name Rod Stewart.

• Elvis was the voice of Fritz the Cat.

• Elvis sold all his stock in a diamond mine in South Africa, a coffee plantation in Uganda and a copper mine in Chile, and put all his money in minority-owned businesses here in the U.S.A. Eighty percent of these businesses ultimately failed, 60 percent after just one year.

• Elvis played the harmonica on *Fingertips.*

• Howard Hughes got Elvis to sign a long-term contract at his hotel in Vegas by promising to put Elvis in the will.

• Elvis once tried to peddle three books of poetry under an assumed name (Whittier Rogers) behind the Colonel's back. All were rejected by Random House.

• Elvis nearly split with Colonel Parker when Elvis was offered the Kris Kristofferson part in *A Star Is Born.* The Colonel thought it would be bad for Elvis' image and Presley reluctantly turned it down.

• Elvis whupped him a b'ar when he was only three.

• Charlie Finley was negotiating with Elvis over the Oakland A's. Elvis wanted to move the franchise to Memphis.

• Once, in a Holiday Inn, Elvis completely destroyed Peter Townshend's guitar.

• Elvis attended his own funeral but died before he could tell anybody.

• The Colonel met Elvis when he was chicken.

• Elvis had silicone injections in his hips in the early Sixties. That's why they fell so badly in his later years.

• The U. S. Post Office is about to release an Elvis commemorative stamp.

• It was arm twisting and influence from Elvis that gave Bette Midler her big break at the Continental Baths.

• Elvis was a vehement antiwar peacenik in the Sixties. The Colonel wanted to keep a low profile so Elvis donated anonymously . . . $2 million to the Yippies and $2 million to the SDS.

• Elvis is *So Vain.*

• Elvis loved to paint and in fact sold some surreal Nevada landscapes in a gallery on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. He signed them Norman DeZinn.

• Elvis auditioned for Peter Best's spot in The Beatles but was turned down because he wouldn't change his hairstyle.

• Shaun Cassidy is Elvis' 17-year-old illegitimate daughter.

• Elvis' generosity was underrated. When he heard of a poor rural Tennessee family in trouble, he immediately bestowed a gold Cadillac on them. The family was proud, but was embarrassed by the press so much that they put the car in the garage right away, turned on the motor, closed the door and were wiped out. □

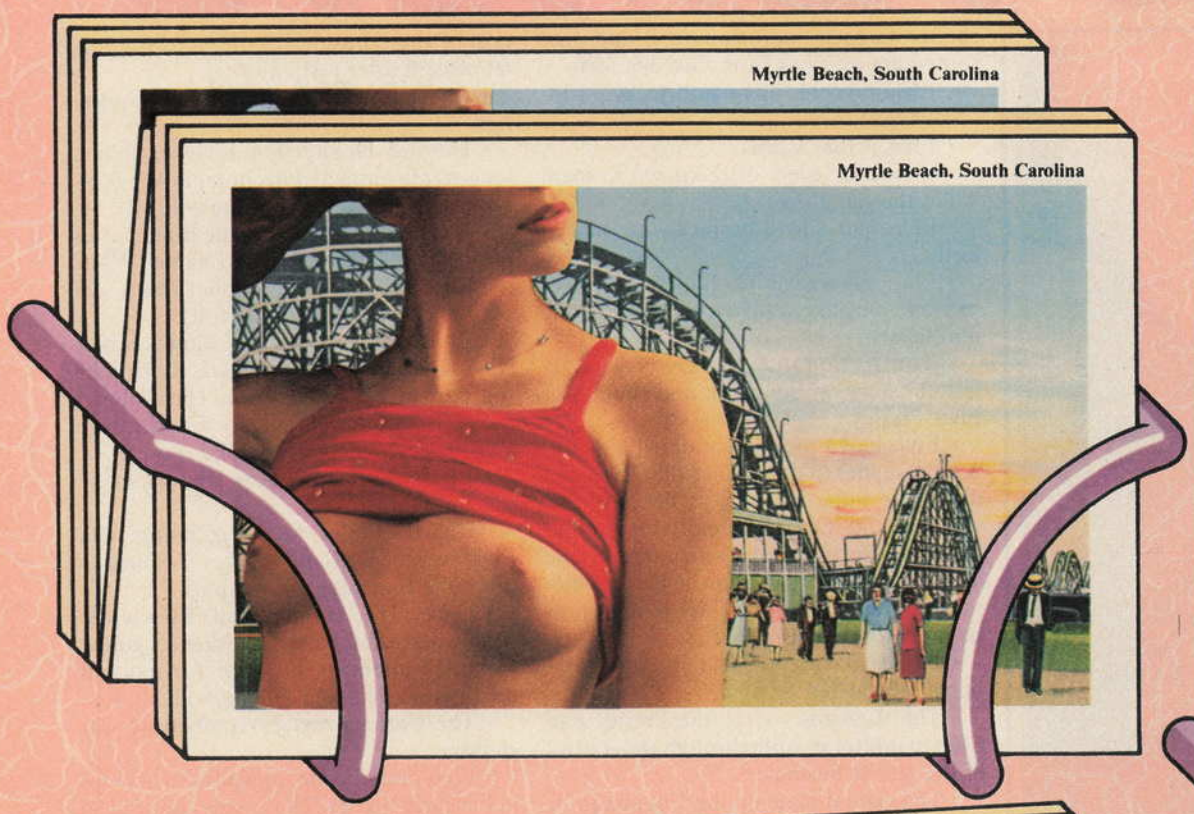
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRIAN LEATART

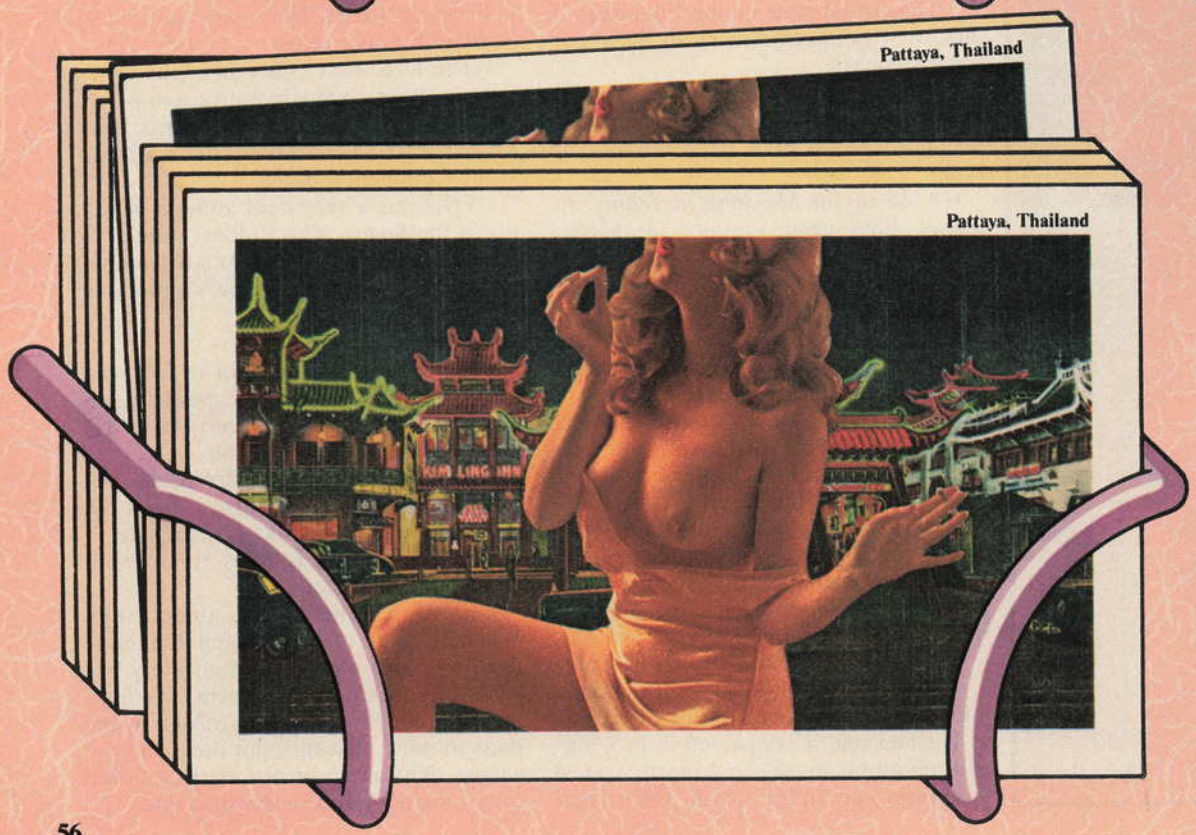
THE LAY OF THE LAND

A GUIDE TO THE BEST-LAID VACATIONS IN THE WORLD'S EROGENOUS ZONES

Travel by Richard John Pietschmann and Oliver Newton Jones

Taking a vacation and coming up empty-handed (so to speak) is nobody's idea of fun, right? Remember how you bought all that hype about Honolulu, but when you got to Waikiki Beach everybody had wrinkles and a name tag? Or that expensive trip to Hong Kong where you couldn't even make eye contact with all the hot Suzie Wongs





you'd heard about, and the English girls were all away at boarding school? How about that week in Jamaica where the idea of bedding down with a native made sex seem riskier than hang gliding? Or the girl in Athens who accepted a date to the theater and brought along her aunt?

Sure, there are a few travel outfits like Club Med that try to program sex into your itinerary, but somehow, amidst all that scheduling and professionally planned spontaneity, you're robbed of

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CRAIG

LAY OF THE LAND There are lots of single, attractive, horny young ladies working in Kailua-Kona...and not so many single, attractive, horny young guys.

the adventure you're really looking for. Here, then, is a guide for amorous nomads who want to spend their vacation evenings curled up with something softer than a good book but don't want to be led there on a leash. Our choices, some well known and others not, come from a qualified team of judges (believe us, they're qualified).

Enjoy the scenery.

LAGUNA BEACH, CALIFORNIA

"If you can't get laid during the summer in Laguna, it must be on backwards." The speaker is a straightforward blond, sitting with long tan legs curled around a barstool at the Boardwalk Restaurant in Laguna Beach. Laguna, located about halfway between Los Angeles and San Diego, was born an art colony and still retains much of that flavor. But now the art is mostly on the beach, where the summer scene is surfing, Frisbee and waves of tanning and parading lovelies of the sort that made Southern California famous.

After-sunset action is limited to a few spots—the Boardwalk, Pier 9 in the Hotel Laguna, the White House (live music most nights) and the classy top-floor restaurant and bar of the Surf and Sand Hotel. But the idea here in Laguna is to adjust to the laid-back, low-key lifestyle and hit the sand as much as possible. Basic wardrobe: bathing suit, cutoffs, scuffs, Frisbee. The ladies are on the younger, more tender side, but they're as fine as you're likely to find. (And it helps that there's a small gay colony attracted to beatific Laguna: Straight dudes have it made.)

But for wild, wigged-out beach abandon (the sort Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello could only fantasize about in their beach-blanket flicks), it's San Diego's raunchy rite of summer, the Over-the-Line softball tournament. If you think you've seen everything, this traditional booze-bikini-ball event (this year: weekends of July 8–9 and 15–16) will change your mind. A few thousand beer-crazed sybarites descend in scanty costume upon San Diego's Fiesta Island to play a special brand of beach softball (forget the details, which are too twitchy to explain here). Three-person teams include all-female entries with names like No Balls at All, Snatch Snugglers, the Knotty Holes. Coors beer arrives by the semitrailerload. Miss "Emersom" (as in: " 'em are some" tits) is crowned and fittingly admired. You get the idea. General debauchery. Plenty of opportunity for the alert.

Dick Pietschmann and his wife enjoy taking separate vacations. Jones is a pseudonym for a well-known political writer who doesn't want his old lady to know the truth about his "research" trips.

PUERTO VALLARTA

There must be something about the latitude at which Puerto Vallarta lies (about 20 degrees north of the equator, the same as Hawaii and Mecca) that makes it tropics-extra, at least for the *gringo* chicks that flock there and even live there. Scientific evidence, say some experts, supports the belief that there is something about the increased barometric pressure in the tropics that turns a perfectly normal go-getting *norteamericano* brain soft with pleasure. Here, on Mexico's Pacific coast, is where you find the more sophisticated young ladies—stews, actresses and the like—set free in the soft air and warm sea. Stuffed into Carlos O'Brien's T-shirts two sizes too small, they wander Vallarta's bayfront *malecon*, dip languorously into the surf at idyllic Mismaloya, fuel up on margaritas and Bohemia beer and dance all night at the City Dump Disco.

The cobblestoned village is the place to find the swarms of sun-bleached women at night. Besides Carlos O'Brien's—for years the main squeeze spot for meeting and beery fun—there is the Oceano Bar (Richard Burton's favorite hangout when he was in town shooting *Night of the Iguana* and, with Liz's help, putting Vallarta on the map) and a dozen other places along or near the *malecon*. There's more action packed into Vallarta than in many so-called "swinging" resort centers five times the size. In addition to the City Dump, good discos include El Corral, La Onda near the Pelicanos Hotel out by the airport, and Leonardo's in (of all places) the Holiday Inn.

Among hotels, Camino Real is great if you can afford it. (Special note: Experienced and successful vacationers know that single women stay at resort hotels while single men gravitate to the cheaper places.) The beachless Hacienda del Lobo is a favorite of those counting pesos. Alternatives are Solamr Beach Condo's, a high-rise in the good beach area that's popular with younger folk, or one of the incredible cliffside villas overlooking the sea (a two-bedroom villa during the off-season goes for $80 a day). Travel agents know how to book these and can give advice on money-saving packages.

During the day, Vallarta moves its focus outdoors to the beach—or to the beachfront bars. Right in the village there is Playa de los Muertos (Beach of the Dead, charmingly enough), which is always lively and crowded and is backstopped by several *palapas* dispensing loud music and strong tequila. The organic community likes blissful Mismaloya Beach, a few miles south of town, where *Iguana* was filmed, and Yelapa, a South Seas–like village and beach reachable only by scheduled booze-boats from Vallarta. That two-hour cruise, incidentally, is yet another opportunity to cull the best from the crowd. When you score (if you don't, you'd better check your pulse), the best bet for the evening is to watch the sunset from El Set, on a cliff next to the Camino Real. It is just like every sunset poster you've ever seen, and—guess what?—it *works*.

KAILUA-KONA, HAWAII

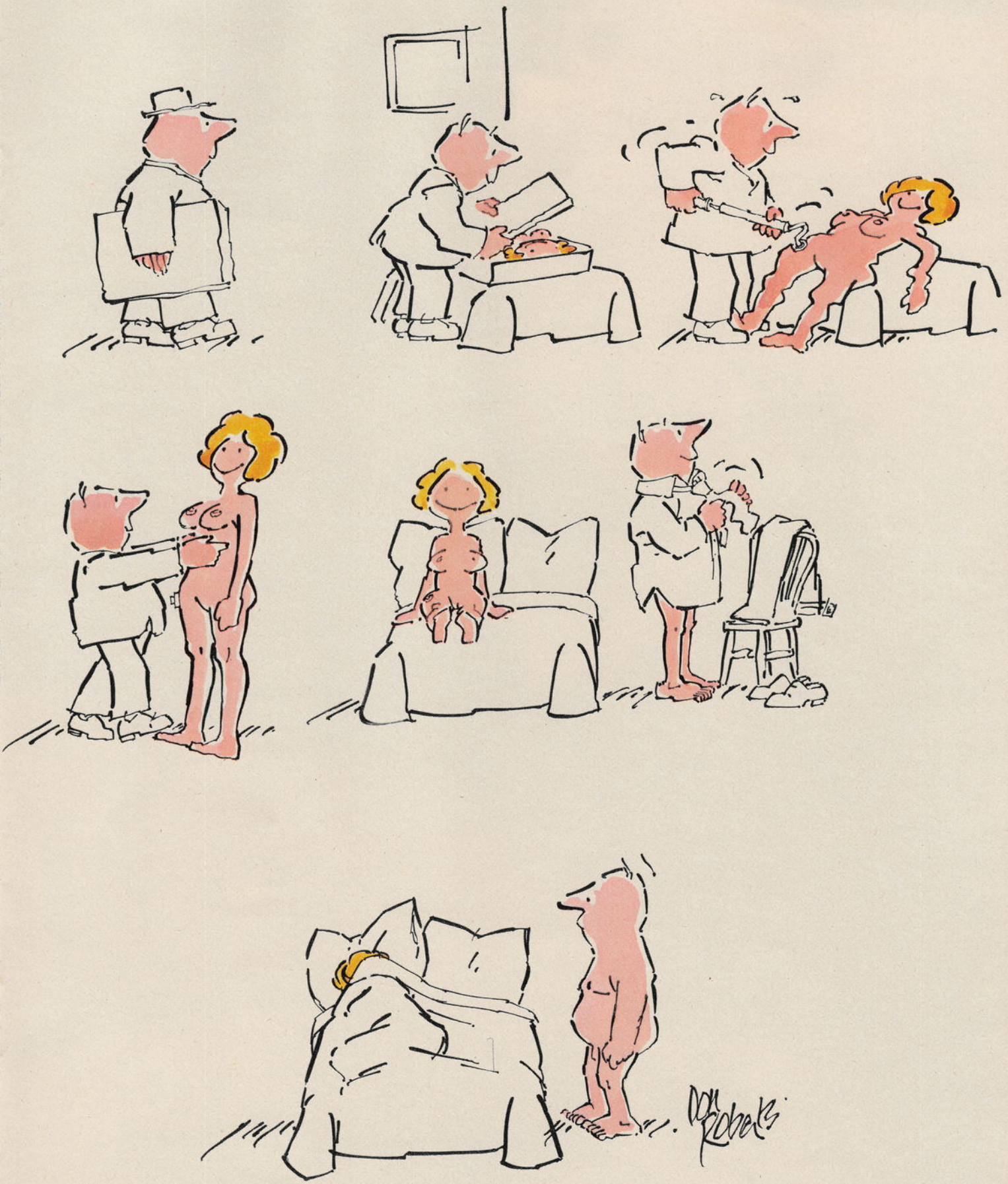
"Why *Hawaii*?" we asked one notorious expert, when he picked the Kailua-Kona area of the big island of Hawaii rather than more popular island locales. "Less humidity," he mumbled. "Better fucking weather."

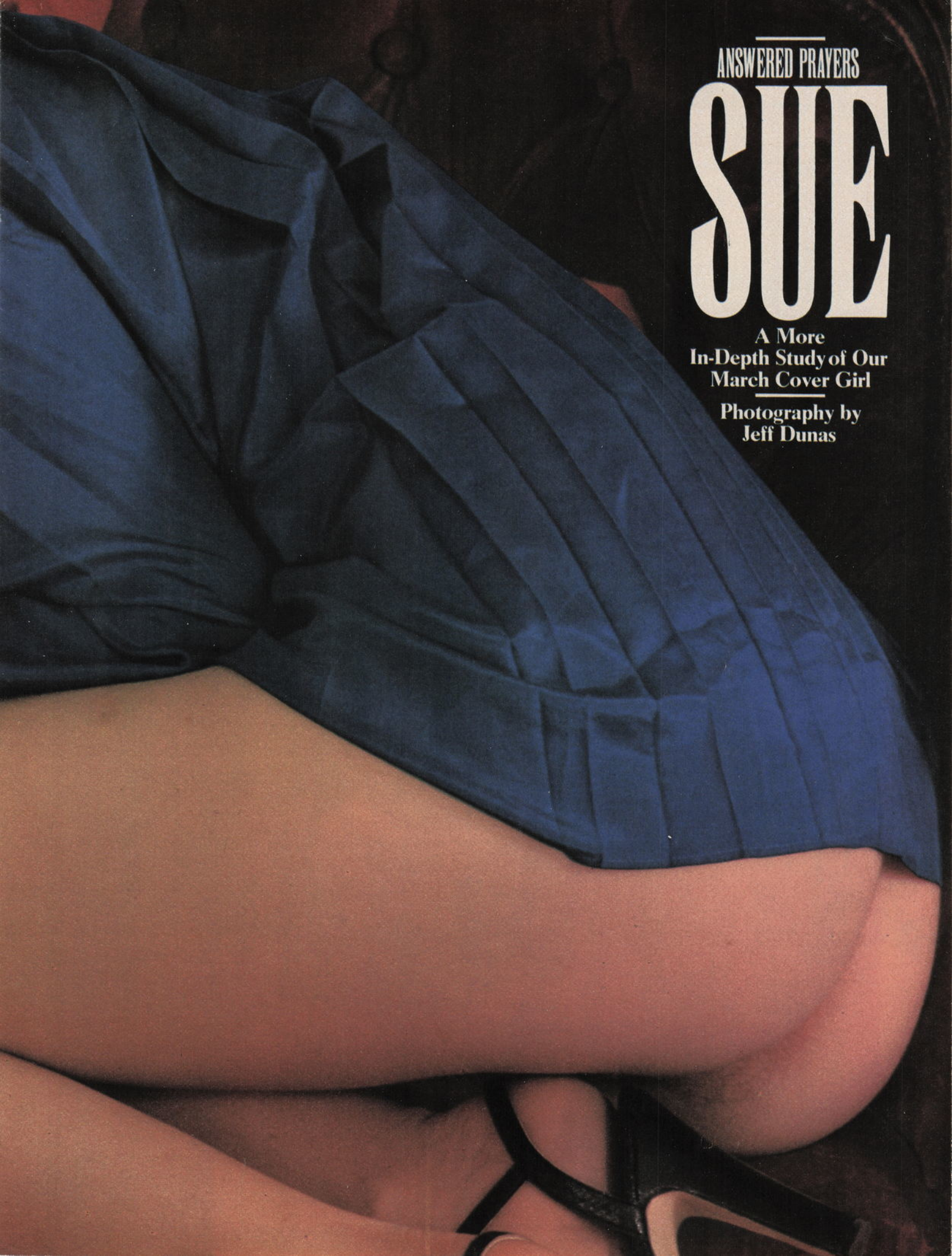
Maui is what everyone talks about, but now that the crowds and the groups have gone there in packs and it's become too trendy for its own good (and our comfort), Hawaii is the choice of discriminating hangout artists such as Lee Marvin. "It's like Maui used to be before dope and before people started living in trees," says our sardonic buddy. "Besides," he reasons, "there are lots of single, attractive, horny young ladies working there . . . and not so many single, attractive, horny guys."

Kailua is a small village, with Kona the adjacent resort area. The few area hotels, bars and businesses—many of the homespun organic variety—employ the aforementioned young ladies, more than a few of whom are refugees from the mainland set free by divorce. There isn't a wide choice of places to stay, with the Kona Hilton or the Kona Surf the tops for the younger, hipper clientele (yes, there are also fly-in women available). A tasty alternative is Casa de Emdeko, a reasonably priced, nifty oceanside low-rise condo a travel agent can book you into. Keep in mind that nubile hotel employees shy away from contact with guests, so it's best to approach candidates who don't work in *your* hotel. Kailua-Kona's best meet-'n'-greet saloons are the artsy-craftsy Pottery Steakhouse, waterfront Reuben's and the usually crowded Huggo's. Best discos are Another Fox Lady at the Keauhou Beach Hotel and the Poi Pounder at the Kona Surf. Most likely beach—on an island where the beaches aren't the best—is Disappearing Sand Beach (it disappears mainly in the winter) about two miles south of the village. It's for locals and those who know about it.

Probably the most surefire way to score on Kailua-Kona is to jump aboard the

(Continued on page 120)





ANSWERED PRAYERS

SUE

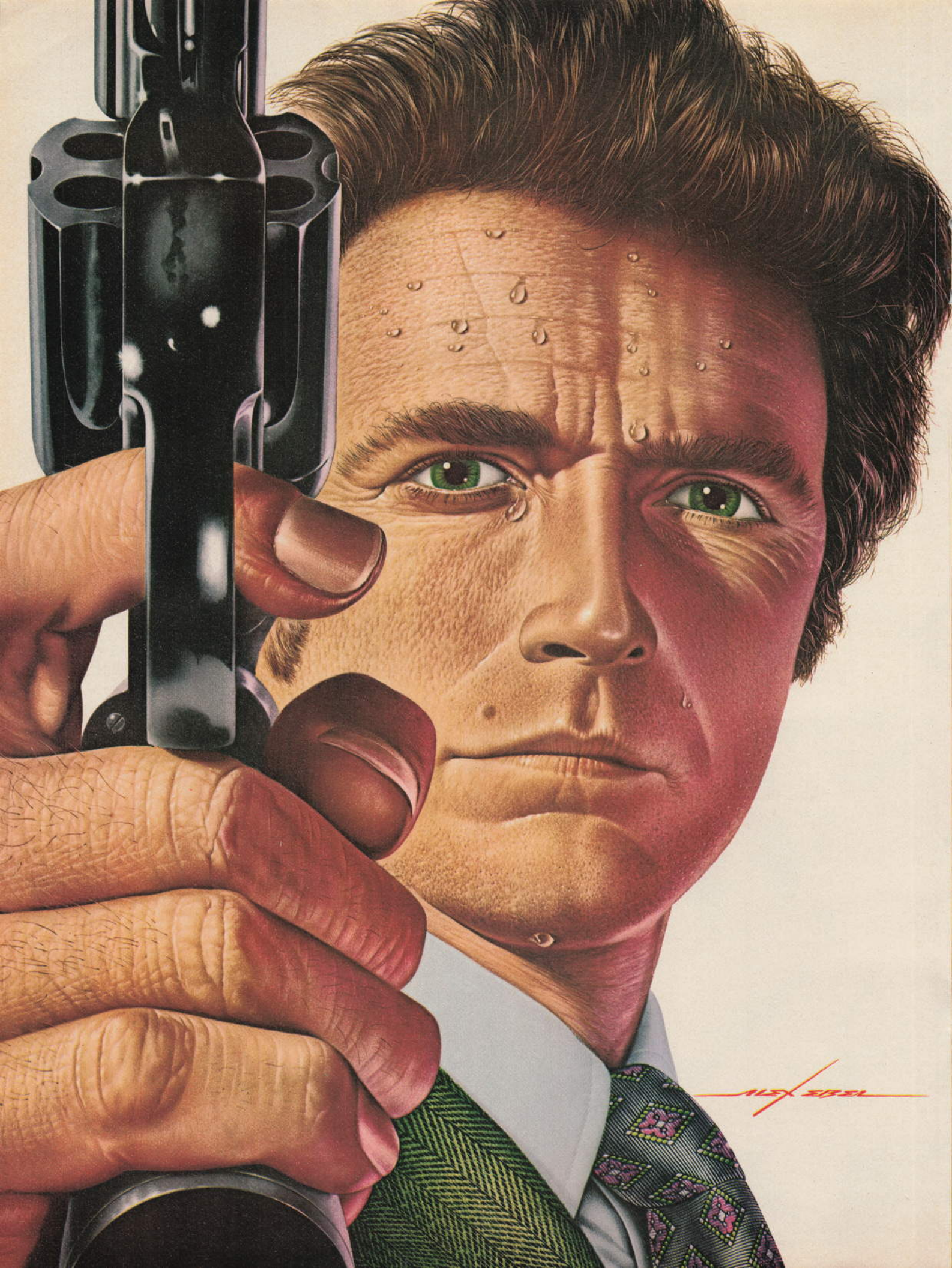
A More
In-Depth Study of Our
March Cover Girl

Photography by
Jeff Dunas

The requests poured in as soon as her picture hit the stands. Show more! Show more! We gratefully comply…

"Horny men are like taxicabs,"
was Sue's reply to the acclaim. "They're never around when you need one."

oui



A CONVERSATION WITH

CLINT EASTWOOD

Mr. Macho here started out earning $75 a week at Universal. Now his movies make $10 million each. Murder. Mayhem. Sex without conversation. It's a dirty job, but somebody has to do it.

Way before John Belushi thought of it, Clint Eastwood was the American samurai. The individualist, the loner, the avenger.

Pick a Clint Eastwood movie and you'll probably find this story line: Evil arranges a meeting with Good. Good arrives heavily armed. Good triumphs over Evil.

Eastwood has made 21 such movies to date (the latest is *The Gauntlet*) and film critics are still split down the middle about them. Some call his films simpleminded, implying that Eastwood doesn't know what he's doing. Most of the others call his films demagogic, implying that he knows exactly what he's doing.

Clint himself couldn't care less about the critics, as you'll see. Audiences will line up in nice even rows to see any of his movies on any day of the week, and he knows why.

Arriving heavily armed, OUI correspondent Larry Cole begins this interview ("the last one I'm going to do for at least five years," Eastwood says) with a question about the critics.

OUI: Pauline Kael, the film critic for *The New Yorker*, is quoted as saying, "The difference between Clint Eastwood and actors like Al Pacino and Jack Nicholson, which is to say the difference between a stiff and a major actor, is that Eastwood does not think out the roles he plays, does not live inside them. He is empty." How do you react to that?

EASTWOOD: Well, in this case, I reacted by sending the lady a copy of a letter from a psychiatrist defining the meaning of "reaction formation." I don't think Kael's opinion is shared by many people. She's obsessed with the male weakness thing. She seems to like men as losers. She likes the Altman kind of things. She was taken by *Last Tango in Paris*. It was romantic for her. To me, that movie was an affront to women. If I were a feminist, I'd think that the portrayal and treatment of women in that movie was terrible. I mean, if buttering up a girl's ass and giving her a poke job is romantic sex or represents tenderness, then I'm sorry but I'm on a different plane from that . . . higher or lower, depending on your opinion. As far as her assessment of my acting talent goes—whether or not I get into my roles and live them—well, I just think she's wrong about that. She doesn't know. It just seems to me that people like her build their careers on controversy, and she was trying to come up with something that would sound interesting and get some attention, which it did.

OUI: There seems to be a statement being made by people like Kael that something dramatic has happened in films that has made the so-called "macho" character less interesting than the character who is vulnerable and maybe even, as you say, a loser. Has this really happened?

EASTWOOD: I think everybody's vulnerable and I think everybody's conscious of this and identifies with it. The fighting of the bureaucracy—whether it's in the world headquarters at Universal or with the foreman at your plant or with your principal or dean or whatever—you're fighting some chickenshit idea. Then one social worker comes along, like with the Riley family in San Bernardino, California, who are a deaf couple, and takes their kid away because she's not getting "verbal stimulation." It's just those little sleazy things that made the *Dirty Harry* character so hot. I think the whole secret of the *Dirty Harry* films is where he fights not only his boss in the police department but the social-worker types and people who—for whatever motivation—are always delving into other people's lives. [On March 1, a judge in San Bernardino gave the Rileys their kid, saying the social worker was full of shit. All accomplished without bullets.—*Ed.*]

OUI: Then you're saying that your films do carry a message?

EASTWOOD: That's not what they're intended to do. I'm in the entertainment business, not in the business of trying to shape social opinions. Any statement that's in the story isn't the primary motivation. The primary thing is whether the story is good and entertaining. But I've discussed capital punishment in my films and, of course, the fight against bureaucracy and bullshit. Yeah, that's the message—the fight against shit. That's what it comes down to. All the b.s. in the world. You mentioned Nicholson. What could be a more macho role than Nicholson's in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*? I mean, he's playing the typical hard-drinking, hard-fighting individual who goes his own way. Maybe the key to understanding the acceptability of this to these few critics is that it's OK to be macho as long as you end up with a lobotomy.

OUI: I have to go back and ask you this: What *was* the significance of the psychiatrist's definition of "reaction formation" with Pauline Kael? What was the definition getting at?

EASTWOOD: That she wanted to fuck me.

OUI: You provoke strong responses in people. Only recently, some critics have begun to praise your work, showing some understanding of your characters and discussing you as a major force in films. But you've been accused of everything from responsibility for the violence in our young people to being a right-wing fanatic and a racist. Does this get to you?

EASTWOOD: After *Dirty Harry*, some people thought I was a right-wing fanatic because Harry had more feeling for the victim than he had for the killer. But really, all Harry as a character was doing was obeying a higher moral law. He was a man following his conscience, doing what he felt he had to do despite the rules. Hell, isn't that what the Nuremberg trials were all about? People following a higher moral law than the rules put down for them? I remember people calling me a racist because I shot black bank robbers at the beginning of *Dirty Harry*. Well, shit. Blacks rob banks, too. This film gave four black stuntmen work. Nobody ever talked about that. So, first I'm labeled right-wing; then I'm a racist. Now it's macho or male chauvinist. It's a whole number nowadays

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX EBEL

EASTWOOD People thought it was the violence that made my films. So the other film makers said, "Shit, we'll outdo this guy. Instead of shooting 50 guys, we'll shoot 150."

to make people feel guilty on different levels. It doesn't bother me because I know where I am on the planet and I don't give a shit.

OUI: How do you gauge your effectiveness as an actor? How do you know when you're getting through?

EASTWOOD: You can't hold an audience for two hours of film, as the protagonist of the film, if you're not coming across to them. That's how I gauge it. How many people pay to see my films and keep coming back? If you're just saying lines up there, they're not with you. They're with you for a reason. They might not know what the reason is, but they're with you because they like you there. They've got to believe whatever it is you're doing.

OUI: You've done some unbelievable things with your characters. What is it that makes these incredible scenes connect with an audience and makes them believe?

EASTWOOD: Yeah, well, I've done outrageous kinds of scenes. Like where I've got one bullet and I'm feeling lucky and spin the cylinder . . . you have to believe in that all the harder to put it over, because if you're *tentative* about it, people will sense it. You have to [finger snap] *boom*, go right in there . . . with never a doubt. That way the audience says, "Yeah, I believe it. I mean, he *did* it. Yeah, I believe it. That's the way the guy operates." You have to believe the role.

OUI: But in the last scene in *The Gauntlet*, where someone gets blown away in front of hundreds of cops . . . and the overkill of the gauntlet itself, with houses being shot at until they collapse, the bus being riddled with thousands of rounds of ammunition—the M-16s and like that—how can you make *that* believable?

EASTWOOD: I asked a Las Vegas policeman, "What would you do if you got a thing over the radio that there was a big shootout going on?" He said, "Shit, there'd be five hundred cars. All the off-duty cops would be running out there. Everyone wants to get in on the act." There's a philosophy of training to be a police officer or training for combat in the military . . . but never going in. It's like training for the championship fight and never going in the ring. So the whole overkill thing becomes the reality. What would anybody do at Universal if Chairman Lew Wasserman all of a sudden grabbed a gun and started shooting people? Would everybody run and grab his arm? They'd all go, "Oh, shit." And they'd stand there petrified. Nobody would know what to do. That happened in San Francisco. A guy had robbed a market, and he was being chased by an armed off-duty security officer. The guy got away by ducking into a crowd after a long chase. And do you know who the crowd was? It was made up totally of American and British Secret Service and San Francisco police. They were all guarding Prince Philip. Nobody did it like Harry Callaghan would do it. Are police trained for it? What would happen if Chief Ed Davis or whoever is the new L.A. police chief walked out there in front of two hundred cops and started shooting people down? How many people would he shoot before they realized he'd flipped? They're all trained to authority.

OUI: I've heard you say that you go by what "feels right." How do you know the audience is going to feel the same way?

EASTWOOD: I know that people who are going to the movies are going on instinct. They're not going to come in and say, "I want to analyze it." Whenever they go to a film, most guys or girls want to be entertained. Whatever instinct, whatever animal thing comes out of you, goes into them. It isn't by someone saying, "Well, I think the significance of that last scene where they pick up the coffee cup . . ." People might find a significance to what you do but they don't sit down and try to tell you what it is. I deal on that level, knowing what feels right and what communicates from me to someone watching the film.

OUI: Is the violence in your films part of the animal-instinct communication you're talking about?

EASTWOOD: I never intellectualize about violence, never try to analyze it. Sometimes people applaud it and sometimes they're shocked by it . . . both of these can be effective in drama.

OUI: Do you think you are guilty of "excessive violence"?

EASTWOOD: Violence *per se* doesn't and can't carry any film. It's the characters and the story that do that. My films use whatever action is necessary to the characters and the story.

OUI: It is strange that your *Dirty Harry* series always seems to be brought up by people who see films as deep Freudian symbols when they come to discussing the effect of movie violence, but *Taxi Driver* has somehow found grace. How do you react to the "excessive violence" thing? Where does it all end?

EASTWOOD: From the beginning, I got involved in films that were of a violent nature, even though most of them were done with a certain amount of restraint. Whenever anything clicks, whether it's comedy or whatever, everybody has to follow the thing they think made it a success. People thought that what made my films was the violence, not the components of story or character or direction that went into them. So other film makers said, "Shit, we'll outdo this guy. Instead of shooting fifty guys, we'll shoot a *hundred* and fifty." But it doesn't work. It's not really the violence, but the character and the story. I mean, look at *Taxi Driver*. Guys are running upstairs with bullets in their gut. Running up and getting hit again. Guys getting shot with .44 Magnums and still attacking. Technically, it was ridiculous. I have to admit it became satirical. It was like somebody said, "Let's just outdo everybody on this."

OUI: Talking about realism and your reaction to other films, you mentioned Robert Altman. Do you agree with people who feel that his kind of film reflects a great realism?

EASTWOOD: *Nashville* was to me a cartoon characterization of people. I don't believe anybody believed their roles in that picture. It was like everybody got stoned and they started shooting and they said, "Heeeey . . . awlllright . . . Elliott Gould's here. Bring him in and we'll have him play himself." There was not an ounce of reality there, and the public felt it because the public didn't go to see it. . . . I mean, they went in New York and a few areas where *Nashville* got good reviews but, generally, across the country, it was a failure.

OUI: And you judge a film's success or failure on whether people pay to see it?

EASTWOOD: Yes.

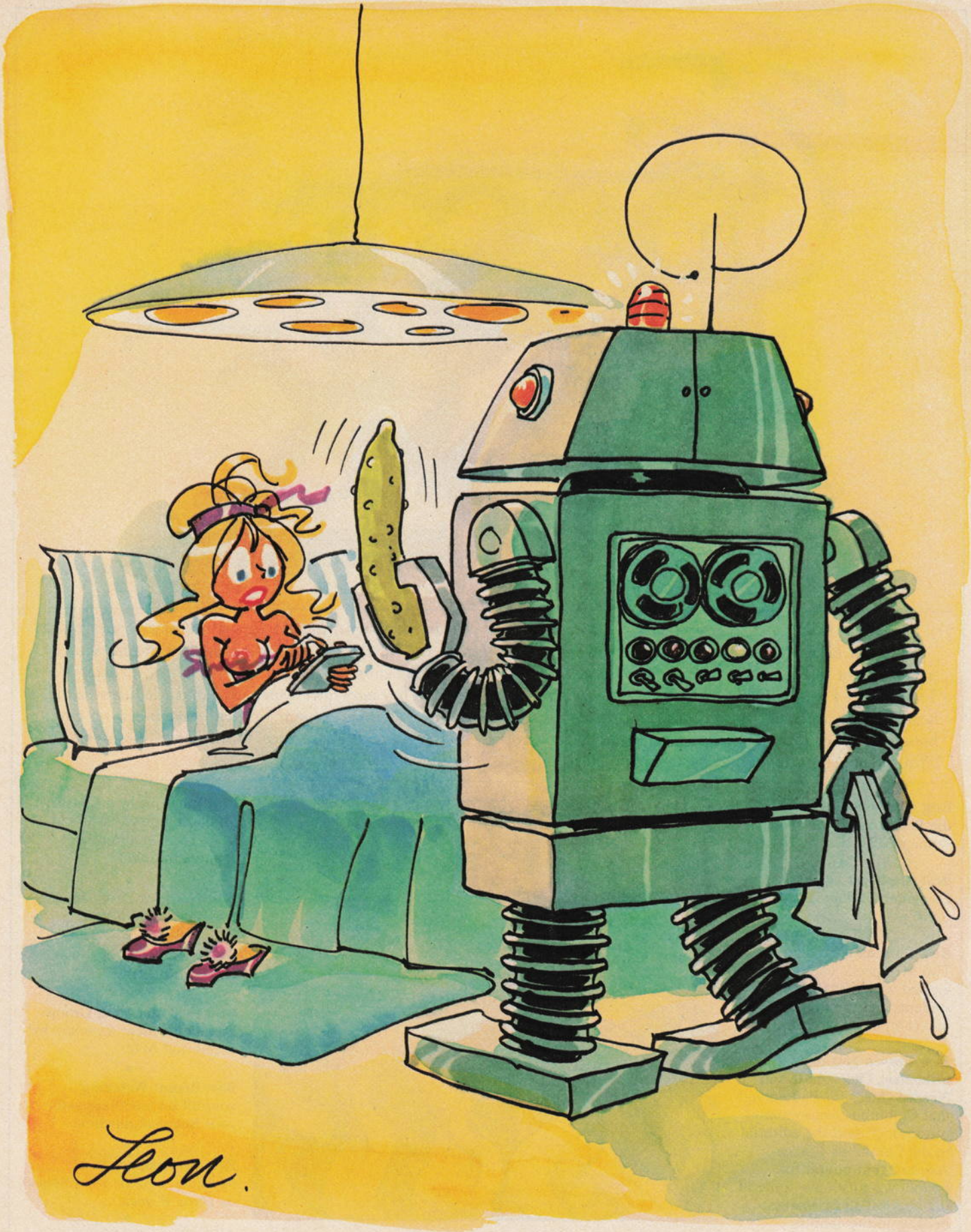
OUI: I'd think you'd agree that, at least until fairly recently, the large bulk of your audience has been working class. From what I know about the responses to your films from all over the world, working-class people, especially men, seem to be the core of your financial support at the box office. Have you thought about why this is?

EASTWOOD: Well, it's not completely true. Warner Brothers did a study recently and found that I had a big audience in colleges. But I remember going to Italy once on a personal appearance in Milan, and the audience was, as you say, almost all male . . . they all had calloused hands . . . they were all factory workers. These guys wanted to escape into a realm where guys had to do things on their own, had to fight to survive. That era isn't with us and may never be again. That is a lot of what people are reacting to—a time when there was good and bad, right and wrong, heroes and villains. They don't share Pauline Kael's acceptance of a world with "no set code of behavior." I think working people are most frustrated by the fast-moving changes in the values around them, and look for films and characters who reflect those frustrations and who come to terms with them.

OUI: Do you think your films justify violence? Especially with kids who feel the pinch of "no set code of behavior"?

EASTWOOD: Kids are into a lot of violent

(Continued on page 127)



"I said, put down that cucumber—and get back in the kitchen!"

The Best of Sex

Sex took a licking in 1977.

First, our born-again President advised government employees not to live in sin—talk about a waste of energy. Then, Larry Flynt and Al Goldstein had their asses hauled before a judicial system that can't decide if we still have a Bill of Rights. Next, cute little Diane Keaton got offed for sleeping around and then Farrah left us on Wednesday nights and, in between, Anita Bryant barred oral-sex practitioners from the Kingdom of Heaven.

The bluenoses are on a roll, all right. But take heart. They may have won Baltic and Mediterranean Avenues, but we sex maniacs will always end up on Boardwalk and Park Place. With hotels. As is evident by the following:

Best Choice for Director of the Remake of *Little Women*: Roman Polanski.

•

Best Argument against Computer Dating: *The Demon Seed.*

•

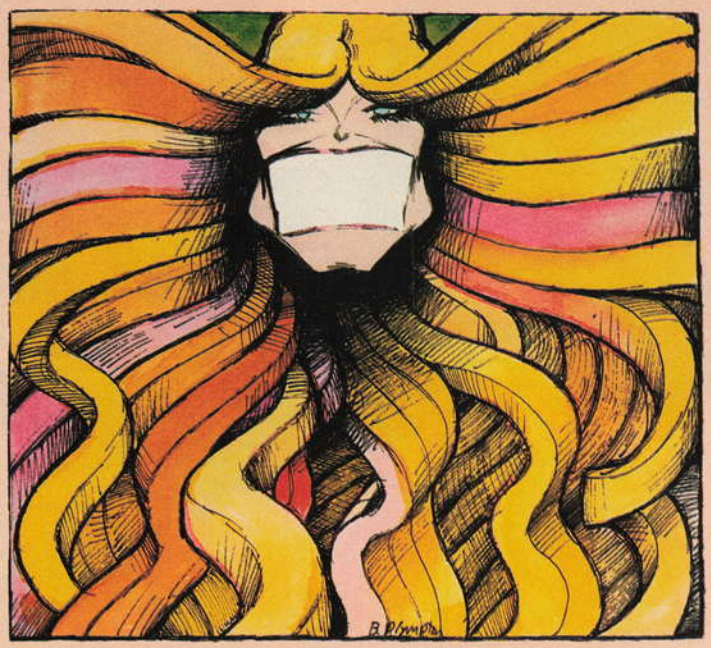
Best Balls on a Student: Two MIT coeds who slept around with their fellow students and then rated them in a campus newspaper.

•

Best Reason Not to Live in Columbus, Ohio, As If You Needed One: "It's bad enough that Columbus has so many prostitutes," said the editorial in the Columbus *Citizen-Journal*, "but pound for pound, we must have some of the heaviest and homeliest hookers in the country."

•

Best Penis Extension: Four years and three months.



Best and Most Accurate Self-Assessment: Farrah Fawcett-Majors, remarking on the success of Cheryl Ladd in *Charlie's Angels*: "I didn't realize I was so easily replaced."

Best Line Cut by a Censor: "It doesn't grow back" cut from a dialog about sex changes in *Soap*.

•

Best New Sex Drug, 18–45 Division: Butyl nitrate.

•

Best New Sex Drug, 46–65 Division: Laetrile.

•

Best Recording of a Group-Sex Experience: *Rumours* by Fleetwood Mac.

•

Best Rerun: Watching yourself on videotape with your Betamax machine.

•

Best Performance in a Movie by a Sissy: Miss Spacek in *Three Women*.

•

Second-Best Performance in a Movie by a Sissy: Rudolf Nureyev in *Valentino*.

UPI

Best Reason to Be Glad You Don't Date Debby Boone: She said the "You" in *You Light Up My Life* is God.

Best Way to Be Pumped for Information: Documents disclosed under the Freedom of Information Act reveal that the CIA provided paid prostitutes and free hallucinogens to random residents of San Francisco in the early 1960s.

•

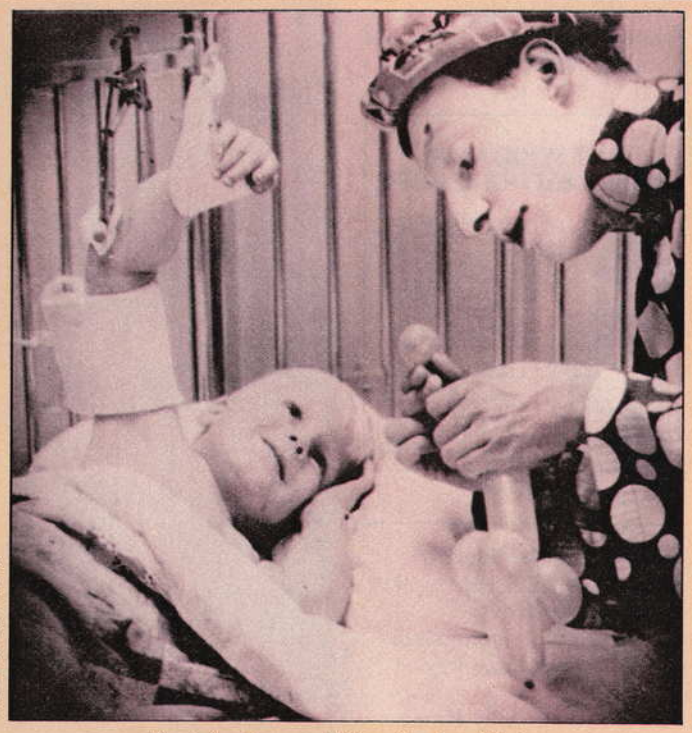
Best Use of Armpits in a Major Love Scene: Sylvester Stallone in *Rocky*.

•

Best Cheesecake: Sara Lee.

•

Best Unique Selling Proposition for Microwave Ovens: Tappan advertised its oven as "the one that browns."



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Best Ambiguous Wire Service Photo

Best New Proof that the Biggest Pricks Come from Texas

KEN HOZE

Serena and the Uranium Savages, Austin, Texas.

Best Presidential Humor: Jimmy Carter suggested that all government employees "living in sin" should run out and get married.

•

Best Inability to Take a Joke: White House aides Jack Watson, Greg Schneiders, Tim Kraft and Rex Granum all ran out and got married.

•

Best Place for Not Laughing at Such Jokes: Either Arizona or Massachusetts, where cohabitation can lead to a three-year jail sentence.

•

Best Way to Confuse Arizona/Massachusetts Judges and Your Parents' Friends: According to the new Emily Post etiquette book, the proper way to refer to someone with whom you are living is "convivant."

UPI

Best Statement of the Preteen Dilemma, If You Transpose Two Verbs: "I don't know whether to suck my thumb or date boys."

—Brooke Shields

Best Entry in the Sharon Tate's Sister Look-alike Contest: Debra Tate.

—BELOW—

SUZE RANDALL

Best New Fun Foursome: The Larry Flynts and the Ruth Carter Stapletons.

•

Best Price for a Pretty Piece, Quickie Division: Robert Redford's $2 million for a week's work.

•

Best Price for a Pretty Piece, Extended Division: Jackie Onassis' slice of Ari's estate worked out to $10 million for each year of their marriage.

Best Contributors to This Year's *Best of Sex*: Robert S. Wieder, Jay Lynch, Charles A. Monagan and Janet Adelman.

Best Graffito

Best Head of State: Idi Amin.

•

Second-Best Head of State: Linda Ronstadt, who was romantically linked in the media to both California's Jerry Brown and the White House's Chip Carter.

•

Best Royal Treatment: Queen Elizabeth listed as one of her regal duties that of "pricking the sheriff's roll."

Most Promising New Recording Artists: George and Cornelia Wallace.

•

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Best Ad

Best Explanation for His Back Brace Thus Far: In *My Story*, Judith Exner described JFK's attempts to entice her into three-ways.

•

Best Reason to Stay Home and Masturbate: Christian discos.

•

Best Female Achievement in Oral Sex: Nancy Dowd's script for *Slap Shot.*

•

Best Use of Large Breasts in Confining Clothing: Jacqueline Bisset in *The Deep.*

UPI

VICTOR BICKMORE

Best Time to Get Laid: New York's 1977 blackout.

Best Hung Jury of His Peers: The Kansas City jury that couldn't decide if Al Goldstein's *Screw* violated community standards.

•

Best Reason to Be Glad Sammy Davis Jr. Wasn't Born with Tits: Nipple rings.

•

Best Female Impersonator: Phyllis Schlafly, who has spent every waking minute of her marriage at work exhorting her followers to enjoy staying home.

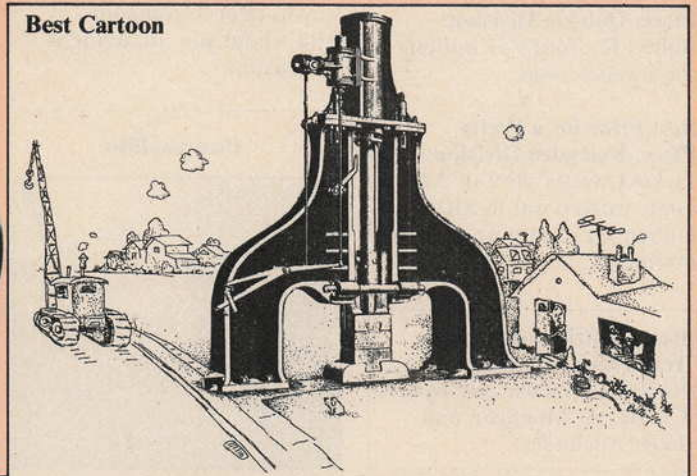
•

Best Potential New Use for Croutons: Summer's Eve vinegar douche.

JAMES NYMAN

Best Impersonation of the Inside Front Cover of Every Comic Book You Read when You Were 11 Years Old: Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Best Cartoon



"Henry, your penis enlarger is here."

Best Argument for Sex with Short Persons: Victor, a giraffe at the Marwell Zoo, fell down and died while attempting to mate.

•

Best Argument against Sex with Short Persons: Paul Williams.

•

UPI

Best Kunte: Levar Burton.

Best Birth-Control Device, Eight-Day Division: *Roots.*

•

Best Birth-Control Device, Parked-Car Division: Son of Sam.

•

Best Birth-Control Device, Industrial Division: Workers at the Occidental Chemical plant were rendered sterile from exposure to pesticide chemicals.

•

Best Birth-Control Device, Southern Division: A resident of Atlanta who discovered his estranged wife with "the other man" and cut off the guy's penis.

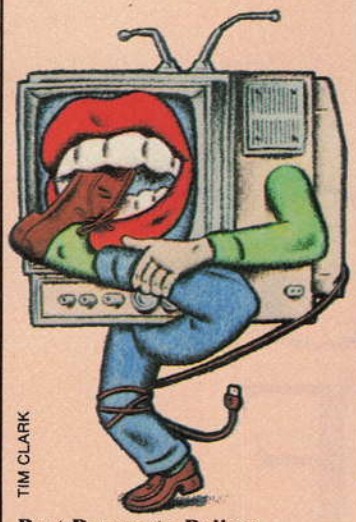
•

Best Medical News to "the Other Men" Since Penicillin: The victim's penis was sewn back on in the third successful such operation performed in America this year.

•

Best Punch Line to Come out of All This: "I'm grateful as hell, Doc, believe me, but while you're at it, do you think you could let it out a couple of inches?"

Best Happiest Talk From An Eyewitness News Team Member: WABC's Tex Antoine's remark after hearing that a child was raped in New York: "If rape is inevitable, lie back and enjoy it."



TIM CLARK

Best Reason to Believe Susan Brownmiller Runs WABC-TV: The station fired Antoine.

•

Best Argument against Rape: A medical study of 107 convicted rapists found that 16 percent of them became impotent during the act.

•

Best Picture of Paired Assholes: The Nixon-Frost interviews.

•

Best Diplomatic Pouch: Tandy Dickinson.

UPI

Best New Use of a Male Personality by Barbra Streisand for the Personal Aggrandizement of Barbra Streisand: Kris Kristofferson.

•

Best New Indication That He Is Not Dead: Linda McCartney gave birth again.

•

Best Boob: Suzanne Somers.

Best Advantage of Not Being Jewish Since the WASPs Invented the Banking Establishment

Best Candidate to Pick Up the Soap in the Shower

NICK DESCIOSE

Second-Best Candidate to Pick up the Soap in the Shower: David Kopay.

Best Nonsexist Joke: From San Francisco comic Dan Rafferty: "Electing Ed Davis governor of California would be like letting David Berkowitz run a dating service in Brooklyn."

•

Best Sexist Joke: How many women does it take to screw in a light bulb? Five. One to screw it in and the other four to write about the experience.

•

Best Explanation So Far for Anita Bryant Being Selected as the Most Admired Woman by *Good Housekeeping* Readers

ARTHUR TRESS

ROBERT HARMON

Best Photo of a Replacement for the *Good Housekeeping* Seal We Could Find

PHOTO TRENDS

Best Display of Restraint while Holding a Pair of Scissors: Anita Bryant's hairdresser.

THE SMELL OF THINGS TO COME

Looking up your nose at the future of sex • Article by Howard Rheingold

Pity the poor nose. Is any one of us satisfied with the way it looks on his or her face? Probably not. Men make excuses for it, women disguise it with makeup and both sexes allow it to be rearranged on the operating table. Scientists now believe that the nose is man's—and woman's—most important sexual organ. Think about that for a moment. Would you have your penis realigned just because it lists to the left?

The nose knows a lot more than we've ever given it credit for in the past.

The discovery of *pheromones*—odors that transmit messages—heralds the most important breakthrough in communication since the first cave dweller learned to get what he wanted by grunting rhythmically. Forget extrasensory perception and turn your attention to smell, that wallflower of senses, for true telepathy resides in the nose. An ancient language still lingers in our nostrils, whether our forebrains know it or not. It now appears that the nose, along with certain tufts of body hair, may be the antenna for a bionic communication network, a chemical switchboard linking you to every other walking, crawling, slithering, swimming, hopping and flying thing on this planet. Molecular message packets wafting in the breeze are probably telling us all what to do, when to do it and who to do it with. In terms of sex, birth, death, social organization—all of our most intimate and mortal activities—the implications of nasal communication are eerie, indeed.

I first learned about pheromones from a friend of mine who gets laid a lot, a fact that does much to increase his credibility. We had been playing squash all afternoon and were both in the midst of preparing for a Saturday night of casual heterosexuality. Before his perfunctory 30-second shower, Walter wiped his armpits with a white linen handkerchief. As I spent half an hour washing, deodorizing, shaving, aftershaving and mouthwashing, old Walt just folded his drenched kerchief and carefully placed it in his shirt pocket.

"I found it in *Psychopathia Sexualis*," Walter claimed, when I inquired about the stinky-hanky routine. One of Walter's known quirks is an inordinate affection for archaic pornography, so I was only mildly surprised when he began reciting Krafft-Ebing by heart: "A sensual young peasant revealed that he had excited many a chaste girl sexually, and easily gained his end, by carrying a handkerchief in his axilla for a time, while dancing, and then wiping his partner's perspiring face with it." Walter paused for a most convincing lecherous grin: "I tried it. It works."

"What's *axilla*?" I asked.

"Krafft-Ebing for armpit."

Walt's track record was unassailable, but I couldn't quite buy his scientific references, even when he threw in a corroborating passage from Casanova. That's when he hit me with pheromones. "Why don't you ask Dr. Johnny about pheromones?" Walter jeered, sauntering off to another of his depressingly successful sexcursions. Pheromones weren't in the dictionary and, since Walter's weekend had once again made mine look comatose, I decided to consult our friendly neighborhood scientist first thing Monday morning.

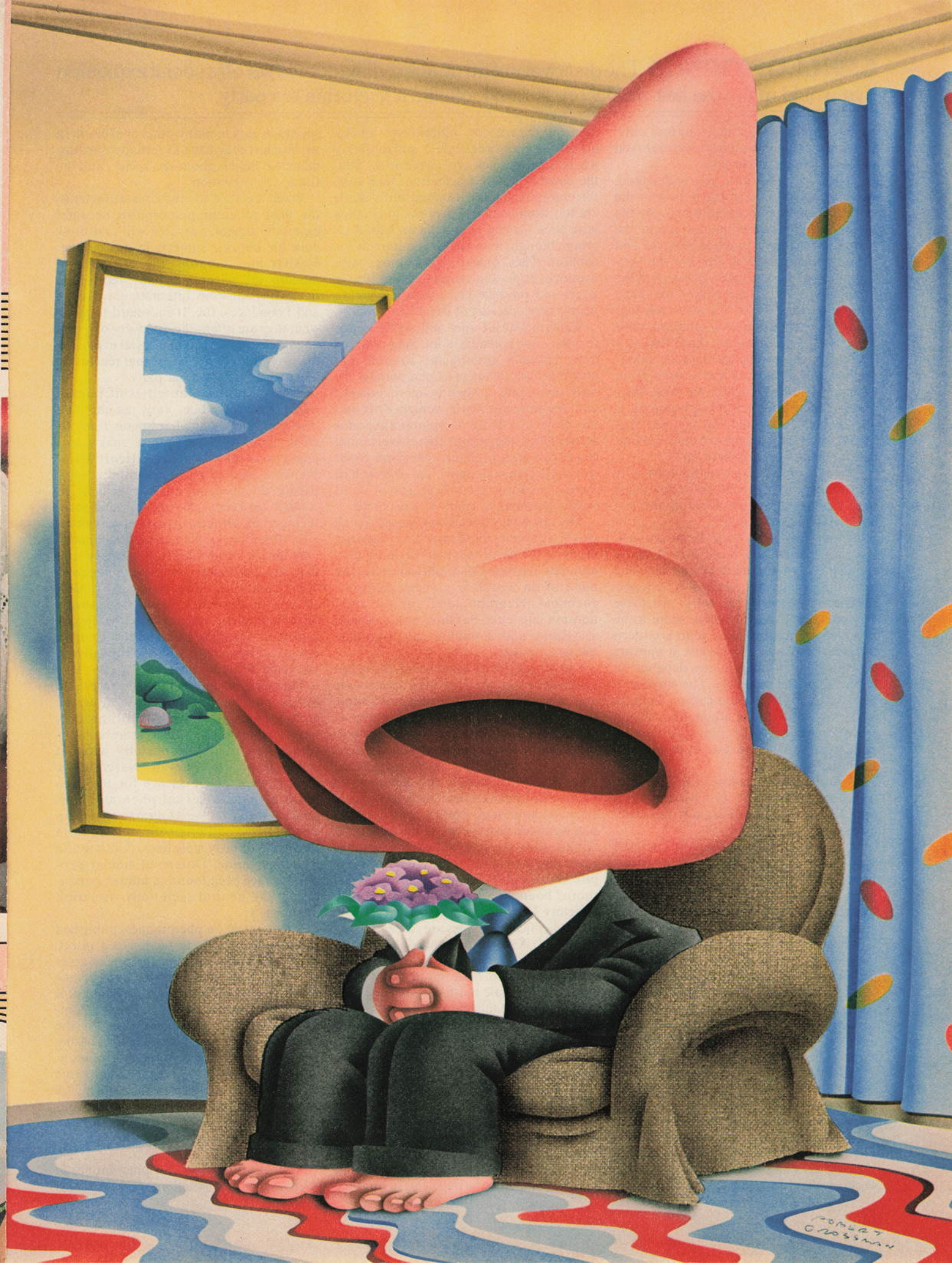
Dr. Johnny is a research type rather than a surgery-and-golf-course-beeper-wearing doc, so he can usually be found in his lab cubicle on the 11th floor of our local medical complex. Johnny is a pharmaceutical chemist who eschews drug abuse, which gives him certain warped credentials in several worlds. His strictly theoretical fascination with the molecular structure of powerful mind-altering substances is just another manifestation of his exceedingly peculiar sense of humor.

I found him in a crowded elevator, enroute to his lab. "Dr. Johnny," I pleaded shamelessly, right there up against all those white-coats: "You have to help me. I think I have pheromones. Or maybe I don't have enough of them. In any case . . . what *are* they?"

"Panic in a stalled elevator is a good candidate for pheromone-mediated behavior," he answered, much too loudly, just before we arrived at the 11th floor. "Of course, we might, heh heh,

Before he began sniffing after girls, Howard Rheingold was San Francisco television's Emmy-nominated extraterrestrial anthropologist Howard K. Martian.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT GROSSMAN



SMELL OF THINGS The discovery of a true aphrodisiac could set off a social explosion that would make the last sexual revolution look like a Victorian tea party.

have to fake a few accidents to find out." I'm sure the other passengers were relieved to see us leave that elevator.

"It isn't my specialty, you understand, but it isn't very hard to learn most of the evidence for human pheromones. At the moment, human pheromones are in the theoretical stage, as nuclear reactors and lunar modules used to be. It's the very beginning of a brand-new science, and the findings are very fragmentary but most intriguing. In 1971, it was observed that coeds in dormitories synchronized their menstrual cycles. Hmmm. And there is a demonstrated correlation between mammalian estrogen cycles and sensitivity to odors. Hmmm and ahhh. In West Germany, meanwhile, aerosol aphrodisiac is already being marketed—for pig breeding. Pheromones have a very rich research and development future, believe me."

Johnny's answer was characteristically tangential, but my next educated guess wasn't too far off target: "Pheromones are hormones you can smell?"

"Close. You could taste them, as well. For that matter, you don't even have to consciously sense them to be affected. The interesting thing, to a chemist of my persuasion, is the *way* they work. All these very complex behavior chains seem to be triggered by nothing more than a pattern in space. In plants and insects, it appears that the effect of pheromones depends on the *shape* of the molecule. The smell of a rose, for example, is a ten-carbon chain in a specific geometric configuration. If you could arrange any other molecule into the same spatial configuration, it would still smell like a rose."

"A rose is a rose is a rose, huh?" I asked, trying to understand. "But why would a flower want to send a telegram via kinky molecules?"

"I suspect that the message is intended for our old friends, the birds and the bees." Johnny dropped his voice level when he lumbered into his lab. "The message is something simple, like: 'Rose here. Come and get some pollen on your proboscis.' "

When Dr. Johnny started reaching for the reagents, I knew the audience was ending. As I made my exit, only slightly less puzzled than before, he gave me one last piece of advice: "Pheromonically speaking, insects are where the action is." Then he disappeared into his world of carbon chains and molecular geometry.

I took the doc's advice and questioned the first entomologist I could find who knew how to spell *pheromone*. We talked for hours and that night I did not sleep well; my dreams were a montage of every Fifties insect movie I'd ever seen. Grasshoppers, ants and bees had taken over the world—well, at least my subconscious.

Insect experts are notoriously touchy about human analogies, particularly where pheromones are concerned. Still, the possibilities are fascinating. Take ants, for example. Ants as isolated individuals are too stupid to stay alive for long; they have been likened to ganglia on legs. As a group, though, ants are far too human for comfort. They practice agriculture, raise livestock, wage war, employ slaves, bridge rivers and produce just about everything people produce, except Breakfast Squares.

Watch a line of ants and you'll notice that they rub antennae a lot. When two or three randomly groping ants stumble into proximity, an exchange of pheromones directs them into a slightly more ordered unit. As more and more workers drift into the project, a kind of community odor accumulates, triggering progressively more complex behavior chains. Mindless food-seeking becomes a supply line. A bunch of insects pushing around grains of sand slowly becomes a team of architects.

The mind that directs this process is not easy to conceive, for the ant brain does not reside in the nerve tissue of the individual ants, but in a network of pheromones. The mind of an anthill is a silent, invisible, chemical telegraph; one ant can only transmit one letter, but three ants can send a syllable, and a million can formulate military strategy.

Pheromone-regulated behavior is not confined to insects. Spawning salmon are able to recognize the taste of the old home stream in dilutions weaker than one part per billion. The next time you eat lox and bagels, don't forget that your breakfast has a homing mechanism more intelligent than that of a Polaris missile, and all because of smell sensors. Once they cross a chemical boundary, wolf packs will abandon wounded game, even in the midst of a famine. Rats in a cage will eat one another when they breed past a certain limit. Dogs piss on your leg because you are a territorial boundary; fire hydrants are canine olfactory U.N. meeting places.

Biochemical messages are often incredibly potent: A single molecule of *bombykol*, a synthetic sex-attractant for moths, can draw an amorous male moth from miles away. Each female moth carries a trillion-dose payload of this thermonuclear come-hither juice. Someday, a graduate student is going to drop a flask of that stuff and become the first human to smother under a ton of horny moths.

Pheromones seem to act as a communal adhesive, holding together and shaping the group behavior of packs, swarms and flocks of insects and animals; they might well function similarly in families, tribes and nations of humans. If chemical regulation turns out to be as pervasive in our own species as it is in many other species, then we humans may have to reshape our fundamental beliefs about sex, society and the future of civilization.

When we start to study sex-attractants, the urge to anthropomorphize becomes especially urgent. Sex, free will and body odor are delicate subjects in our culture. Masters and Johnson, the big guns of modern sex science, recently received a research grant from International Flavors and Fragrances, Inc. It isn't hard to guess what they are after—the discovery of a true aphrodisiac could set off a social explosion that would make the last sexual revolution look like a Victorian tea party.

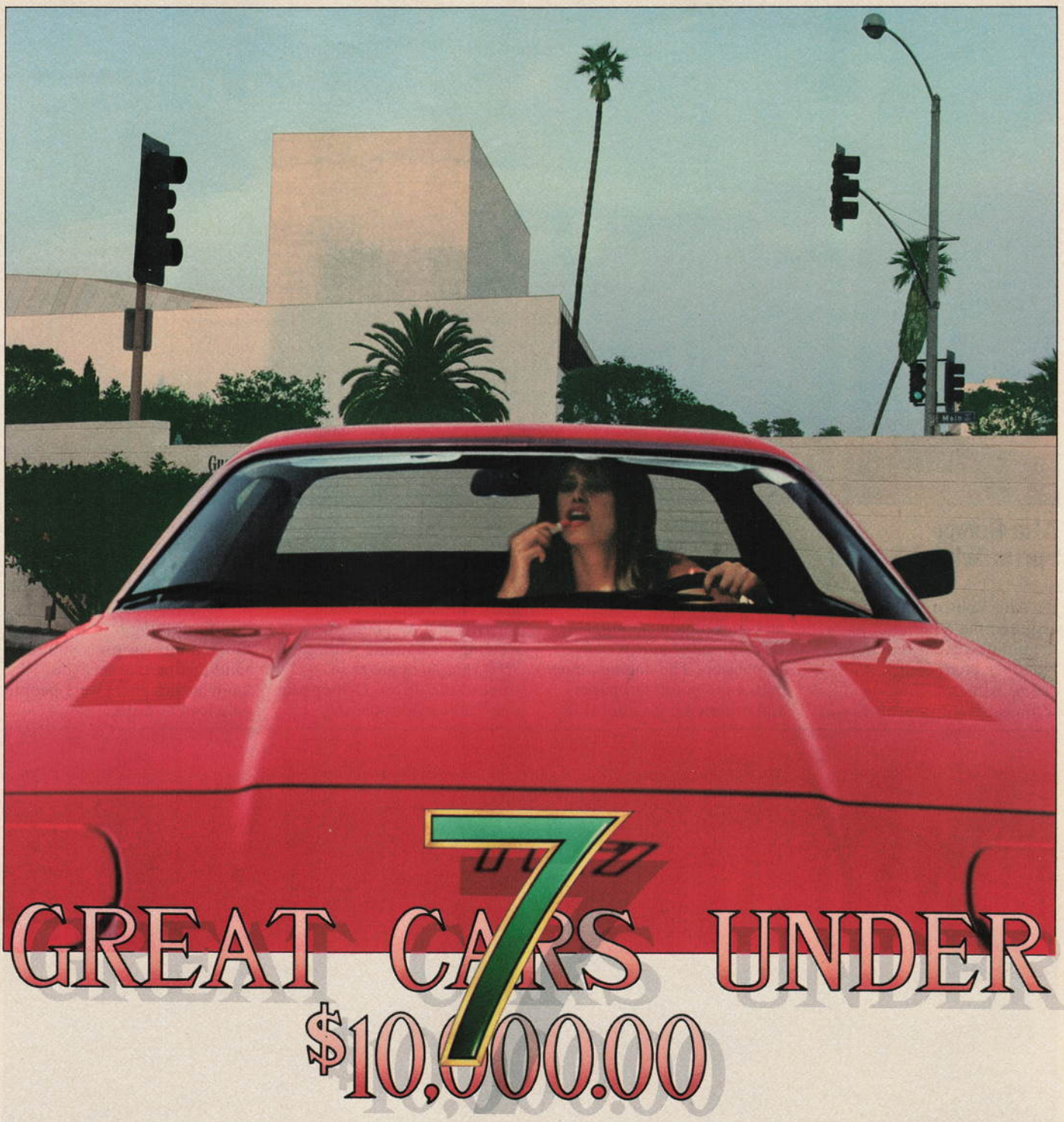
The aphrodisiac qualities of human odors were noted as early as the Old Testament; the Song of Solomon, that oft-cited bit of Biblical erotica, makes reference to a sexual "myrrh." Henry III of France is said to have conceived a royal passion after a hanky-sniffing incident. In *Against the Grain*, the underground masterpiece of olfacto-literary decadence, J.K. Huysmans created an elaborate, oddly prophetic smell-fantasy. You can be sure that the perfumers are paying renewed attention to such fables. When the professionals finally track down Casanova's secret ingredient, we may have the opportunity to saturate ourselves with true essence of sex, and it will undoubtedly be marketed at quite a price.

The question still remains, however: Do human pheromones really exist, or are we merely engaged in wish-fulfilling fantasies? Humans are rather more complicated than insects, especially when it comes to sexual behavior. Nevertheless, the circumstantial evidence for the existence of human sexual pheromones is quite strong. That West German spray-can essence of pig sex, originally isolated from the breath of lusty male hogs, is also found in human urine. Dozens of similar substances have been found in human perspiration and genital secretions—function unknown.

The first text on pheromones, published in 1974, features long sections on insect, plant and animal studies, and one chapter on "The Likelihood of Human Pheromones." The author, curiously enough, is Alex Comfort, the *Joy of Sex* man. Comfort presents a compelling case for the existence of human pheromones, basing his argument on the continuing evolutionary survival of body hair and apocrine glands located near erogenous zones. "A conspicuous and apparently unused antenna array presupposes an unsuspected communications system" is the way Dr. Comfort puts it.

Although the science of pheromones is

(Continued on page 118)



7 GREAT CARS UNDER $10,000.00

These are the sports cars that turned us on, and we've already kicked the tires. All you need now is 48 months to pay.

Ten thousand dollars was deemed our ceiling—which nowadays is nothing, considering that a standard Ford four-door comes in at $7000-plus.

As for the process of evaluation, the cars were driven under a wide range of conditions: in congested city traffic, on back roads and most definitely at highway speeds. In fact, the cars were flogged. In acceleration runs, brake evaluations, tests for cornering on both dry and wet surfaces and off-road excursions to test structural soundness, each car was consistently cruised at 80 miles an hour.

The record keeping went even further. Owning a sports car is obviously fraught with questions of self-identity, and so we've rated each car on the basis of its styling. With this in mind, we introduce the Stare Quotient (SQ) rating.

One * means you'll get a quick glance from the car that pulls up next to you. Two ** indicates a heightened awareness of your presence. Three *** means female pedestrians will climb in and ride shotgun. Four **** means male pedestrians will climb in and throw you out.

Now to the cars:

Article by Peter Manso/Photography by Antonin Kratochvil

Alfa Romeo Sprint Veloce $ 8700

SQ***

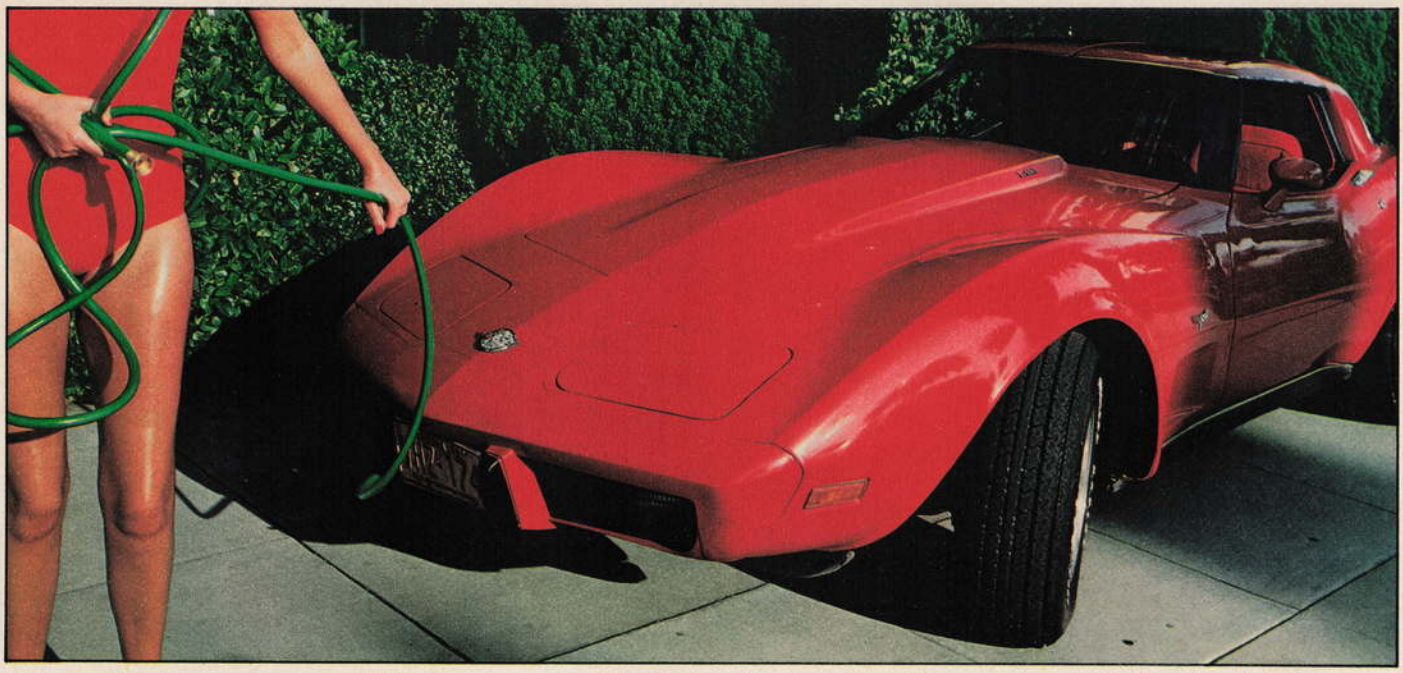
It's Alfa Romeo that has acquired the reputation of the quintessential Italian car. No other production car, claims Alfa, matches the technical features of its Sprint Veloce: an all-aluminum twin-cam hemispherical chambered engine, Spica mechanical fuel injection, four-wheel disc brakes, rack-and-pinion steering, DeDion independent rear suspension. The engine alone makes the point. On paper and otherwise, it's almost too good to be true—a perfectionist's delight.

The crackle-finish dash is done in a modern modular motif; the instruments are encased in a no-glare rectangular housing with the 7500 rpm tachometer in front of the driver. Orthopedic seats, adjustable steering column, full carpeting, a wood-rim steering wheel, intermittent windshield wipers. It goes against the grain to call an $8700 car "a bargain"—but it's nothing but. Driving this car gives you the solid feeling that lets you know its designers were people who love to drive.

Fiat 124 Spider $ 6300

SQ*

First introduced in 1968, the Fiat Spider shows signs of aging—much the same as the MGB, though more gracefully by far. The 124 Fiat Spider twin-cam engine is one of the strongest of the lower-priced group. It produced upwards of 92 horsepower from its 1.8 liters. The engine is smooth, too—not exactly velvety, but in concert with its five-speed torque curve, it is sufficiently broad to provide power on demand. Shifting is quick and precise. On the road, the Spider is fundamentally an understeerer. It slides its way around curves. Ride quality, too, is typically Italian, soft and plushy, while the brakes, despite their excessive power assist, are above average in sensitivity and resistance to fade. The convertible top is simplicity itself. The radio is nothing to write home about in its signal strength or clarity. The seats are high, a stance almost atop instead of encased in the car itself. For the beginner or simply the non-racer, the Spider is a stable, predictable package.



Chevrolet Corvette $ 9350

SQ****

In size, power and ability to turn heads, the Corvette has no competition except for sports cars twice the price. And—miracle of miracles—it's eminently serviceable. While a tune-up of a 308 GTB Ferrari runs a solid $700, the 'Vette can be taken to the local Chevy dealer and fed off the standard parts bin. Of the two models currently available, the optional L-82 350-cubic-inch powerplant produces a solid 220 horsepower, while the weaker L-48 automatic will crank out 0–60 in about seven seconds, topping out with a maximum speed of 120 mph. As for the cockpit, the contrast to previous models is equally obvious: more and softer trim carpeting, a new dash panel to match the console instruments introduced in 1977, and a glove box. Chevrolet's Corvette has been called "America's only true sports car," and despite the fact that this statement was fathered by Chevrolet flack barons 25 years ago, the car remains the object of perpetual intrigue and envy.

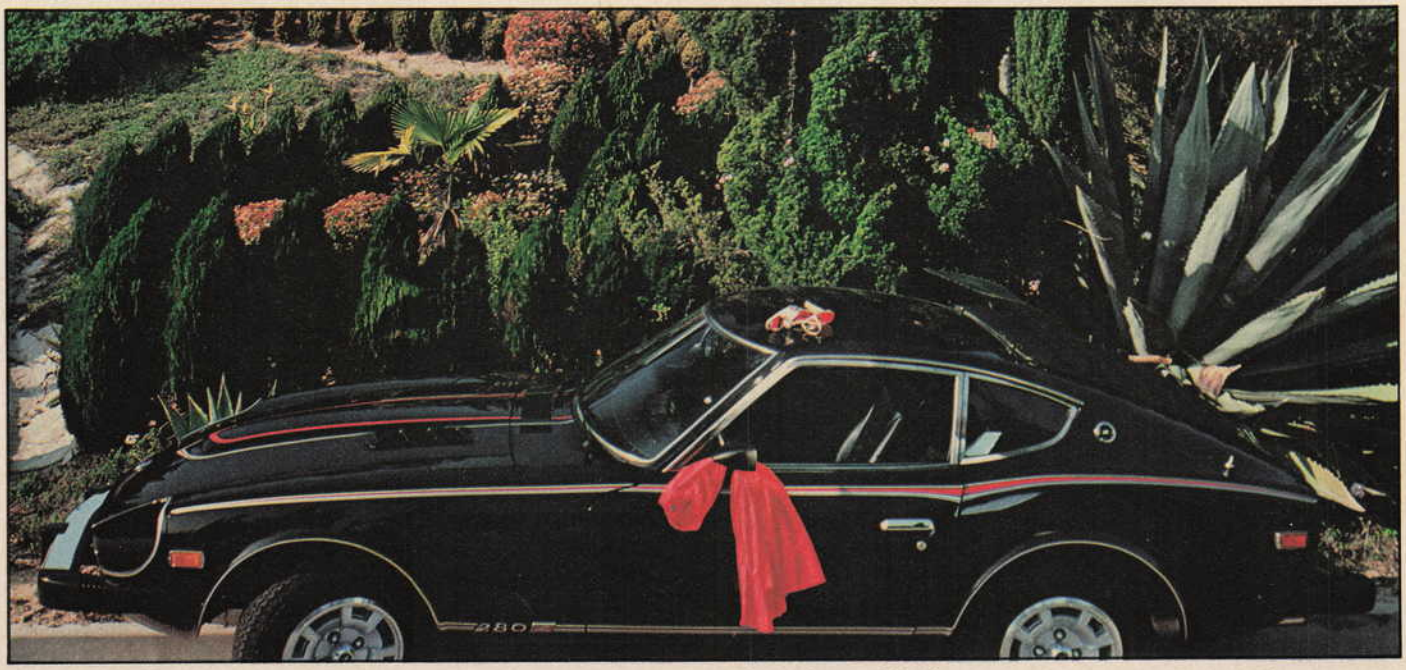
Fiat X1/9 $ 5200

SQ ***

For the X1/9, Fiat assigned renowned stylist Nucco Bertone to match a taut, aggressive body shape with engineering concepts first developed in the early racing Ferraris: midship engine location, four-wheel independent suspension and nearly 50–50 weight distribution. The result is a little stupendous. Despite its size and puny price as well, it's one of the best cornering cars around. The body is solid and rattle-free, and the gearbox is nearly faultless. The steering is rack-and-pinion. Run it all day either in city traffic or on the open highway and it will turn in a consistent 30 miles per gallon. Or drive it across country and discover that, even though the midship engine is sitting just inches behind you, the hours are vibration-free and leisurely, even with the top off. The Fiat X1/9 is a gem, an enthusiast's car of the first rank. Small, light and frugal, yet immensely pleasurable to drive, it is hardly to be confused with the Fiats of yore. All in all, it's no wonder that orders have so far exceeded supply.

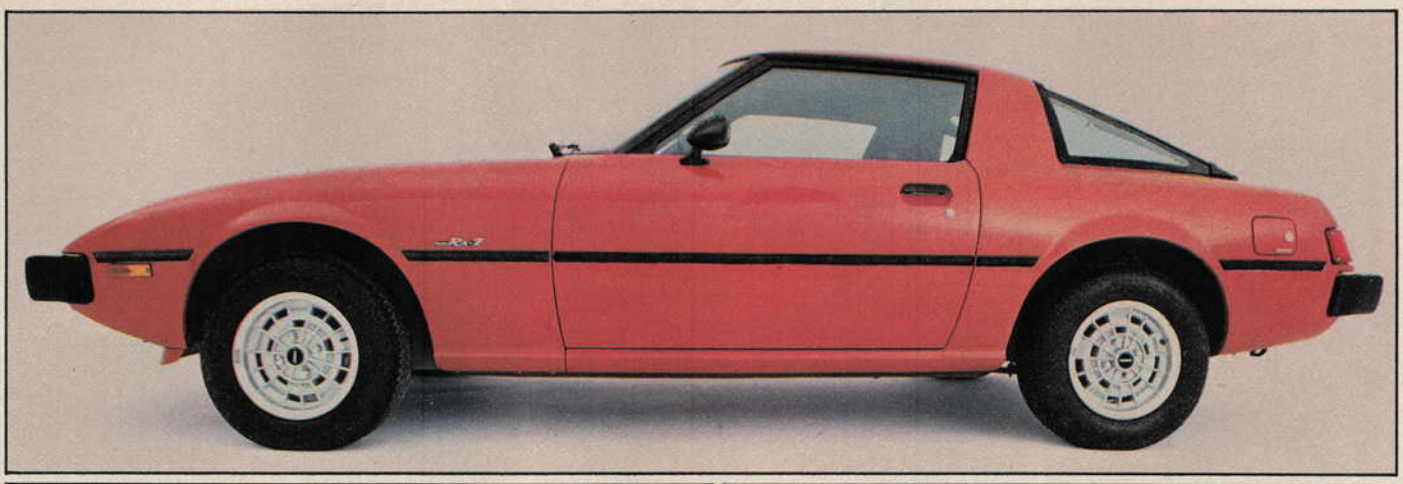
Triumph TR7 $ 6350

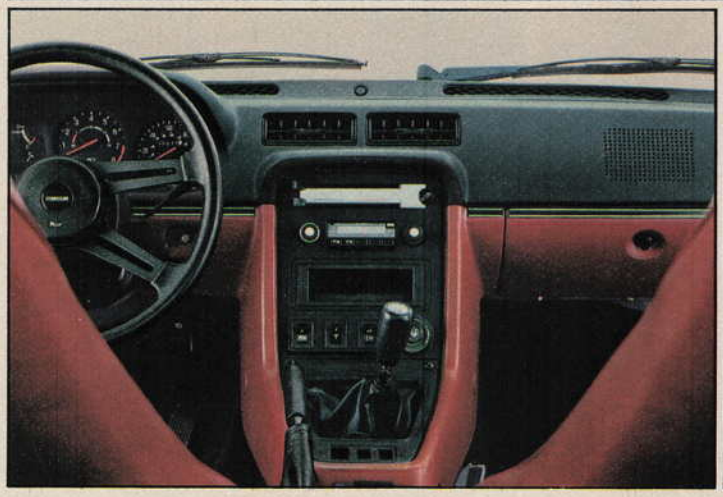
SQ**
Another inexpensive winner, though surprisingly from the land of perpetual labor strikes, and proof, too, that the British can get off their leaden asses once they want to. The current TR7 is distinguished by its overdrive five-speed gearbox, devised to increase fuel mileage and reduce noise and engine wear. The shifts are short, the action positive, a little notchy, and the acceleration through all the gears is markedly quicker than the four-speed version.
The TR7's rear has been lowered an inch, which, coupled with the new, open-tread Goodyear radials, produces a mean, hunkered-down look. The "shape of things to come" may not appeal to everyone, but sans the side stripes, it's clean and functional, as well as aerodynamically efficient. No wind noise even at 90 mph. The cockpit is one of the most spacious and best laid available. Unfortunately, it's also loud. The TR7 blazes no new trails in the evolution of suspension design, but Triumph has definitely done its homework.



Datsun 280-Z 2+2 $ 9270

SQ**
The car itself hardly needs an introduction. Last year, close to 60,000 Zs were sold in the U. S. alone. There isn't much new for 1978. The 2+2's ride is excellent, acceleration is brisk and cornering is adequate. This model is far better than the lighter, marginally faster and less expensive coupe.
Standard equipment includes air conditioning and a five-speed overdrive transmission that extends the car's already excellent gas mileage by a solid 10 percent. There are too many of them around, granted, and in some quarters they may be taken lightly, but the car itself is so comfortable, so indulgent of the driver's every need, you can ignore the critics.
While it is unfair to call the Japanese auto makers a group of imitators, it is also true that they're not beyond copping the best from American, German, British and Italian designers. It may have become mellow with age, but it's still capable of delivering—and delivering on a level that few can match.





Mazda RX-7 $ 6000

SQ****

This is the first time you have seen this car. Mazda is so protective of it that there are only two actual models in the U. S. right now. Don't ask how we got pictures. What Mazda did was design a sports car that is faster, quieter and more economical than the Datsun 280-Z or the Porsche 924.

It goes 0–60 in 8.6 seconds—2.5 seconds faster than the Porsche 924—and its top speed is 120 mph. The secret of the car's performance is the rotary engine (Wankel) that had gotten a black eye from the U. S. government in the early Seventies. Mazda now claims that the economy here is better than most of the other cars in its class. The Wankel engine makes the car extremely quiet, that's certain. While a Porsche 924 may handle a bit better, the Mazda's ride is superior to the Porsche's. In fact, the two cars' major exterior dimensions are almost identical; their inside measurements are roughly equivalent, too.

You can see the European influence in the instrument panel, which is laid out simply. Yassuh—Mazda.

How to Drive Fast without Losing Your License

Now that you've picked out your car, how fast are you going to drive it? Is the double-nickel speed limit going to be taken as holy writ, the Eleventh Commandment, or are you going to let it all hang out? The National Maximum Speed Limit, enacted as a temporary measure in January 1974, was intended to save both fuel and lives. To make the point, Washington insisted on local enforcement. Individual states were annually required to prove compliance at the risk of losing Federal highway funds, and the result after three carefully monitored years wasn't exactly what had been expected. In fact, the national average speed was 66 mph.

Enter radar. Part and parcel of Washington's efforts has been financial aid to both local and state police departments. Their answer was deemed to be speed traps. On a typical interstate highway, there is now a radar-equipped Smokey every 40 miles. In most states, every law-enforcement car is fitted with moving radar, and the conviction rate on radar evidence is 99 percent. The best way to beat the ticket, therefore, is not to get one in the first place. To this end, two pieces of road-going equipment are now mandatory for escaping the long beep of the law: a radar detector and a capable CB. Some of the best:

Fuzzbuster II Multi-Band ($129.95).

By far the best radar detector available. Capable of seeing two to three miles up a level road, the Fuzzbuster II will also pick up radar traps on the far side of hills and isn't affected by rain or other poor weather conditions. The trucker's favorite.

Super Snooper Long Range ($179.95).

Outwardly, better made than the Fuzzbuster, but not as sensitive on the K-band (an FCC-restricted frequency for all police radar).

Whisler Radar Eye Multi-Band ($99.95).

Weak on the K-band, too, this one has a test switch for those prone to distrust mechanical devices. Like other devices, this one picked up Smokey's radar with time to spare.

As for using a CB, this has been the topic of books, movies and even songs. Optimally, what you want is to get into a convoy, ideally in the middle or "rocking chair" position. The Sony CB-640, though expensive, is one of the best units available. With its Channel 9 emergency scanner and internal SWR calibrate, its reception is strong and clear.

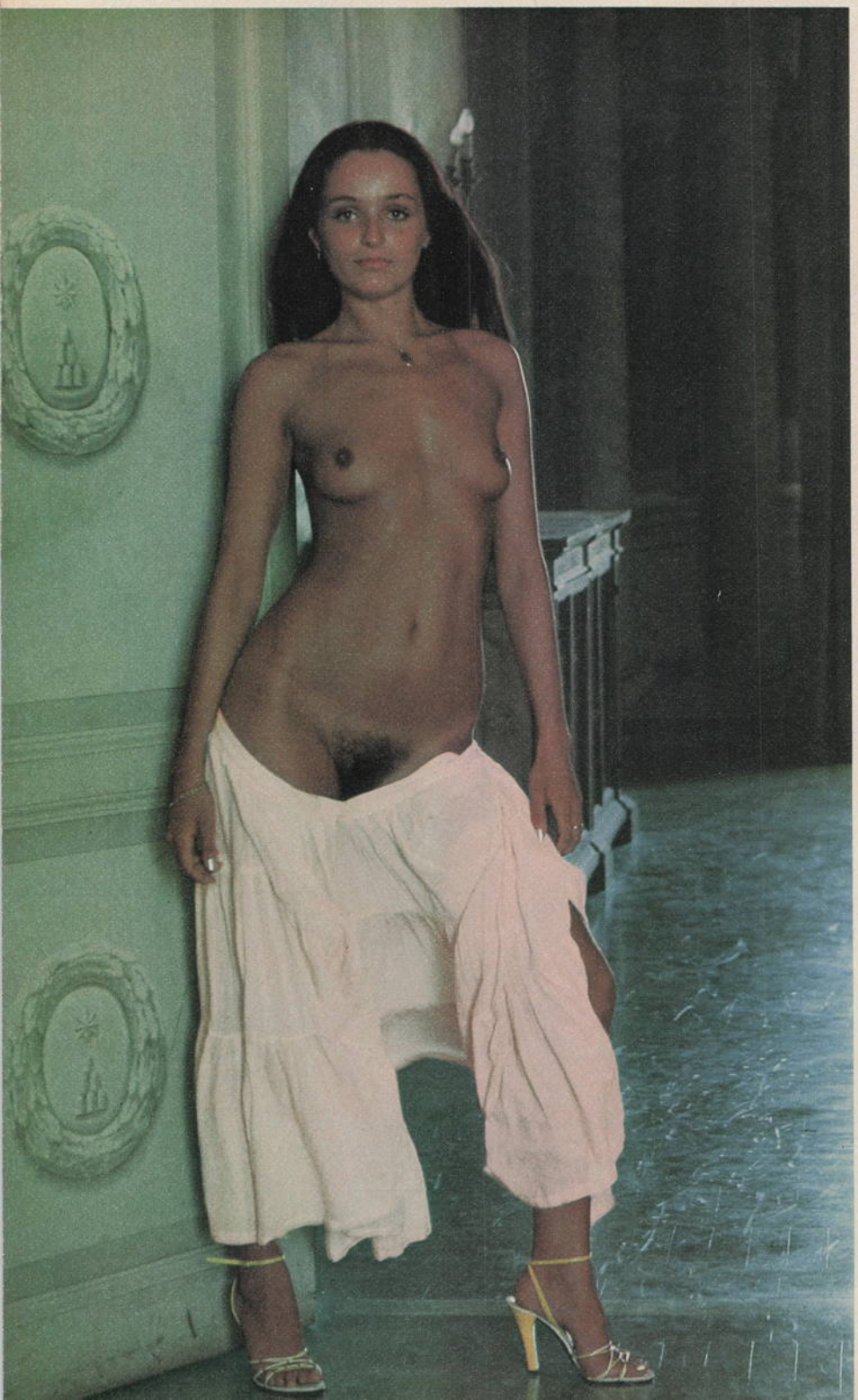
Using these devices, you can drive your new sports car faster than the law allows, waste millions of gallons of oil and put the country into further hock to some Arab potentate who'd probably sell your sister into white slavery first chance he got. Way to go, schmucks. □

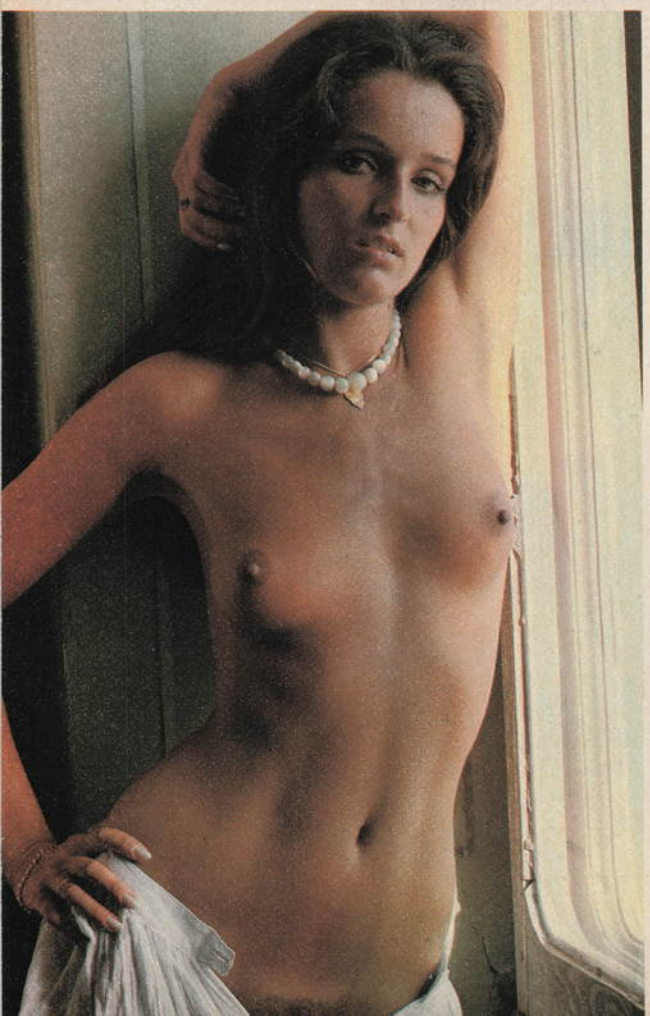
HELENE
SMILIN' AWAY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ERIC MÜLLER

"I've always been what you might call a happy-go-lucky type of person," Helene told us during this month's shooting. Of course, we could tell right away that she has a lot to be happy about.

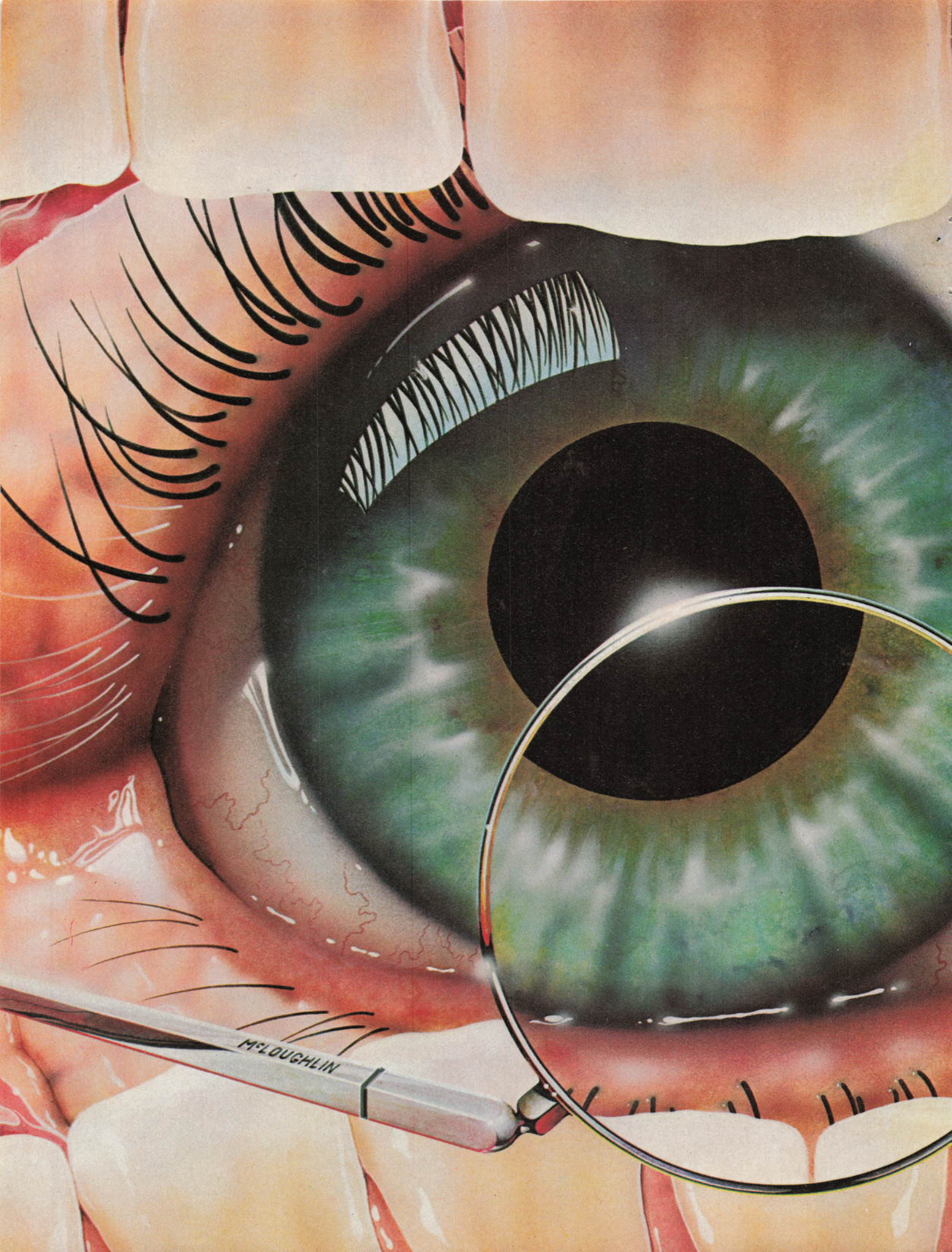
"Things that would floor other people just seem to roll right off my back." (You can see what she means on the next page.)

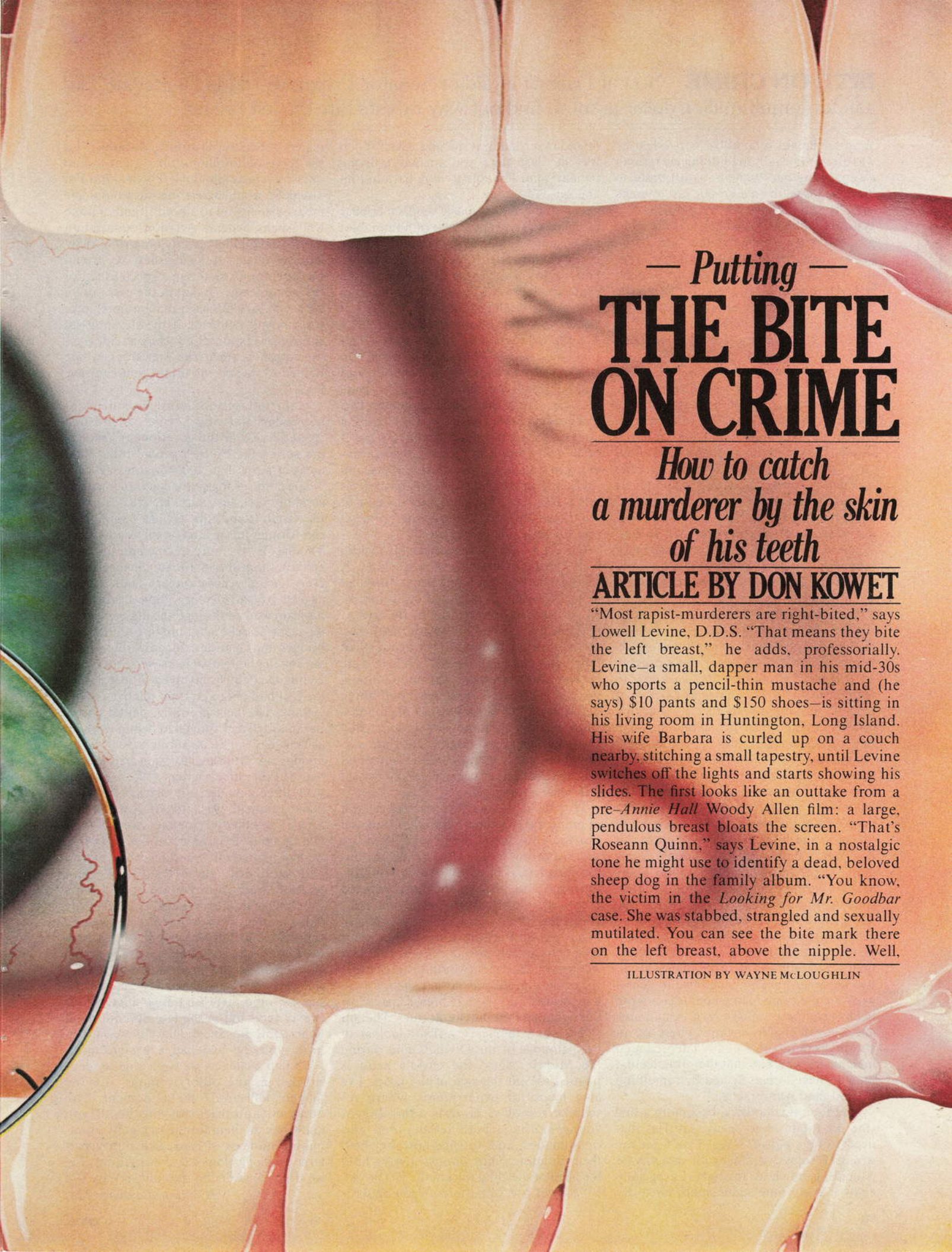




"Many of my ponderous, intellectual, *serious* friends say, 'He who laughs is he who has not yet learned the horrible truth.'

"I say, 'He who laughs probably knows the horrible truth but still makes the most of it.' I do have a serious side, however," she said, climbing onto the bed. "You want to see it?"


M·LOUGHLIN



— *Putting* —

THE BITE ON CRIME

How to catch a murderer by the skin of his teeth

ARTICLE BY DON KOWET

"Most rapist-murderers are right-bited," says Lowell Levine, D.D.S. "That means they bite the left breast," he adds, professorially. Levine—a small, dapper man in his mid-30s who sports a pencil-thin mustache and (he says) $10 pants and $150 shoes—is sitting in his living room in Huntington, Long Island. His wife Barbara is curled up on a couch nearby, stitching a small tapestry, until Levine switches off the lights and starts showing his slides. The first looks like an outtake from a pre-*Annie Hall* Woody Allen film: a large, pendulous breast bloats the screen. "That's Roseann Quinn," says Levine, in a nostalgic tone he might use to identify a dead, beloved sheep dog in the family album. "You know, the victim in the *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* case. She was stabbed, strangled and sexually mutilated. You can see the bite mark there on the left breast, above the nipple. Well,

ILLUSTRATION BY WAYNE McLOUGHLIN

BITE ON CRIME "Now, if I wasn't afraid of Senator Proxmire," adds Dr. Levine, "I'd ask for a multimillion-dollar grant to find out why rapists bite the left breast."

Wilson—the guy who killed her—when he was arrested he admitted doing everything except biting her. We got a court order to examine his teeth on a Friday, just to make sure he didn't have an accomplice. . . . Wilson could have killed her, and the other guy could have inflicted the bite. Then Wilson hanged himself on Saturday and the next day, Sunday, we got an impression. He had two very small hypoplastic teeth. A very unusual arrangement of teeth. And we got a perfect match."

Throughout history, dentistry has been medicine's ugly duckling. It's an old joke that a dentist is someone who didn't have the grades to get into medical school. People hesitate to shake the man's hand at cocktail parties. Who knows through whose mouth that hand has recently sloshed? Jewish mothers do not brag about "my son, the dentist." Neither do gentile mothers. And television, inspiration to our nation's youth, has virtually ignored dentists; there's a decided lack of paramilitary jawbreakers parachuting onto Mt. Everest to relieve a stranded child's abscessed molar and no Marcus Welby, D.D.S., piously counseling a candidate for root-canal therapy. Physicians soothe pain; dentists inflict it. Physicians save lives; dentists save teeth.

Soon, though, a new breed of dentists may be co-opted into our pantheon of folk heroes. Currently, the American Academy of Forensic Odontology has certified 16 men throughout the country as Doctors of Dental Sleuthing—experts at tracking down murderers like Mr. Goodbar, who bite off more than they can chew. Dr. Levine is one of those 16 forensic odontologists, which means that he is as comfortable in the courtroom as he is in the laboratory. He specializes in identifying people from their teeth and in tracing bite marks to the biter. "You'd be amazed at how much biting goes on among criminals," he says, with an appropriately Sherlockian enthusiasm for his profession, in spite of its morbidity. "It's really a whole new field of forensic study. I got into it by accident, so to speak. Let's face it, ordinary dentistry is not all that stimulating intellectually. You will find that the men who do the most technically magnificent dental work are the same men who later on write books, compose songs, own restaurants and win golf championships. There are an enormous number of highly talented men in dentistry who find that their intellectual pursuits have to be satisfied by something beyond their own practice."

And forensic dentistry, becoming a private eye-tooth, so to speak, satisfies that need to be creative? "Yes. Don't get me wrong. I enjoy working with my private patients as much as anybody. I especially enjoy it every time some smart-assed defense lawyer looks at me and asks, 'When was the last time you treated a living patient?' and I'm able to look back at him and say, 'Yesterday.' "

One thing that forensic dentists appear to share is a saturnine sense of humor. Not long ago in Connecticut, the police, on the trail of a suspected rapist, decided to obtain a warrant to search for incriminating evidence. It wasn't to search a house, an automobile or an airport locker, though; it was to look into a mouth, and the police had applied for it at the prodding of Lester L. Luntz, D.D.S. Four days a week, Dr. Luntz fills cavities, extracts teeth and builds bridges for patients in his private practice. The other three days, he is a Connecticut State Police captain, sleuthing after suspects. Dr. Luntz, like Dr. Levine, is often called upon to provide expert testimony in burglary and homicide trials, and to identify missing persons. His specialty is bite marks, too. "Bite marks are the field of the future," he says. "This is where you get into the sexy side of dentistry."

One of Luntz's recent cases involved a New Canaan, Connecticut, household. A 17-year-old boy—an Eagle Scout—decided he really wasn't all that fond of his family. He hacked his brother to death with a hatchet. He stabbed his mother 20 times. He hammered his granny to death, then raped and strangled his sister. There were no witnesses, but there was one damning piece of evidence. The teenager had bitten his sister on her left breast. Luntz made a silicone-and-wax impression and matched it to the suspect's mouth. The boy was found not guilty by reason of insanity and was sentenced to 25 years in a Connecticut state mental hospital.

Why do rapist-murderers make a habit of biting their victim's breasts? "Biting is a sadistic act," Dr. Levine says, flashing slides showing breast after breast, all tattooed with oral graffiti, "particularly during rape-murders, when the bite is inflicted very, very slowly. You know," he adds cheerfully, "the murderer is sucking in tissue—an act I'm sure you may have perpetrated yourself at one time or another, during your misspent youth or later life."

Levine himself has no pet theory as to why rapists bite the left breast instead of the right one, but, he points out, "The left side is where the heart is. If you look at all the paintings of the Divine Child during the Middle Ages, the child's head is pointed toward the side of the heart. I've also heard of experiments where researchers took a random sampling of young mothers, both left-handed and right-handed, and watched how they held their children. They almost always hold the head of the child toward the left breast.

"Now, if I wasn't afraid of getting written up by Senator Proxmire," he adds, "I'd ask for a multimillion-dollar grant to find out why rapists bite the left breast. But I'm afraid he would screw me all around the media, like he did to a poor friend of mine who spent Federal Aviation Association money to conduct a study on airline stewardesses related to air crashes. My friend was attempting to design a special seat for the stewardesses, so that in the event of an air crash, they'd have a maximum chance for survival. After all, if the stewardesses survive, everyone else's chances increase dramatically, since the stewardesses are trained to do specific things that can save lives."

Unfortunately, Senator Proxmire did not understand why Levine's friend had spent $50,000 of the government's money measuring the busts, hips and other vital areas of more than 100 stewardesses.

Speaking of mass disasters, Levine has certainly seen his share. He was called to the Virgin Islands the day after an American Airlines jet crashed on the island of St. Thomas. By the time Levine and his crew arrived, the FBI had already fingerprinted every victim whose fingers hadn't been charred beyond all recognition. Levine and his team worked through the night examining teeth, searching for missing fillings and bridges and dentures. Meanwhile, a half-dozen telephone operators were busy contacting the dentists involved, whose names the FBI had obtained from relatives of the victims. The next morning, dental charts began to arrive. Levine had begun work on a Thursday night at about 8:30 P.M. By midday on Saturday, his team had identified all but three victims. "We were left with three females, all black," he says. "One of them was old—at least in her fifties. The other two we knew were in their late twenties. By a process of elimination, we had figured out who they were, but we had to identify them legally. We had learned their approximate body-builds from their families. We also knew that the older woman was supposed to have some capped teeth, but we weren't sure which ones. And she had had a hysterectomy. Well, on one of the three bodies, there were some very tiny, very charred fragments of a full slip—and there isn't a gal alive who is twenty years old in the late Seventies and wears a full slip. She did have some capped teeth, and she had had a hysterectomy. With that evidence, we were able to identify her as the older woman." Levine thought reflectively for a moment. "We don't do autopsies for the dead, you know—we do them for the living. By examining a number of cases and injury patterns and toxicologies and everything else, we try to answer the questions: Why did

(Continued on page 128)

GIVE US A LITTLE R·E·S·P·E·C·T

Temptations Otis Williams and Melvin Franklin, otherwise known as the Tempests in the Motown Teapot, talk (finally) about their celebrated split with soul-music Godfather Berry Gordy • by Robert Crane and David Diamond

The Temptations, after a 17-year association with Berry Gordy and Motown Records, which included 17 gold albums and a platinum album, have left the "family" in search of what any superstar group deserves . . . respect.

It was on their recent world tour that we caught up with them in Phoenix and talked to original Temptations Otis Williams and Melvin Franklin about their split with Motown.

OUI: What were your problems with the Berry Gordy organization?

OTIS WILLIAMS: Well, in the event that anybody from Motown should read this, I'm saying this in the hope that it will make them change. The problem was respect. We are human beings before we are Temptations, Supremes, Marvin Gayes or anything else. That was one of our main problems, aside from the contractual agreements and the finances. Anytime you have somebody telling you—here we are thirty-four and thirty-five years old at the time—"You guys get rid of your lawyer and things will be much better for you around here," you know things aren't right.

MELVIN FRANKLIN: It was difficult to leave. We were established there. They helped us maintain over the years but we didn't like their attitude towards us. Being in the business for sixteen, seventeen years, you learn a lot. You have to learn in order to make it and not wind up a "Joe Louis–type story" in show business. You've got to make money not only on your tours—you've got to make mechanical monies. You've got to get set up so you get money from publishing. There have to be incentives for an artist to do the right thing, to become a stable entity. There's a lot of money made in the record industry, and naturally the companies feel important, and they are. But the artists are important as well. They never gave us the opportunity to work toward some sort of financial security. We couldn't follow that path. We had to leave. We liken our feelings about the split to the sadness of a divorce. You may start off in love with a woman and then, after seventeen years, a whole lot of little things build up.

OTIS WILLIAMS: When you look back and think about the tired little contract we had while we were selling millions and millions of records, and then you think about the contract we have now, you realize how much

ILLUSTRATION BY JUSTIN CARROLL

they capitalized on the fact that we were so young and naive. Detroit's not known for entertainment lawyers and accountants; so when we took our contracts to attorneys, they said, "Yeah, that's fine. Go ahead and sign it." We weren't conscious of what we were doing.

OUI: The Temptations, up until recently, were guided or managed by Berry Gordy.

How can you get a good deal when your manager is also the president of your record label?

MELVIN FRANKLIN: You can't.

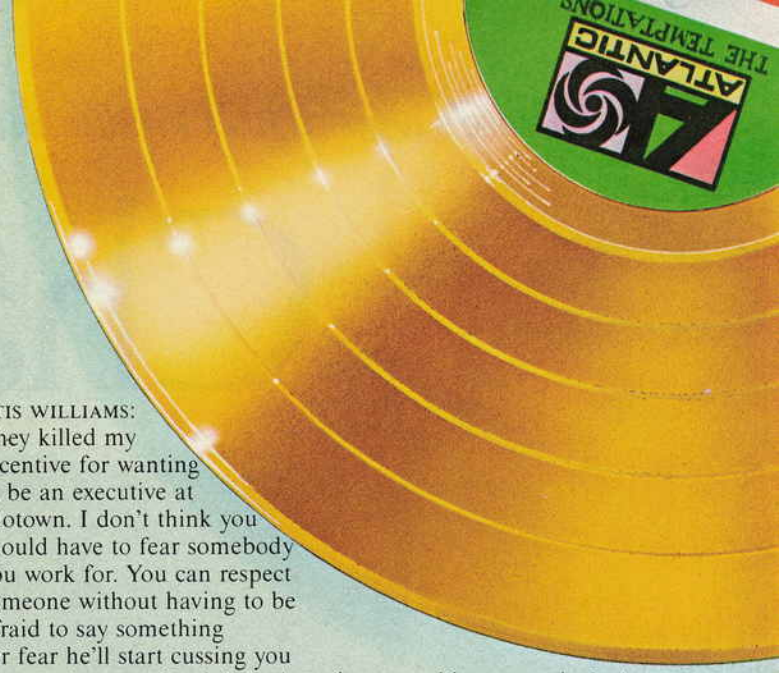
OTIS WILLIAMS: That's been one of the great drawbacks of the Temptations and, I guess, a lot of the other acts that were managed by Motown. Gordy and the company are naturally going to think of themselves first. How could they be objective? Melvin and I have always been the kind of guys who would go outside and talk to other people to evaluate what Motown had told us. That's why we've learned a lot, and that's one thing they didn't want us to do. What they thought of us was kind of summed up a few years ago when they wanted us to go to the Orient right when the United States and Korea were about to get into a conflict over the Pueblo incident. We said, "Hey, brother, we're not going over there if that's going on," and they said, "Oh, come on, you guys go over there and you'll have plenty of broads to screw." Well, we don't have to go all the way to the other side of the world for that when we get enough here. But that's how they thought of us—that all we wanted to do was get girls to screw and carry on, that that was all we knew.

MELVIN FRANKLIN: I remember once we were in a very serious meeting about management. We were trying to find a good structure for the Temptations to work independently of Motown. We needed management with objectivity. I told them being a record company and a manager was a conflict of interest, and they said, "That's a lawyer's term; you can't use that." In other words, we weren't supposed to have the intelligence to know that.

OUI: Did you ever discover any out-and-out questionable business practices on the part of Motown?

MELVIN FRANKLIN: Oh, yeah. We were the first artists who had enough nerve to audit Motown. People used to say, "If it's so bad, why have you stayed so long?" But it's tough when you're part of something from the first brick and you know the people personally. I mean, we sang at the funeral for Berry Gordy's mother. We felt part of the whole overall thing. But Motown execs should have found enough time to take a microscopic view of the entire Temptations situation. They kept looking out for themselves. Now it's time for us to look out for ourselves.

OTIS WILLIAMS: We questioned a lot of things Motown did. Back in 1975, when we had a big seller with the album *A Song for You*, they turned around after all that hard work and released an album with a lot of mediocre material by this producer and that producer. We told them that album wasn't going



to do anything and, sure enough, it didn't.

MELVIN FRANKLIN: The people expected quality material from the Temptations. I'm gonna say this right out: They did it with Thelma Houston, too. She had a big record and they came right behind it with a low-keyed-type thing. It wasn't consistent. How can an artist ever get any good traction? They had the whole ball of wax. You should have read the contract.

OTIS WILLIAMS: That's another thing that made us mad. Motown was taking all the bows and I guess that's automatic, but it's not always the truth. Very seldom did they say, "Yeah, the Tempts were responsible for that."

MELVIN FRANKLIN: Like when our producer, Norman Whitfield, and Motown took the bows for our Grammy for *Cloud Nine*. We were known as the Norman Whitfield Singers back then. Boy, did that stab home. They just wanted us to sing. They didn't want us to write or try to produce. We were damn near producing the sessions a whole lot of the time anyway. They never even gave us a credit for helping with the production of the album, to let people know the Temptations had those abilities. That's why people like the Jacksons left Motown. Their father wanted them to produce, to grow, to have publishing. These are the mechanics that make you money ten years from now, your catalog becoming worth something. There's a person at Motown whom we mentioned publishing to once and he foamed at the mouth.

OUI: Do you think somebody runs Berry Gordy? The Mafia, perhaps?

OTIS WILLIAMS: You never know. I don't believe so. Personally, from dealing with Berry on a pretty close basis, I know that just about every time something goes down they go to him for the decision, and he throws out the yesses and nos and maybe-sos. It looks like he's the main man behind it. I guess those rumors started because Motown started out all black, and then after a while there were personnel changes. I think a lot of it was the way Motown ran the overall machinery, which tended to inspire those kinds of ideas. I do know they always check with him. I don't know if he has to check with somebody else.

MELVIN FRANKLIN: I don't know. I don't feel it, though. There was a time back in the Sixties that I thought maybe some takeovers were coming around. But in retrospect, I don't think the Mob is in there.

OUI: Then why are people afraid to talk about Motown?

MELVIN FRANKLIN: More than a fear, I think it's pride or shame.

OTIS WILLIAMS: People may be scared of a lawsuit.

MELVIN FRANKLIN: Berry delegated the responsibility of various acts to different people at different times. As the company grew, they got executives from other fields: like one time they got a guy who had worked for Coca-Cola. He had no knowledge of the record business but he was an executive type. They hired another guy who had been in politics. Berry Gordy was like the admiral. Otis and I could speak directly to Gordy, but there were usually other people to go through. We would save going to Berry Gordy as a last resort. We would try to work it out within the corporate structure. If Motown continues to grow and strive for success, they really should consider getting competent people, not just people who are there because they stroked Berry Gordy.

OTIS WILLIAMS: They killed my incentive for wanting to be an executive at Motown. I don't think you should have to fear somebody you work for. You can respect someone without having to be afraid to say something for fear he'll start cussing you out or whatever. Gordy's nothing but a man—he's no god. He doesn't warrant that kind of fear. Since we signed with Atlantic, we can see how differently they run their corporation. It's the way we always imagined it. You can see it. First of all, they treat you as people.

OUI: Since the Temptations have been around a long time, do you feel Gordy was tired of the whole group, the sound, the style?

MELVIN FRANKLIN: In the beginning, he had definite interest in us. He loved our good ol' harmonies, the fact that all of us could sing lead. He was a crux of a whole lot of the creative force going all the way through Motown, especially in its inception.

OTIS WILLIAMS: I think as time went on and as Motown became more and more successful, he wanted to get into movies and stretch out into other areas, and his interest in us and other groups wasn't as intense.

OUI: Did the corporate move from Detroit to Los Angeles have any effect on Gordy?

OTIS WILLIAMS: I wouldn't doubt it. After he left Detroit, where he was used to having everything pretty locked up, he encountered L.A., where the competition was pretty stiff. He was dealing with RCA across the street, Columbia, Warner Brothers, Atlantic, a lot of the other majors. These companies had a different philosophy. Motown's concept was they wanted it all—all the publishing, all the production. They stifled us from being creative people in areas other than singing.

MELVIN FRANKLIN: Motown had to become a more sophisticated organization when it moved to L.A., in order to compete with the real record companies.

OTIS WILLIAMS: When Gordy moved to Los Angeles, a lot of his acts started leaving. The Tempts wanted to leave as far back as 1968.

MELVIN FRANKLIN: It's been an eight-to-nine-year battle.

OUI: How long can the Tempts go on?

OTIS WILLIAMS: As long as the public wants the Tempts and we have our health and strength and voices. We plan on being around as long as God and the public permit. □

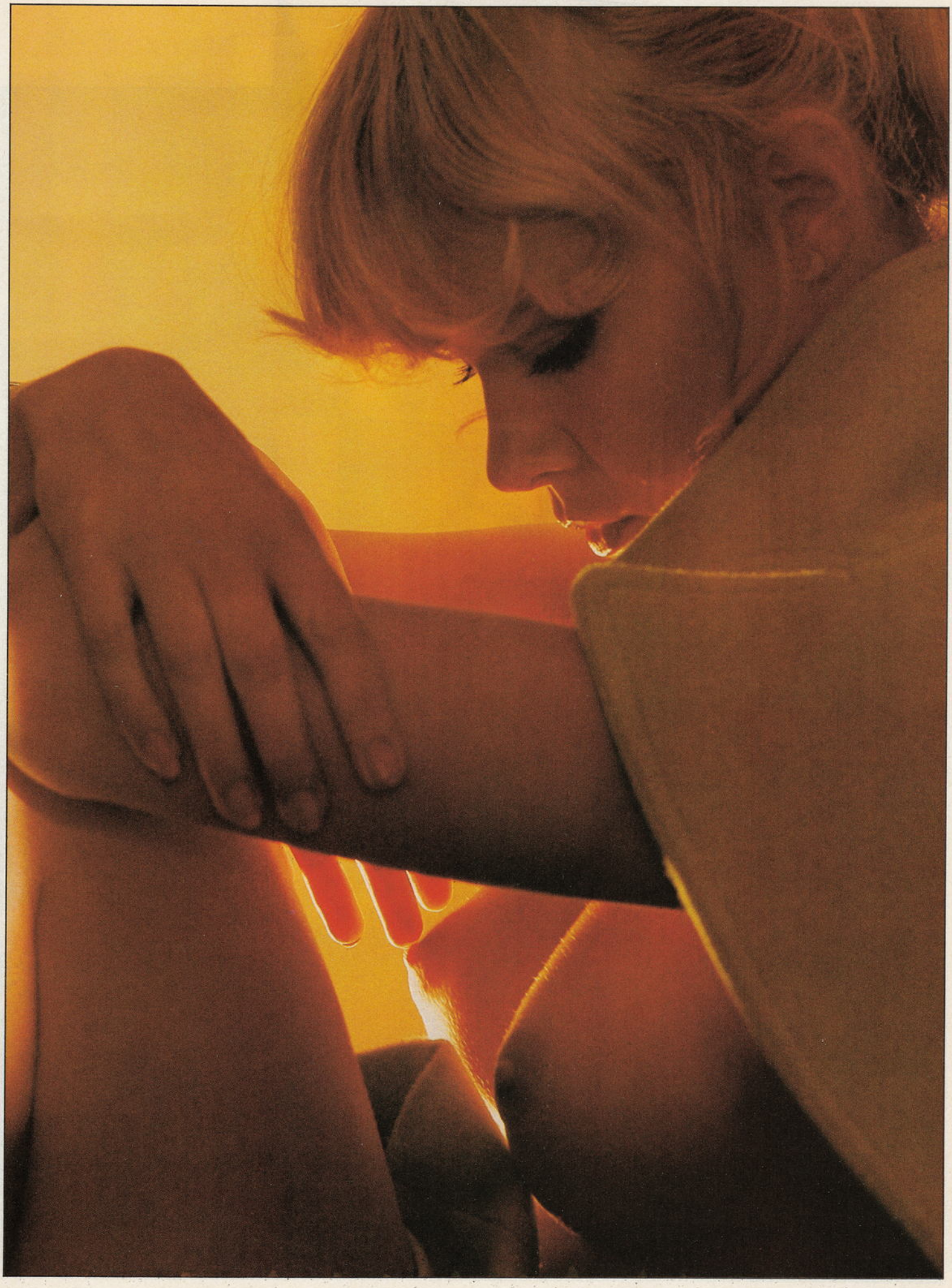
Freelancers Robert Crane and David Diamond weren't too proud to beg for this assignment.

CARROLL

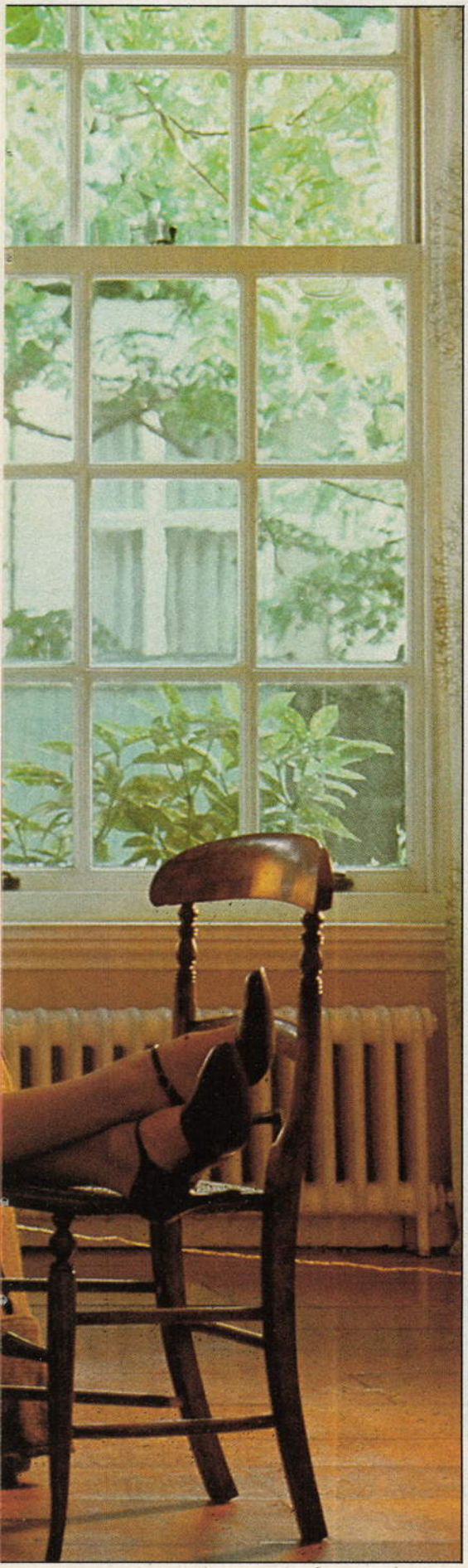
There's a girl who's kinda young, kinda fun, and her name is . . .

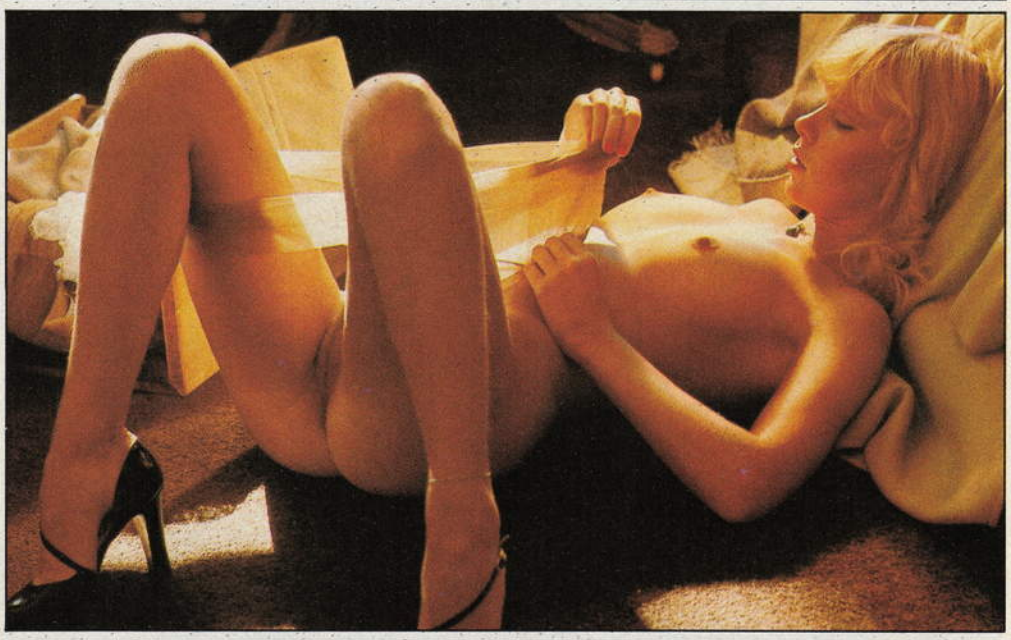
Charlie

Photography by Francis Giacobetti



Charlie's the kind of girl you'd never call Chuck. Not to her face, anyway.





When it comes to erotic reading, Charlie says, no one can beat Shakespeare.

William Shakespeare
Antony
Cleopatra

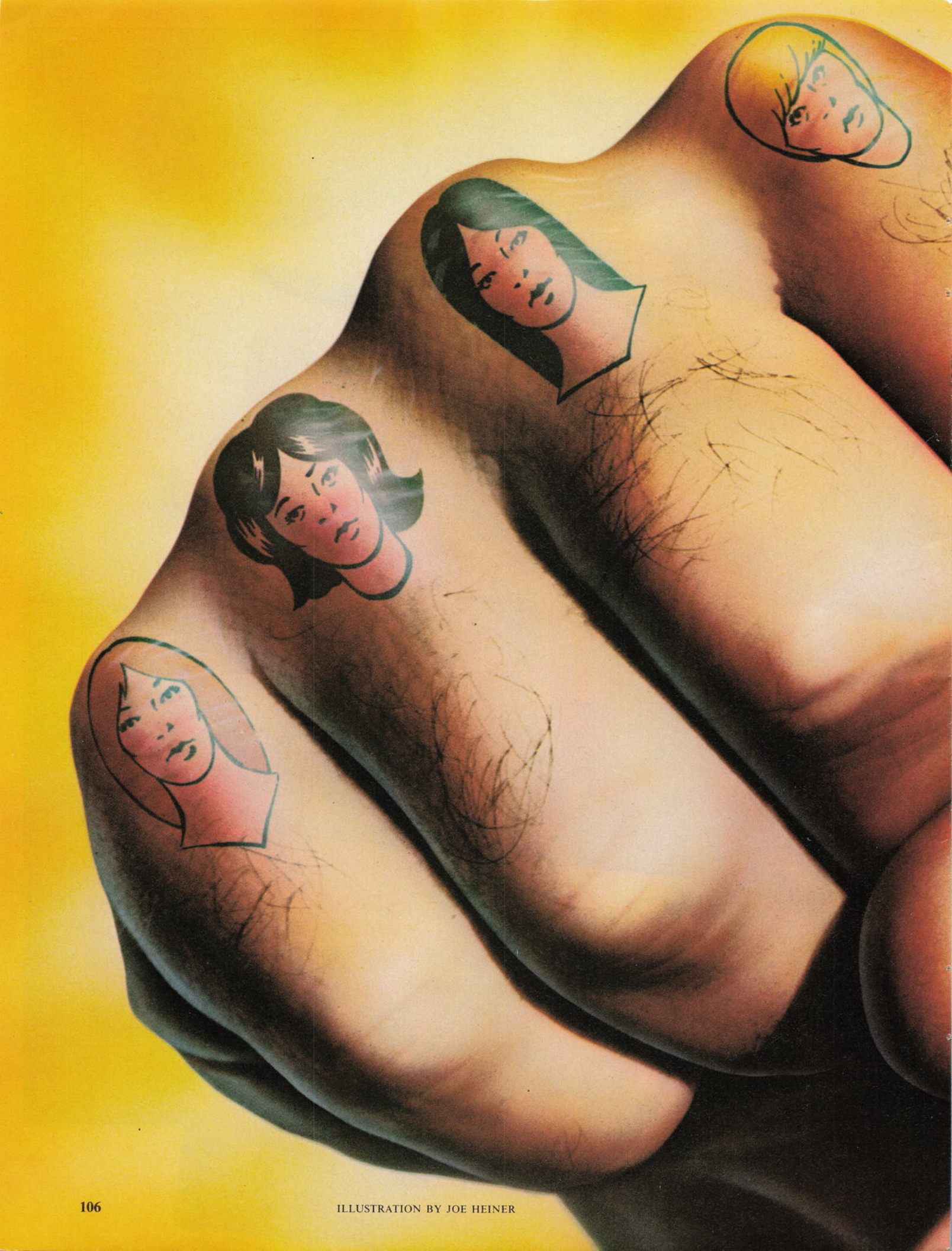
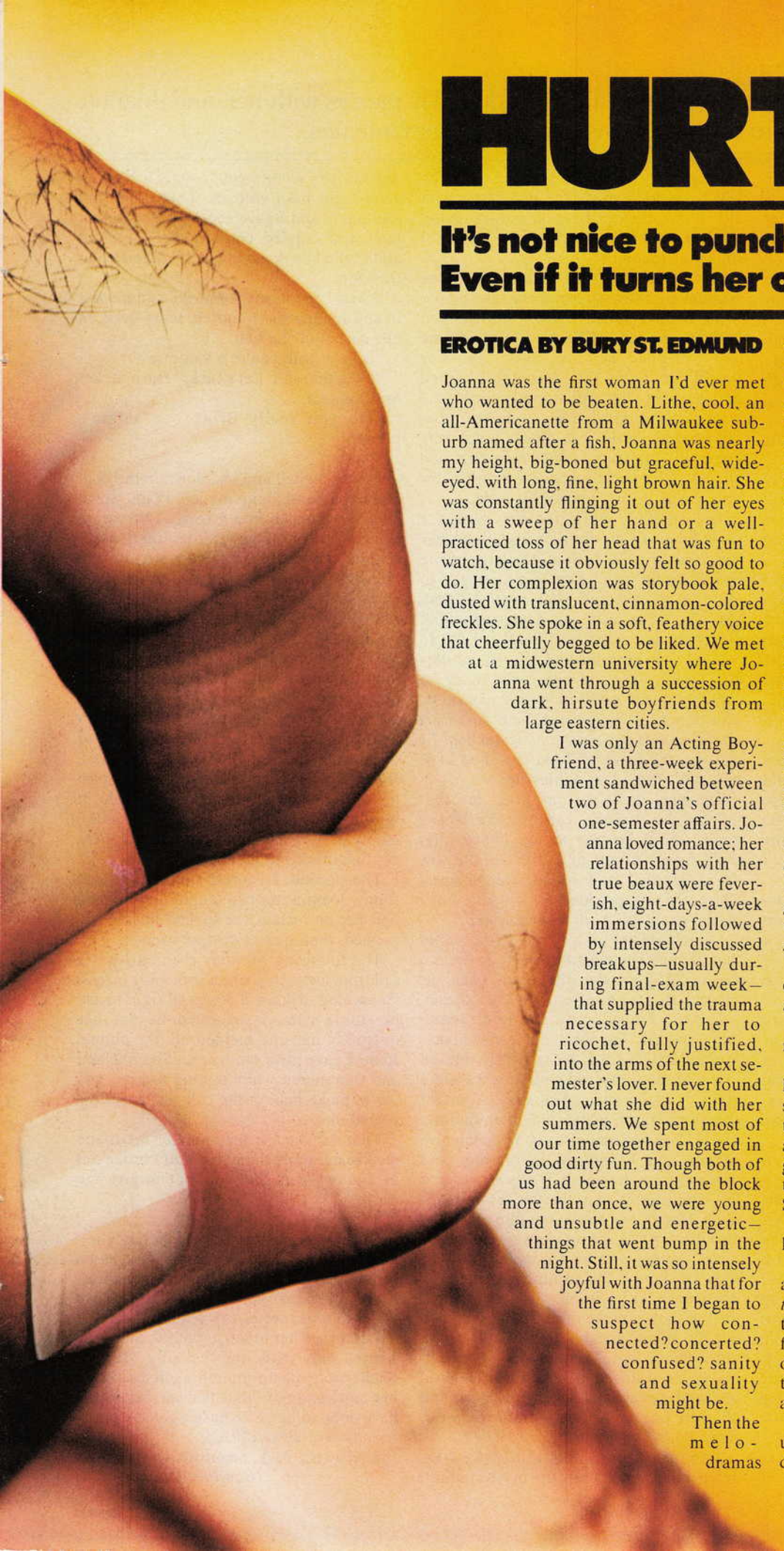


ILLUSTRATION BY JOE HEINER



HURTING

It's not nice to punch the one you love. Even if it turns her on.

EROTICA BY BURY ST. EDMUND

Joanna was the first woman I'd ever met who wanted to be beaten. Lithe, cool, an all-Americanette from a Milwaukee suburb named after a fish, Joanna was nearly my height, big-boned but graceful, wide-eyed, with long, fine, light brown hair. She was constantly flinging it out of her eyes with a sweep of her hand or a well-practiced toss of her head that was fun to watch, because it obviously felt so good to do. Her complexion was storybook pale, dusted with translucent, cinnamon-colored freckles. She spoke in a soft, feathery voice that cheerfully begged to be liked. We met at a midwestern university where Joanna went through a succession of dark, hirsute boyfriends from large eastern cities.

I was only an Acting Boyfriend, a three-week experiment sandwiched between two of Joanna's official one-semester affairs. Joanna loved romance; her relationships with her true beaux were feverish, eight-days-a-week immersions followed by intensely discussed breakups—usually during final-exam week—that supplied the trauma necessary for her to ricochet, fully justified, into the arms of the next semester's lover. I never found out what she did with her summers. We spent most of our time together engaged in good dirty fun. Though both of us had been around the block more than once, we were young and unsubtle and energetic—things that went bump in the night. Still, it was so intensely joyful with Joanna that for the first time I began to suspect how connected? concerted? confused? sanity and sexuality might be.

Then the melodramas started. We'd necked and undressed each other. Joanna suddenly pulled the sheet up under her chin and held it tightly. She crossed her legs and guarded her breasts with her elbows. When I tried to get near she delightedly shoved me away. Batting her eyelashes, she cooed something in a Southern accent so thick that the only word I could translate was *Dayed-ee.*

"Your Daddy what?" I mumbled as I unrolled a rubber onto my erection. This was the semester before the student clinic began dispensing birth control pills as if they were Pez.

With a trace of petulance, Joanna cut back a few notches on the accent and repeated her line: It seemed her Dayed-ee didn't think she should dance with a boy like me—me being a gunfighter and all.

I grunted a sarcastic *uh-huh* and tried to get next to her. She stiff-armed me like a fullback. A sharp pain shot through me and I grabbed her wrist. Joanna whimpered and pulled away.

My brain sizzled like a metaphor from a detective novel. *She's gotta be kidding—she doesn't sound like she's kidding—if I do this I'm gonna feel like an idiot—if I don't she's gonna think I'm a naive idiot—I don't wanna play cowboys 'n' Indians, I wanna screw.*

Priority: I wanted to screw. Time to choose between abstinence and idiocy. Joanna helped by feeding me another cue.

"Mah Dayed-ee wahned me 'bout how rough y'all would git."

Quietly, hoping my roommate wouldn't hear me through the thin wooden wall separating our bedrooms, I assured Joanna that Dayed-ee was mistaken. She frowned and said I didn't sound anything like a gunfighter. I repeated my peaceful intentions, with what I hoped was a Randolph Scott drawl. Joanna wasn't having any.

"Dayed-ee says a main lahk you would hayve your way with me bah *force.*"

I started to tell her those awful rumors about me were all lies . . . *light bulb* . . . so *that's* what she wants. I picked her up by the shoulders and flung her down, then forced her legs apart. She squirmed over onto her stomach and tried to crawl out of the bed. I dragged her back, threw her over and dove into her. We both came quickly.

We spent the next couple of hours the usual way, fucking, gossiping, teasing, discussing our schedules for the next

HURTING I knew I wasn't going to get laid if I didn't play games with her, and Joanna knew I was as much a slave to my hard-on as she was to her fantasies.

few days. Neither of us mentioned the Western.

Joanna fell asleep grinning. I blew out the candle that was *de rigueur* Sixties bedroom lighting. I wondered whether I'd committed my first rape, or if it'd been make-believe rape, or if there was a difference. I fell asleep thinking.

The next night when I got into bed, Joanna growled—in what was supposed to be a Marlene Dietrich accent—that though I'd caught her I'd never get any secrets out of her. I informed her that we had ways of making people talk and shook her a little. She wasn't convinced.

That night the improv went on for close to an hour. I knew I wasn't going to get laid if I didn't play, and Joanna knew I was as much a slave to my hard-on as she was to her fantasies.

At first I tried to make her feel ridiculous by reciting threats that would be absurd even in the worst B movie. She wrapped herself more tightly in the sheet. I lowered my voice and regurgitated some of the broken-glass-and-hot-pliers routines I'd read in he-man war stories when I was 12. Joanna breathed a little harder and loosened the sheet.

I tore it away and pounced. She kicked and scratched. I grabbed her arm and twisted it behind her, then raked her nipples with my teeth. She seemed to be warming. I tried to go down on her but she nearly crushed my skull between her legs. I angrily pushed her away.

We glared at each other—she expectantly, me plain pissed-off. She didn't want me getting my tongue in because she knew that'd turn her on. If that would turn her on, why were we going through the Punch and Judy bit?

I leaned over the night table and began rolling a joint. Joanna looked disappointed. She started to say something but I pushed her face down in the pillow. I lit the J and offered it. Joanna shook her head; no taking favors from her interrogator, naturally.

I smoked it halfway down before it occurred to me to flick an ash on Joanna. She twitched and looked genuinely frightened. I lowered the lighted tip towards her and she frantically jerked back. Good. She didn't want that glorious complexion scarred, and I wasn't forced to admit that I couldn't possibly have done it. Burning people wasn't my idea of a good time; but not being able to do it, if she'd wanted it, would've made me feel inadequate; feeling inadequate over that would've made me a fool; but the only way to avoid the inadequacy would have been to burn her, which would've made me feel like a coward. It was a stoned, snake-eating-its-tail thought, and I gladly let it roll away. I smiled at Joanna.

"V-vat are you goink to do to me?" she stammered. I stroked her cheek. She bit my hand, hard. I pulled it away and slapped her with the other. She tried to punch me and I slapped her arm away. She was trembling. She bit me again and I hauled her across my lap and started spanking. I wanted to flat-out slug her, and she probably wanted it too, but alarm bells were going off—my truly violent moments had all had an intoxicating edge. I didn't know how much, if any, control I'd have.

The spanking lubricated her, though. I yanked her up by the hair and slung her legs around me as I sat on the edge of the bed. I slid up inside her. Joanna began to grind, eyes squeezed shut, teeth gritted. She was miles away, as if masturbating. She came and came, and finally so did I.

Until then orgasms had left me exhilarated, aching for the next one, ready to copulate to the point of unconsciousness. This time I felt hollow, zombied. *So this is what they mean by postcoital depression. Le petit mort. Adulthood.* Joanna sighed happily and cuddled up against me.

The next night she informed me that though she was my captive, she was a virgin who'd be true to her fiancé, that she'd never submit to a filthy pirate like me. I grunted and rolled over. Joanna whispered and prodded for a while, but I played dead. We both went to sleep.

I didn't see her for a couple of days after that, though she called three, four times a day so I'd know she still cared. Then she showed up late one afternoon after classes.

It was a Friday, so we had to do something special. We went out for dinner—campus Italian food, pasta lightly doused in tomato sauce spiced with an occasional grain of garlic and a few stray atoms of cheese—and then to the student union for a movie. The projectionist was my dealer, so Joanna and I dropped in on him and watched from the booth. It was noisier and less comfortable than the theater, but infinitely hipper. My friend the film critic was also there. After the movie we went downtown together and he got us into the last show at one of the commercial theaters. Then we went up to his place and caught the late movie on the tube. Then we hauled out his 16mm and his print of *Nosferatu* and watched that. Then, instead of rewinding it, we watched it backwards. I loved weekends; weekdays, what with classes and all, there was rarely time for more than two films a day.

Exhausted, smashed, giddy, we staggered home and woke up my roommate and his lady so they could share a bowl of good-night hash with us. That done, my roommate and I gave each other's women hugs and copped copious feels. Joanna and I rolled on down the hall. I detoured to the john.

When I got to my room the candle was lit and Joanna was huddled, scary-eyed, in one corner of the bed.

"Is—is it true you're a vampire?"

"Fuck that shit. Let's fuck." Hash makes me eloquent.

"Do you really drink . . . virgin's blood?"

"Never."

Joanna sighed and slid down in the bed. She ran a hand along my leg. I bent down and she greeted me eagerly. No more Looney Toons! I got harder than hard. Joanna caressed it with every part of her. She brought out two inches of tongue I never knew she had. She moaned gratefully as I reciprocated. This was . . . hotter . . . than we'd ever been. I reached into the night-table drawer. The cardboard box full of foil-wrapped rubbers was gone. I rattled the drawer wildly.

Joanna's chest heaved; then she couldn't hold back the giggles any longer. A wave of rage swept me. I pulled back my hand. Joanna quivered ecstatically. I swung past her and banged my hand on the table. It hurt like hell. I cursed. Then I looked at the empty drawer, my hand and Joanna. Anger dissolved into laughter.

The second I started thinking it was funny, Joanna stopped laughing. I hugged her. For an instant she looked hugely depressed, then pasted a smile over it.

The following Monday evening I got a call from a guy in Joanna's sociology class. He wanted to know if it was all right to ask her for a date. I suggested he ask her instead of me, and handed her the phone. Joanna gave me a cross look. She blushed and stammered while talking to him, trying to make believe the call was an unexpected one.

That she'd go so far to anger me made me like her more than ever, and I broke out in a goofy grin. She couldn't forgive me for that.

•

I've always been infatuated with Shelley, and I always will be. It started out as an instantaneous physical bewitchment, followed by an emotional surge that's grown wider and deeper as the years roll on.

I don't see her much anymore. Slapping Joanna only made me feel silly. Hurting Shelley tore me up something fierce. So do her stories about what her various lovers have done to her. She hasn't got too many friends, so I always listen.

Shelley is a dark, beautiful woman from

(Continued on page 114)

Playwright Bury St. Edmund lives in Chicago where he is just another guilty bystander.

WHO

For the Benefit of Mr. Stigwood

If you're into having two ladies at a time and like them as different as day and night, you'll appreciate the fix Billy Shears gets into in the upcoming *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. **Dianne Steinberg** (left) and **Sandy Farina** (right) are the dishy villainess and wholesome heroine who divide the attentions of our hero, **Peter Frampton** (Shears). Both unknowns, Steinberg and Farina were picked after the likes of **Shirley Bassey**, **Pam Grier**, **Linda Ronstadt**, **Rita Coolidge** and **Carly Simon** were passed over for the parts. As the nasty and tempestuous Lucy, Dianne sings gentle ballads like *You Never Give Me Your Money* and introduces Frampton and the **Bee Gees** (the Hendersons) to a round of those decadent L.A. parties we all know and love so well. She also seduces Shears into signing his life away in a contract with evil mogul **Donald Pleasence**. As Strawberry Fields, Sandy is a demure little cutey right off Main Street, singing *Here Comes the Sun*, *When I'm 64*, and if you hadn't guessed, *Strawberry Fields*. Like the good little Dorothy, she travels west to Terrible Tinsel Town to warn the heroes of the horrors that have befallen Heartland—and makes them clean up their acts.

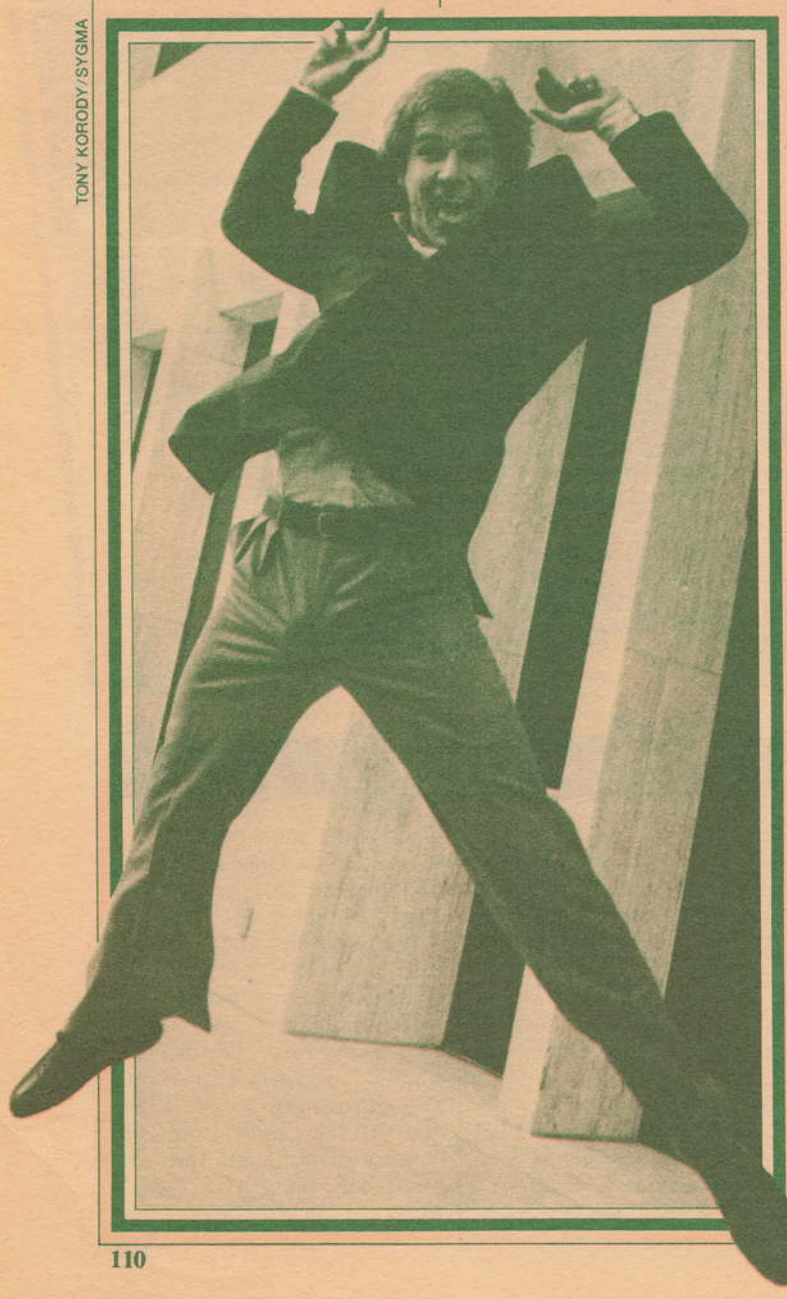
Sandy became the top banana in the *Pepper's* fruit salad after 2000 screen tests had been given to aspiring Strawberries. She is a veteran of Eastern seaboard clubs, some of them not so memorable. Once she had to sing after the strippers left the stage at a joint near Newark Airport. Her husband sat in the front row with a baseball bat, dissuading leering drunks who requested that she "take it off." As Strawberry Fields, of course, she gets to keep it on. Still, she manages to coax Peter and the boys away from the clutches of lecherous Lucy. It could only happen in Hollywood. —PETER GAMBACCINI

DAVE FRIEDMAN

Star Grudges

As the daring, seat-of-his-pants pilot in *Star Wars*, **Harrison Ford** (below) left no doubt about who controlled the galaxy. But it seems he wasn't as convincing in the romance department, since many *Star Wars* gazers thought he *lost* **Carrie Fisher** to the demure **Mark Hamill**—a suggestion that really chokes his jets. "Where do you see that?" he roars. "Go back and look at the picture and tell me where it says *he* gets the girl."

Whether or not Princess Leia was impressed with his maneuvers, the ladies at the box office apparently got off on Harri's uniform: He's been promoted to the rank of colonel in his next two flicks, *Force 10 from Navarone*, with **Robert Shaw**, **Barbara Bach** and **Franco Nero**, and the long, long, long awaited **Francis Ford Coppola**'s (It Had Better Be an Epic) *Apocalypse Now*. Unfortunately, Harrison doesn't have any star encounters of the unwarlike kind with Miss Bach in *Force 10*. "I hit on her, but I don't kiss her," he says. (Apparently, it's one of those very "adult" relationships.) But the Chicago native who dug star dust out of *Wars* (after 15 years on a grubstake) says he'll prove he's not the guy who always loses the girl in the 1979 *Star Wars* sequel. "That's one of the questions," he vows, "which will be answered in the second film."

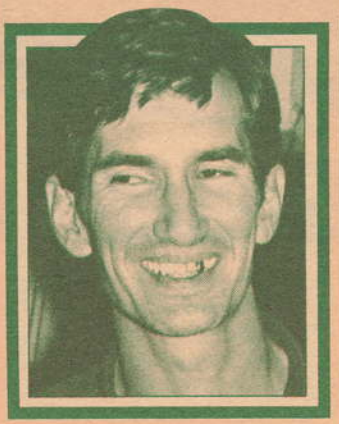


TONY KORODY/SYGMA

A Star(sky) Without Soul

"David never collected unemployment," recalls **Karen Carlson** of ex-hubby **David Soul**, TV's Hutch. "He couldn't stand to wait in lines." Karen and David shared quite a few lean years together after first meeting on the old *Here Come the Brides* series. "Between the two of us," remembers Karen, "we had fifteen dollars a week for food and gas." While David made his mark as a noncop cop, Karen stumbled along with bit parts opposite **Peter Boyle** in *Tailgunner Joe* and **Marlo Thomas** in *It Happened One Christmas*, and as **Robert Redford**'s wife in *The Candidate*. But now that she's stealing a slice of the show in *Matilda* with **Elliott Gould**, Karen's no longer starving for good roles. She seduces Gould in *Matilda*, but points out that it's a family film, so "you can only unbutton the top button—that's *it*." Now people are telling her that her struggles are over and that she's "gonna be a star," but Karen just sighs. "I don't view it that way. I've heard that all before."

Van Zandt Rides Again



With only his throaty baritone, wooden guitar and street-honed wit, **Townes Van Zandt** became a legendary cult songwriter in the Sixties. *Country Style* has called him "the greatest living songwriter in America." His contemporary, **Mickey Newbury**, claims, "He writes like Hank Williams would have written. But I tell ya, I think he's better. I consider him in the same category as **Bob Dylan** and **Paul McCartney**." Townes hasn't been heard much outside his native Texas in this decade, but he's recently reemerged with plans of a national tour, and 90 minutes of his wisdom, wit and lyrical mastery can be heard on his new record, *Live at the Old Quarter, Houston, Texas*. One of his favorite jokes goes like this:

"Officer, somebody stole my car."

"Oh, yeah? Where was it?"

"Right here on the end of this key."

"Hey, you know your fly is open?"

"Oh, shit, it looks like they got my girlfriend, too."

EBET ROBERTS

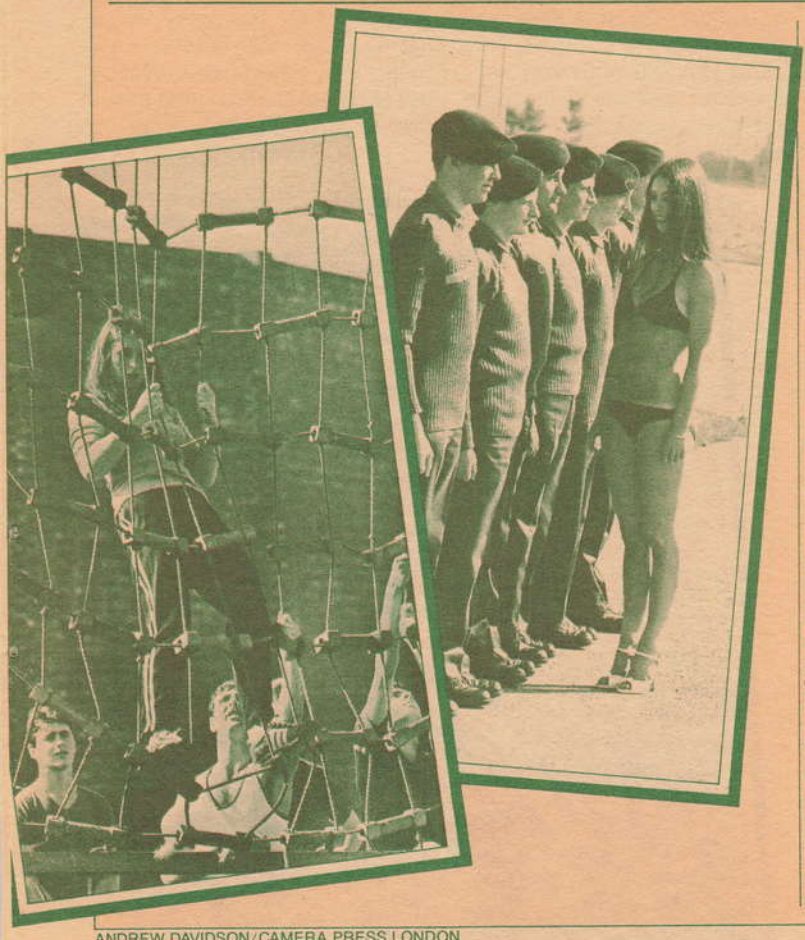
Penny's Pitch

"Who knows what lurks in my brain?" asks **Penny Milford**. "I'm just crazy. I don't need any encouragement." To prove her point, Penny hoists a leg to taste-test her own fillet of sole—which is no mean feet. But this is easy shtick for the acrobatic Penelope. In the rock opera *Salome*, she did a backwards crab-walk (on hands and feet) down a flight of stairs, and picked up a goblet and drank from it without using her hands. You might also remember the antics of this "postpubescent Nadia Comaneci" as the hybrid hippie biker and **Jane Fonda**'s best buddy in *Coming Home*, or as "a real wacko" in *Valentino*, doing a crazy monolog about the sheik while making love to **Rudolf Nureyev**. Penny's playfulness also spills into her nightclub act, in which she cranks out more spark than most of the mellowed "big names" can muster. "The problem is they all got married," she sighs. "I'd rather see Kris Kristofferson drunk onstage than proclaiming his love to Rita Coolidge any day."

NANCY ELLISON/SYGMA

Big Bad John

Johnny Paycheck's recording, *Take This Job and Shove It*, is one of the biggest country hits of the year. It's also become the official anthem of the Middle Tennessee Teamsters and, when it was repeatedly played in a Minnesota assembly plant, the workers heeded the song's advice and walked off the job. Paycheck, a bit of a renegade to the Nashville establishment, has been a workingman's cult hero for over ten years. Now, with national TV exposure and sold-out concert halls, he's entering the star stratosphere. "But I'm not in the rhinestone bag," he warns. "I'm with the outlaw movement. We does as we damn well pleases. There's no fronts and no frills and no put-ons." Paycheck, who plays five nights a week and has performed in all 50 states, picked up his first guitar at the age of six and started bumming around the country at fourteen. He was also in the navy brig at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for two years. "I got in a lot of trouble," he confesses. "I couldn't take orders at all." Is that still a problem? "Nah, it's not a problem anymore; it's just part of my makeup." Then why is Johnny Paycheck so tight-lipped when he poses for pictures? "That's my look," he explains. "I like to look natural, and I don't *feel* like smilin'." Whatever you say, Johnny.



ANDREW DAVIDSON/CAMERA PRESS LONDON

A Bird in the Barracks

Boot camp may be remembered for a lot of reasons, but who ever had something like this as a fellow trainee? This recruit is 26-year-old **Angela Graham** of Otley, Yorkshire, England. Having won enough hearts to become the pinup girl of the Yorkshire army barracks, Angie agreed to go through parts of basic training. She climbed walls, balanced on thin beams, jumped across ditches, scurried up net ladders and engaged in man-to-girl combat (a hug of war?). She failed only at scaling two extremely high walls. Nonetheless, she had more than a few blokes in the barracks climbing some of their own. Is there a Freudian interpretation for all this? Anyway, the instructional sergeant said she did *very* well, and accorded her the rank of Major Attraction. Or was it General Goodbody? There was, he reports, no shortage of volunteers to go on maneuvers with her.

Playing It Safe

MAUREEN DONALDSON

It's not that **Jenny Agutter** is paranoid, you understand, but the English-born star of *Equus* and *Logan's Run* has made one or two adjustments now that she is living in L.A. Recently, she made the mistake of taking her vacationing mother on a midnight stroll—a longtime habit of theirs in Merrie Olde Englande—down her friendly neighborhood patch on Sunset Boulevard. "I just wasn't thinking. We nearly got accosted three times by men stopping their cars and rolling down their windows. My mother was *horrified*." Now, her Spanish-style house is equipped with a burglar alarm; she keeps Mace beside her bed; and she's looking into a new deterrent, capsulized skunk odor.

So far, Jenny's actually spent as much time away from her new Hollywood digs as in it. Wouldn't you know that *Dominique*, a thriller with **Cliff Robertson** and **Jean Simmons**, would take her back to London, England, and in *Clayton and Katherine*, her first Western, she rides alongside **Warren Oates** and **Curd Jurgens** on a ghost-town location in Spain. But the veteran of British theater-gone-Hollywood is philosophical, explaining a bit sarcastically, "There are certain things one *has* to do." —SUE RUSSELL

JIM MCHUGH/SYGMA

Potts' Luck

"I just want to do things that are so different that no one will ever know who I really am," says "mutably ethnic" **Annie Potts**. Annie is, in fact, English, French and Irish, comes from the small town of Franklin, Kentucky, and has already played enough diverse roles to keep everyone guessing. She was the "screaming and hysterical Helene" in the TV series *Busting Loose* and is now before the cameras in **Dino De Laurentiis'** *King of the Gypsies*, playing a fortune teller who's "a little more progressive than most gypsy women." Annie got her first break when she was on tour in *Charley's Aunt* with **Roddy McDowall**. He liked her work and started making calls to casting agents, finally getting her a role in an NBC pilot called *Hollywood High*. "A lot of people say they'll help, but it's so rare when someone really does," admits the grateful Annie. Her best role yet might be as a 17-year-old girl on her way to Las Vegas to be a hooker in MGM's *Stingray*. "She's pretty sensible and has it all plotted out," says Annie, "but she doesn't have the equipment to pull it off." And what does she mean by that? "Well, they were looking for a large-breasted California blond for the part. Instead, they got a five-feet, two-inch, ninety-pound dark-haired girl without those *other* things." As they say, good things come in all sizes.
—P.G.

Broken Rider

"Motocross is one rough son of a bitch," proclaims **"Jammin' " Jimmy Weinert**, one of the top motorcycle racers in the world. "Thanks to motocross, I am what I am today—a cripple."

Weinert, at 27, can at least afford to joke about it. Although he's managed to bust up a kneecap, tear apart the ligaments in his elbow, separate a shoulder and break an arm all in the past 18 months, he's earned himself a tidy sum and a multiyear contract as leader of the Kawasaki racing team. He's won the American Motorcycle Association's national championships twice, as well as copping the major stadium race of the year, The Superbowl of Motocross, in 1977. And last year he was the first motocross rider to compete in ABC's Superstars competition.

But doesn't he worry about the danger of motocross? "If I did, I might as well quit," he says. "I want to be number one again, a couple of times . . . I *think*." Any other goals? "Yeah, not to fall off that damned motorcycle again, that's for sure."
—MATHEW TEKULSKY

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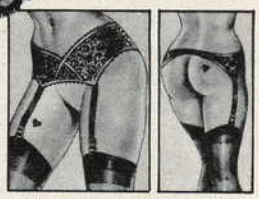

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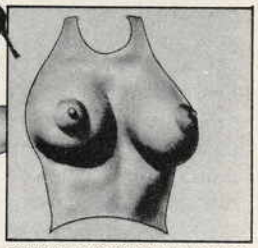

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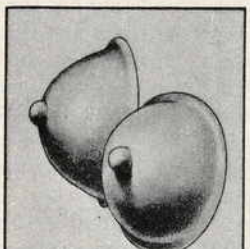

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HURTING Shelley began to toss wildly and groan as if she were being gored. Tears streamed from her eyes. Her need to be crushed infuriated me.

(Continued from page 108)
a well-to-do Jewish family. She was raised on Manhattan's Upper East Side by a mother who invested all her hopes in her son and worked off her competitiveness on her daughter. Shelley's father died shortly after she was born.

Her primary and secondary schooling took place in a Connecticut boarding school that had padlocked broom closets, soda machines that vended only cans, and a kitchen that would serve hot dogs only in a thoroughly sliced-up condition. The older girls were allowed an early date on Wednesday and a supervised social on Saturday nights. All the girls were allowed a four-hour walk into town on Sunday afternoons. Unlike the nuns at a nearby Catholic academy, Shelley's teachers weren't allowed to beat their students. They had to make do with hollering and various forms of solitary confinement.

We met during our senior year at college. Shelley had shoulder-length, wavy, dark brown hair and a stunningly frank, warm face with classic Middle Eastern features. Her eyes, with vaguely Oriental tucks at the corners and huge dark irises, glistened with sympathetic humor. The lips were generous, well-fleshed. Her body curved gently but decisively from head to toe; there was no millimeter of Shelley I wasn't dying to touch. Since she was sitting in my kitchen with both her roommate and mine, and since we'd never met before, I had to settle for making her laugh. She did. A little later I found out that she'd just moved into a new apartment, and she was going to paint her room that very night.

I was more than willing to play both Dickens and Fenster to get into that bedroom, and I spent the evening encrusting its walls with the psychedelic purple paint that Shelley's landlord had picked up at a discount-store closeout sale. Because of the fumes, Shelley was going to crash with her roommate.

We stayed up late, talking good talk and being instantly at ease with each other. I invited her to spend the night at my place. She thanked me and declined, saying she was too wiped out, but she sent me off with a lush kiss.

The next few nights were much the same, limited to conversation and casual necking. Shelley was weak from a recent illness—she was ill quite often—and was recovering from a gut-wrenching affair as well. She'd been seeing psychiatrists on and off since childhood, and recently she'd decided she needed one again. She found one at the student clinic who was younger and more cheerful than any she'd been to before. She quickly became attached to him. She started staying around for all-night therapy.

That, she conceded, was not one of the better decisions she'd ever made. I assured her I understood that she might need some time. She told me I was the first unselfish guy she'd met since . . . ever. It never occurred to her she was worth waiting for, or that I was only the first guy she'd met who was patiently selfish.

The night after she told me this, I was leaving her apartment, late, after tucking her in. I had to walk through the living room to get to the front door. Shelley's roommate was there, watching a Sam Fuller movie on the tube. She invited me to join her. While she had none of Shelley's magic, she did turn out to be very bright and athletic.

Shelley was delighted to find me still around the next morning. She knew damned well I'd been spending my nights chastely that week, and she liked both the roommate and me too much to be jealous. Or, if she was, she had wonderful ways of displaying it. Most mornings she'd wake us, and often she'd climb in and snuggle up. Sometimes, when the roommate was showering or at class, Shelley would come gliding in wearing a serene smile, give me some exquisite head and leave without saying a word.

Still, Shelley "wasn't ready" to start sleeping with anyone yet. Then, when a month had gone by, she told me she was reluctant to hurt her roommate. I pointed out that the roommate and I were strictly a matter of convenience, and hardly an exclusive one in either case. I told Shelley that if she didn't want to go to bed with me I'd find some way to survive, but she should at least own up. She insisted she was interested.

The roommate, thank God, had a boyfriend back home and, Allah be praised, he flew in one day and surprised her. I showed up, using my own key, about midnight. Shelley waylaid me at the door and informed me that, for conversational purposes, she and I had been a steady thing for months. At last . . .

After a half-hour of vacant politeness with the roommate and the boyfriend, we retired to the purple palace. Shelley nude turned out to be every bit as luscious as my dreams of Shelley nude, with the exception of some old, yellowing bruises along one thigh.

For a long while we just lay side by side, kissing lightly, touching. I put a finger in her and she spasmed soon after. We kept moving, moving deliberately, some part of us gliding across some other part of us, always . . . I sank into her textures. The insides of her thighs were the softest, most comforting flesh I'd ever known, but she had a thick, coarse mat of pubic hair that scratched and tickled as my finger danced inside her. She was unbelievably warm and liquid, as slippery as she was tight. We exploded together.

The second time Shelley was on top, gripping me with one hand, pounding and clawing her bruises with the other.

The third time I noticed her doing it again. I hoped I was wrong but I knew I wasn't. I had to be as much to her as she needed; not satisfying her would have been unthinkable.

I grabbed Shelley roughly by the hips and started slamming. I like fucking hard as well as anyone, but this was brutal, pain-inflicting—unfriendly. Shelley began to toss wildly and groan as if she were being gored. Tears streamed from her eyes. Her need to be crushed infuriated me. I wrenched her viciously around the bed, wanting to hurt her for some nameless, shapeless thing she'd done to me, wanting to hurt everyone, wanting to hurt.

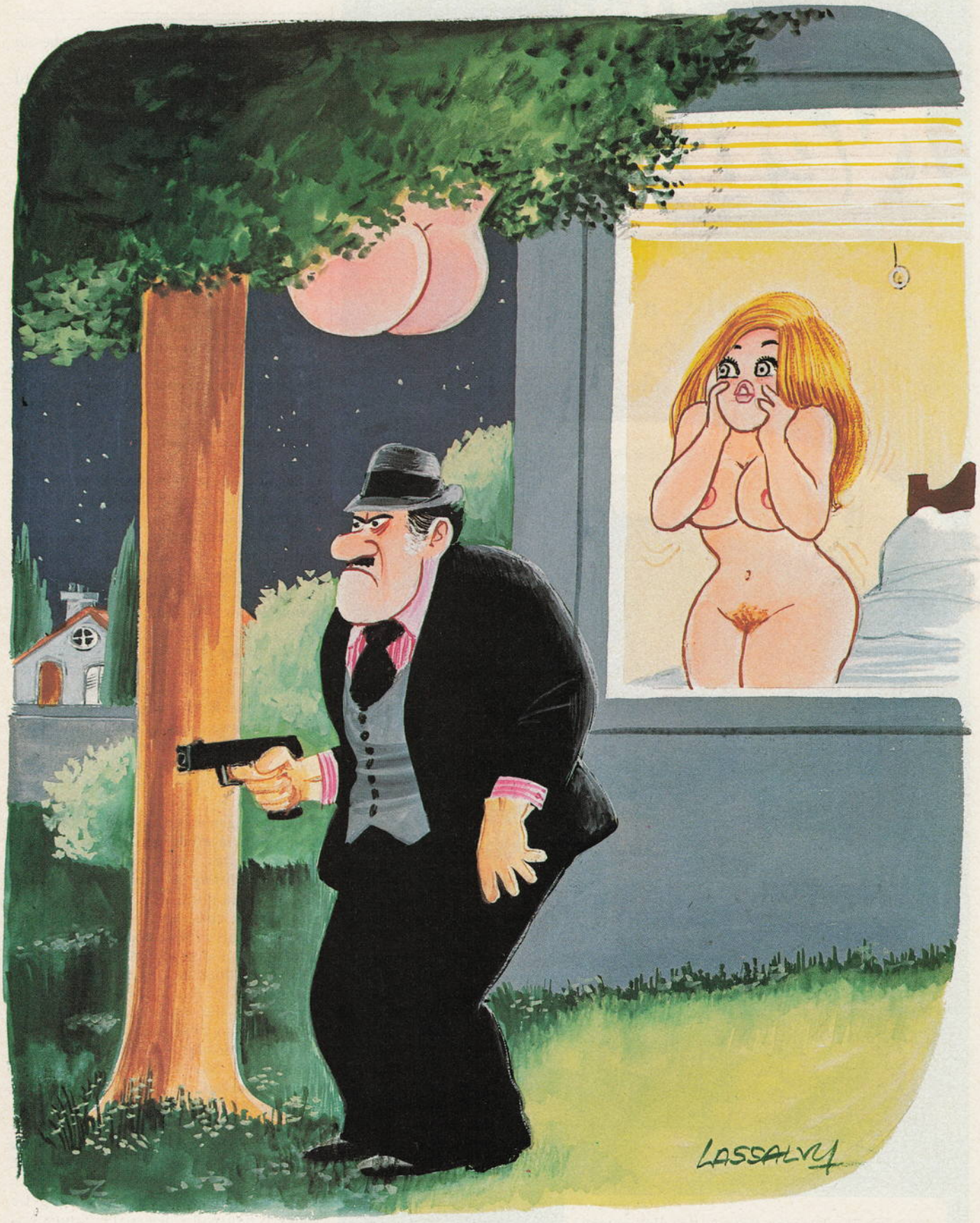
Shelley orgasmed, her face a gargoyle, wailing and crying like a baby. I slapped her hard and pulled out of her. I kicked her over and rammed into her behind. I came, burning, stinging. Rivulets of blood formed at the rim of her anus as I withdrew. They mixed with the shit-streaked semen dripping out of her. Something in my chest suddenly weighed a ton.

We collapsed into neutral corners of the bed and stared at each other, panting. Shelley pleadingly held out her arms. I came to her and we held each other.

We sat there till dawn, silent, rocking slowly. Then Shelley told me the rest of the story about the psychiatrist. Shortly after he'd seduced her, she'd seduced him into beating the daylights out of her. He developed a taste for it—oh, did I know how—and one night he went too far. He made her go to the emergency room by herself, so he wouldn't be compromised. He didn't visit or call during her two-day stay in the hospital.

Shelley went straight to him when she got out. He sulked and told her she was a manipulative bitch, the sickest woman he'd ever known. He told her she could only be helped if she stopped having sex altogether and started five-day-a-week analysis with him. She went twice, and he rarely let her get a word in as he ranted at her for being so twisted and weak. During the second visit he demanded she have sex with him. Shelley told him she thought it was a bad idea and left. He called late that night and screamed till she hung up on him. That was the week before Shelley and I met. (Today he lives with a sauna and a waterbed in a mountainside home near Aspen and leads sensitivity groups at various institutes for exaggerated awareness.)

When Shelley finished her story there didn't seem much to say, but I tried. I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started to promise I'd never again—she cut me off with a kiss. She knew.

We quickly settled into being old friends. Over the years we've sometimes slept together, sometimes not. When we did, it was your basic old friends' fuck, with passion and affection but basically for mutual relief.

After I graduated we saw each other only sporadically. We lived in different cities, and there were long stretches when it was difficult for her to get in touch. The men she lived with all shared two traits, and the second one was hysterical jealousy.

I never figured out what I could do or say to help Shelley be happy. I know she gave up on the problem long ago. I also know that surrender hasn't brought her any peace. So, now and then I still spend a long night looking for an answer I know isn't there. I've always been infatuated with Shelley and always will be.

•

Regan is one of those people who worry their way through life. She's certain that anything good that happens is a ruse, a setup for something bad. When something bad happens, it's a signal that something horrible is about to follow. If possible, she'll make sure it does. Regan is completely aware of this and is very entertaining when discussing it, which is constantly. She's walking proof that self-awareness is as paralyzing as self-deception unless accompanied by self-discipline.

If you like Regan, which is not hard to do, and believe in her more than she does, which is impossible not to do, then you continually want to throttle her, which is the only proof she will accept that you really care.

I met Regan three years ago. She was acting with an experimental theater group in Los Angeles. I was wandering around backstage during a work break. (I was helping build a set—next to being paid to take curtain calls, tech work is the most satisfying part of theater life.) Regan was scrubbing out some scummy pots and pans needed to dress a kitchen set. I rashly guessed that the foul look on her face was a response to the rancid condition of the skillet she was struggling with.

"I just turned thirty-three. That's the age Jesus died." She threw me a significant look. I cracked up. She apologized for coming on so heavy. I assured her it was the most entertaining heavy I'd heard in a while. Then she apologized for being frivolous. Regan is one of the all-time apologizers.

Regan had anything but apologetic looks. A native of Chicago, her family was 110 percent Irish and 150 percent Cook County Democrat. (When she married a Protestant at the age of 18 and divorced him at 19, her father stopped speaking to

her—until her 21st birthday, when he introduced her to her precinct captain.) Regan's appearance was beefily aristocratic. She was a natural blond. She wore her gleaming hair in a tight, short helmet, except for shaggy bangs with which she liked to keep her eyes hidden, much to the anguish of every director she ever worked for. She was tall, heavily jawed, broad-shouldered, with a stout, square rib cage, a boy's flat backside and hips, and long slender legs that were usually tucked into riding boots. She was the kind of woman who's accurately described as handsome, and at a quick glance might have passed for a man if it hadn't been for her enormous tits. Regan always wore tight sweaters or unbuttoned blouses, but she invariably came to bed in a T-shirt that she kept on all night

Despite the butch moves, Regan was candid—or, considering the time and place we discussed it, generous—about preferring sex with men. All she ever wanted was to be one of the boys. That she was born female worried her greatly; she must've done something to deserve it.

Offstage, Regan had a literally magnetic presence. At parties, she'd park herself in a corner and simply will anyone she wanted to come and fawn over her. At any audition she attended, she was the one who caused everyone else to whisper, "Who *is* that?" Regan radiated that intangible fascination that marks an actor as a potential star.

So far she'd carefully avoided competence, let alone stardom. She'd gotten into theater in the late Sixties. Regan had no training. She was hired by a fervently absurdist director who claimed that everyone in the world was a born actor and that technique poisoned talent. He brought out the purity of Regan's talent by having her wear acres of glitter, carry a live snake and deliver all her lines in various camp accents.

Their troupe hit its peak when it won an honorable mention at a Paris arts festival. Immediately afterwards, during an opium-soaked celebration, the director informed them that he was disbanding the company on account of shattered nerves—and, by the way, the booking agent had disappeared with the plane fare home. In later years, Regan could bitch hilariously for hours about the man but still claim total belief in his theories rather than risk taking a single vocal movement or scene-study class.

Regan was, bless her, willing to risk sleeping with an unknown young writer. She was a warm, solicitous lover who'd been practicing the more profound technique for giving head long before it was popularized by that movie. Everything was peaches and cream the first half-dozen times we saw each other. I knew Regan's reputation for going out and finding some stranger to work her over on those occasions when she needed some extra cheering up, but that wasn't her only idea of a good time; in fact, she'd recently moved out on the man she'd been living with when he became overly fond of decking her every time the coffee came out weak. She and I seemed to be getting along fine, even though we were downright considerate of each other.

The night it changed . . . maybe it was the mountain of coke we'd done that put a mean edge on? No. Bullshit. A drug will not bring out anything that isn't already inside you.

Whatever the source, halfway through the night I noticed that something was going on inside Regan's head. She was looking at me as if from a great height. Plans were being made.

I observed that she seemed to be observing me. She apologized profusely.

"Stop apologizing. I was only fishing, to find out what's on your mind."

"Oh . . . " It was a very invitational *oh*.

"You can tell me—I'm not gonna run right home and put it in a story."

"Make a fist." Regan curled up my fingers and kissed them.

"No thanks." One of her eyebrows shot up. "And don't give me your 'I thought he was more sophisticated' eyebrow. What's sophisticated about going through life as a punching bag?"

"Little pain never hurt anyone."

"Two-slaps-and-fall-into-my-arms may be harmless, but where's it happen outside of Cagney movies? I don't know of anybody who's stopped there. You?"

Regan pushed me down and crawled on top of me, biting my earlobe. One of my arms was pinned under her near a convenient spot, so I wiggled a finger in. Regan came with indecent haste. That'd happened nearly every night, I realized. In fact, it reminded me of Shelley's taste for . . . "Hands," I snarled. "Hands!" I shoved three more fingers in and savagely twisted. Regan whinnied magnificently.

It'd never occurred to me that wanting to be hit might entail having a thing for hands. My stupidity exasperated me. The obvious corollary, that both these extraordinary women favored my hands to my prick, enraged me. "You want hands!"

I gave her hands. We trashed the room. We spilled the remaining coke, goddamn it. The violence escalated. I tore off her T-shirt. She tore my face. The rage broke through to an icily calm place where I was enjoying myself. But it was a remote pleasure, as if I were a camera watching myself carefully abuse this quivering blond *thing*, assessing her reaction to each blow, planning the next for maximum effect. It was a cheap-shit power thrill, so, so easily superior, more mental than sensual. It reminded me of being a kid, going up to the roof of my apartment building in winter with my friends and dropping snowballs onto passing cars just to scare the hell out of the drivers. The fact that I was thinking so much finally turned it all boring. When sex is working for me, thinking is impossible. It was time to cut to the end of the scene.

I stopped beating on Regan and forced a whole hand inside her. After she orgasmed I plunged my slighted member in and stroked deeply. I pulled back too far and it slurped out of her. Regan grabbed it with both hands and squeezed. I came, nostalgically.

Regan sat up smiling, waving ten sticky fingers. "Hands!" she squealed, and started to laugh. Then she clutched her sides and fell over, unable to make a sound.

A little after four A.M., sitting in the emergency room of a nearby hospital while Regan had her ribs taped, I thought about Shelley some more, and about patterns. Like little kids who think they're gonna live forever, we always think we're going to be the exception to the pattern. We forget that once you step in, the only way out is to walk it through to the end. Here it was, another year, another woman, another man, another beating, another hospital, another try at satisfaction through anger.

As we drove home, Regan kept apologizing for getting hurt.

•

The last I heard, Joanna had married a corporation lawyer. They live in a suburb of Cleveland named after a religious sect and drink a lot.

Shelley dropped out of school and returned to Manhattan. She lived with a series of men who were a minimum of 15 years older than she was. Two years ago she had an operation on her spine. She was vague about how she had injured herself. While recuperating, she met a very spiritual sculptor from San Francisco. He immediately developed sympathetic back pains and spent several months in bed before the doctors could convince him nothing else was wrong. Shelley married him and they moved to California. The sculptor hasn't been able to cut into a single piece of wood for fear it might not turn out perfectly. Shelley works in a supermarket. Her last letter ended, "Sometimes I look around the store and wonder, *Is this the place I'll lose my mind?*"

Regan landed a contract at a repertory company in Texas last season. She was excited about it, both because of the steady work and because she had a friend there, a costume designer. A month after Regan arrived, the costume designer's husband moved in with Regan. He's a charming, witty raconteur. He also likes to yell and throw things, especially in public. Every now and then he runs away, then wires when he needs money to get home. When he shows up, he beats Regan because he's afraid she won't want him back. This supplies her with the chaos on which to blame her performances, nearly all of which she hates. □

SMELL OF THINGS Mood analysis could be accomplished at a distance with the proper pheromones, from Essence of Honeymoon to Eau de Board Meeting.

(Continued from page 80)

still struggling to be born, a billion-dollar industry is devoted to the promotion of products intended to mask or destroy human odors. The most alarming side effect of deodorant pollution is the evidence that human sex-linked odors are produced with the cooperation of symbiotic bacteria—those nasty little "underarm germs" we are still being trained to kill.

Our conveniently moist skin folds and strategically located patches of hair are at least circumstantial evidence that these bacteria are true symbiotic partners that may, in fact, be absolutely necessary for the human sex act. When our underarm symbiotes are eliminated, will we still remember how to reproduce?

The possibility of extraconscious communication beyond the sexual realm is a tempting hypothesis. Pheromones could account for the volatile and mysterious chemistry between people that is so often misinterpreted by spoken language. What are olfactory messages, after all, but a form of extrasensory or supersensory perception? May not telepathy be located in the olfactory bulb? There may be an entirely new science out there—the parapsychology of the nose. There is something arcane and fascinating about the possibility of re-educating the human nose, regaining the lost language that lurks about in buried layers of our brains. What invisible intercourse did we abandon when man began to speak?

Or did we begin to lose touch with our noses when we began to wear clothing? Part of the evolutionary purpose of the male sexual organ is to deposit urine-carried messages. Surely, every man must wonder at one time or another about that final piss-spasm, which more often than not lands a couple of telltale drops on the pants leg.

If human pheromonal perception exists, it is highly likely that it can be trained. The sense of smell is more responsive to education than any of our other senses, because a portion of the sensing organ itself permanently changes to fit the specifications of each new odor, a system which makes it possible for mammals to discriminate between hundreds of thousands of odors.

When specific human pheromones are identified and metabolically traced, the technique of gas chromatography is certain to become a powerful tool—or possible weapon—in the armory of behavioral science. "Odor fingerprinting" technology has been steadily advancing in accuracy; chemical traces in the atmosphere can now be analyzed at dilutions measured in parts per billion. Certain pheromone combinations might serve as metabolic fingerprints, unique personal patterns that would tell a great deal about the biochemical and emotional makeup of the owner.

Mood analysis—and mood adjustment—of individuals, crowds and entire cities could be accomplished at a distance with the proper pheromones. What if the air inside a boxing ring during a heavyweight fight could be analyzed, synthesized and issued to infantry before combat? Whole new group highs might become the rage, from Essence of Honeymoon to Eau de Board Meeting.

Follow the opposite line of extrapolation and drift into the paranoid utopia where a dreamlike odor makes it feel oh-so-nice to be a drone. It may become possible to literally lead us by our noses.

Olfactory fascism might not be too far away, technologically speaking: If *trans-3-methyl-hexenoic acid* sounds like the latest terror drug, your nose is already steering you in the right direction, for it is the chemical that lends a distinctive odor to the sweat of schizophrenics. A little of that stuff in the air conditioning ought to make anybody nervous.

There is a hopeful as well as a sinister side to metabolic fingerprinting. Physical and even mental health might become a matter of rebalancing chemical messages. Drugs could be customized, tailored to the special body chemistry of each patient. Allergies, donor compatibility for organ transplants, possibly even sexual compatibility could be determined at a distance. The role of pheromones in symbiosis, the enigmatic process by which separate organisms share and exchange life functions, might shed light on the most vital question of cancer research: How do immunological defenses discriminate between host organism and invader, between self and not-self? Could unconscious pheromonal manipulation be an explanation for faith healing?

Consider the smell of death. New studies in thanatology suggest that physical crises can trigger a "death hormone" that

"Couldn't get a sitter."

eliminates pain, slows time and expands awareness. Is there a corresponding pheromone, a biochemical last will and testament? If there are a few molecules from Leonardo and Adolf and Jesus in each breath we breathe, are there any instructions tagging along?

From the beginning of our lives until the end, we are bombarded by chemical messages from other people, animals, even plants. The most generalized chemical communication system imaginable, the grand switchboard connecting all life into a global society, is the basis of another infant science named *allelochemics*. Electromagnetic signals, as well as chemical messages, are exchanged among the interacting components of any ecosystem. Even simple grasses emit signals that announce availability to potential symbiotes and set limits on the encroachment of predators. Evolving populations regulate each other through the messages they exchange, balancing "let's mate" with "let's fight." Sometimes the message is "Eat me; I'm overpopulated."

The dance of predator and prey is orchestrated by a billion chemical fiddlers. In a unit as large as a forest, a jungle or a planet, there are entire symphonies of information in the air, an inaudible behavioral ballet, choreographed by countless electrochemical transactions. If the other life forms plugged into the allelomone hotline have a way of talking back to humans, it is likely that the message is already planted in each one of us, waiting to be triggered. If the ultimate human pheromone is population-fused, as it seems to be with rats and lemmings, apocalypse is just a nose away.

What do you call a global pheromone? Or a cosmic pheromone? If such philosophically disturbing beasties exist, we humans are involved from our armpits to the ozone layer. Radiotelescopes already sweep the skies in search of alien messages; perhaps it is time to search for *terrestrial* messages. In the strange days to come, it might not be a bad idea to build a pheromonal doomsday detector.

The most sophisticated odor-sensing system known to man is the nose and olfactory lobe of the common bunny rabbit. If rapid growth of receptor cells is what determines an organism's "smell intelligence," then rabbits could qualify as olfactory geniuses, with an estimated 100 million olfactory cells. Perhaps the day will come when a rabbit's nose gets interfaced to an on-line computer. When such an organic pheromone forecaster comes into existence, somebody should ask it how many humans this planet can take before the big stink appears and we go the way of lemmings or drones.

The day the human hivemind happens, don't be surprised if you don't hear a bang. There won't even be a whimper. It will all start with a funny smell. □

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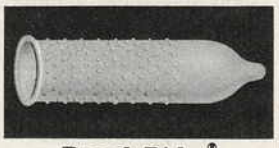

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LAY OF THE LAND Imagine being afloat with 200 young, healthy women... The S. S. Universe may be the closest thing there is to a sailing wet dream.

(Continued from page 58)
Captain Cook Cruise, a big glass-bottom "whoopie boat" that leaves the pier every day at one in the afternoon and plies everyone with booze, swimming and snorkeling until everybody on board is willing (or unable to resist) doing almost anything. If that fails, wander over to the pier in the afternoon to watch the marlin fishing boats come in. Scout out a likely-looking female with whom to commiserate about the rotten fate of the "poor fish." It works every time, says one devoted non-fisherman.

Kailua-Kona isn't a giant meat market, but the action is high-grade. "It's more subtle, more sophisticated and more of a challenge," explains our veteran beachcomber. "But then the women probably know more positions."

PALM SPRINGS

Here's a sleeper. Palm Springs isn't known to most hip folk as the liveliest place in the world. And it *isn't*—unless you know the ropes. You better believe Frank Sinatra and his rat pack are never bored.

There's a story a friend tells about hustling all over the desert resort in the middle of the busy winter season when the village is bursting with vacationing talent. He'd struck out at all the top discos, Zelda's and Pal Joey's. Then, out on Palm Canyon Drive, he witnessed a curious scene that clued him in to the nature of the action in the Springs. Two fine young women were leaving a disco, rebuffing various half-hearted advances, when a red Ferrari drove up and honked. The ladies did a fast double take and actually *sprinted* to the expensive car and hopped in before even taking a good look at the driver.

The next time he went to Palm Springs, our friend called ahead and reserved a Rolls (they also have Cadillac Sevilles) from Budget Rent-a-Car and, as he tells it, his second visit was like a new ball game in a different ball park.

That's the sort of big-bucks place Palm Springs can be: Drive right, dress right, stay right and talk right (high-powered showbiz is just about perfect) and you have it made. "Everyone's single in town," says one resident, adding, "It's just up to the player to make it work for him."

For starters, after you've got the right wheels, you should probably check into the Ingleside Inn (rates $48 to $160), which carefully spoils its few guests with elegant, antiqued rooms in a mellowed hacienda. This is where Linda Ronstadt stays on her escapes from Los Angeles. Lots of other hot names. Linda may not jump into the pool with you (then again, she might), but you never know who you'll meet there, or at the bar or restaurant in Melvyn's. If you're interested in something a bit larger, more sprawling and more action-packed, try the Canyon Hotel Racquet & Golf Resort. This is a place where even the meek score, sometimes even if they don't want to. It's loaded with ladies on the prowl who are in town for only one reason. Some are pros, of course, but it's nice to look even if you're not buying. Bogie's is the biggest action bar in this action place.

Just remember that almost everything in Palm Springs is an illusion, like the mirages that form out on the desert. If you're prepared to play roles, anything is possible. Bit TV players who motor down from L.A. with their mandatory square jaws and shades get laid all the time—by the young stuff waiting tables, by the medium-rare types in town on their own and by the aging but wrinkle-free mamas awash in deceased dad's cash. No reason why you can't play, too.

PATTAYA, THAILAND

Bangkok is quite possibly the pussy capital of the earth, but you usually have to pay for it there (cheap, like $12 for all night). But some think the Thai capital, with its shit-infested canals, is a cross between a big-city cesspool and the bar scene in *Star Wars*. So hop a bus 75 miles south to Pattaya Beach, where you get the sun and sand and some clean open space. This is accompanied by the other usual joys of Asia, including a selection of nut-skinned ladies who hang around the modern hotels and restaurant/discos. The hustle is not so harsh and, if you're in no mood to pay, there is usually a fair sampling of round-eyed European tourists to choose from.

The rule in Asia is that everybody is "a light hook." This means you cannot have a native girlfriend without some money changing hands (although maybe it has seemed that way all your life anyway). But since middle-class Asian girls are not supposed to date, much less with *farangs* (foreign devils), you're left with the light (and heavy) hooks, about which many great things can be said. Or you turn to other visiting Westerners.

Pattaya offers hostelries at all levels, from Hilton-style high-rise boxes perched on the cliffs above the sea, to little clusters of cottages on palm-fringed manicured lawns. If Bangkok is frenzy, Pattaya is serenity.

You can wander up and down the center of town by night with a wide choice of cafes, bars and open-air restaurant/discos with terraces extending over the ocean. The tourist crowd is cosmopolitan—American, British, French and German. To cover plenty of ground, or to get from your place to the tennis courts, you can rent a Honda for about $7.50 per day.

S. S. UNIVERSE

Imagine, if you will, being afloat with 200 young, healthy women with lots of time to get to know as many of them as you can endure. My own floating harem, you say? Not quite, but the S.S. Universe may be the closest thing there is to a sailing wet dream. "The best thing about one of these trips," sighs one contented cruiser, "is that only about 35 percent of the passengers are male." We counted that one up on our fingers and decided that it worked out just about right.

Our blissful buddy went around the world last year on the Universe, a sort of steamy college affiliated with the University of Colorado at Boulder. The passengers are mostly college-student types in their early 20s, with a few older. Virtually all are single, or about to be. The rules: no dope. That's it. Sex is, after all, instructive. The itinerary: around the world in 3½ months. The studies: 9–15 units of college-credit courses, with classes held every day except Sunday when the ship is at sea (half the time). The cost: $4750 to $5250 inclusive, depending upon cabin choice. Sailings: from Los Angeles every September and February. Information: Institute for Shipboard Education, 23521 Paseo de Valencia, Suite 206, P.O. Box 2488, Laguna Hills, CA 92653.

"If you have the time, there's nothing like it," claims one guy who did it and lived. "After a few weeks the chicks forget their boyfriends at home, forget almost everything," he says. But there *are* problems. In any small, closed society, after a while everyone knows what everyone else is doing—and who they're balling. The result is coupling-up, at least on a temporary basis. "You just can't get away with fucking two or three chicks at the same time," explains our friend with a rueful shake of his head. "And, hey," he says, "getting laid is only part of it."

Sure, we'll buy that. And if this sounds pretty good but you don't have the time or the five grand, the S.S. Universe sails on shorter, two- and four-week cruises that are educationally oriented but don't qualify for college credit; they attract more mature folk in their horny 30s and 40s. These shorty cruises (rates from $795 and $1295) sail June 20, July 23, August 6 and August 20.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, MASS.

This former whaling island tucked beneath the biceps of Cape Cod is a summertime gem. The Vineyard is old New

MR. BIGWELL, THERE'S A VERY PERSUASIVE SALESMAN OUT HERE TO SEE YOU.
Lawzie

LAY OF THE LAND Generations of young Southerners have taken their virginal plunge into sex at Myrtle Beach. And if you like them young, this is the place.

England: rolling countryside, quiet and unbesmirched by neon, dotted with gray shingle and white clapboard townships and fishing ports. But why an old-line New England resort? Don't they roll up the proverbial sidewalks at midnight? Wrong: Every year between late June and Labor Day, somebody has to wait tables and serve drinks to the fuddy-duddies who own all the real estate, and those somebodies happen to be the finest young things that ever attended Smith, Vassar or Mount Holyoke.

After the restaurants close sometime around 11 P.M., the youthful hired help pull on their crew-necks and head for private clambakes in the dunes of South Beach, the unspoiled strand that stretches for miles along the bottom of the island. Make friends with any waitress or shopgirl you meet and she'll tell you of a beach party going on somewhere in the dunes late that night. You'll find a driftwood fire sparkling in the lap of the sand hills, with cobs of corn and maybe an occasional pilfered lobster wrapped in tinfoil down among the coals—and plenty of deep long shadows to cuddle up in. Martha's Vineyard remains one of the last spots on earth where you can still find that storybook romance.

This isolated island world is just a 45-minute ferry ride from the mainland. You can find reasonable lodging for small bucks in one of the boardinghouses run by the ageless corps of local widows in charming picket-fenced villages like Edgartown.

On warm days, the chicks who aren't working are all on the beach. If you know a resident of Chilmark Township, you can get admitted to Vincent Beach, which is half-straight, half-nude. Or if you're willing to park above the famous white cliffs at Gay Head and hoof it a mile up the shoreline, you'll find Zack's Cliffs, which is an all-nude beach open to everyone. For the modest, there is also Squibnocket Beach on the south side.

In the evening, start in Edgartown with a drink and a few games of pool at the Harborside Bar on the water; this is where the daughters of the rich show up. Then go to the Square Rigger, a sailors' bar on the way out of town. The next stop up the road is Oak Bluffs, which is the jumpin'-est town on the island—there is live music with dancing at the Oceanview, the Seaview and the Lamppost. Another favorite hangout is the Ritz Cafe. Vineyard Haven, where the ferries arrive all day from Cape Cod, is the least charming of the three main towns, but it has two actively hip restaurants: the Black Dog near the main wharf and Helio's, a semi-Greek place that is located in the same building as the Artworker's Guild and is thus something of a cultural center.

FLORIDA CRUISES

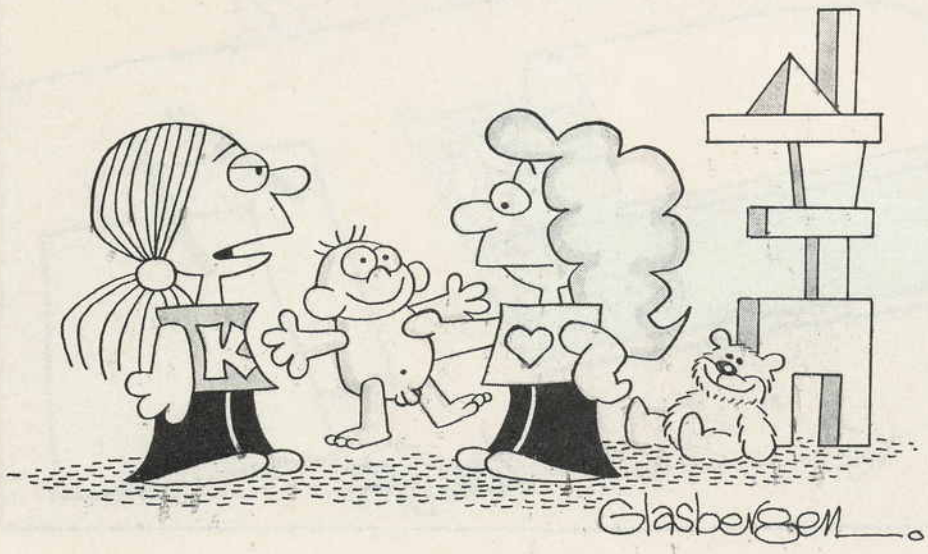
One of the great unsung, day-and-night fun, sun and get-laid vacations is a short-trip cruise out of Southern Florida. Cruise ships? With accordions for the purple-haired old ladies?

Right. The secret is that the geriatrics go to bed early and the trips don't cost that much—so a lot of unattached schoolteachers and secretaries looking for some quick fun can afford them. Consider the Leonardo da Vinci, the storied Italian liner with five swimming pools and a cabaret that now plies the brief route between Port Everglades and the Bahamas twice each week. According to one unabashed lady friend of ours, half the passengers on one recent trip were young—and horny. "It was a four-day cruise, but it felt like eight days because we never went to sleep. They were serving pizza at two in the morning. I ate three great meals a day, shared a nice little inside cabin, had a swimming pool, a game room and constant entertainment for $200. And I got laid every night."

That $200 is the key. It's the perfect escape for a working girl on a tight budget. Most guys still don't know about this yet, so the male-female ratio is extraordinary. Even the Italian crew gets in on the act: "The stewards were making it with the married women on board," reports our friend.

The Bahamian cruise has everything: a long enough trip to feel like you're on vacation but short enough not to get boring; a floating entertainment and sunbathing palace; a trip "abroad" without going very far; and almost guaranteed sex, even if your acne is acting up. "When you're off on a ship," says our lady friend, "you don't care if the guy is a bank president or a beach bum. You just want to have some fun and get laid." What more can we say?

The Leonardo leaves Port Everglades on three- or four-day cruises every Monday and Friday. Low-season rates on the three-day cruise start at $155 for a double-decker inside cabin and rise to $320 for a top-deck suite; rates for a four-day cruise are $190 to $385. Low season is all of January, April 3 through June 12, and August 28 through December 18. The ship is operated by Costa Cruises in New York, 212-682-3505.



"He may be anatomically correct, but he certainly isn't very well hung."

MYRTLE BEACH, S.C.

This is where they invented teenagers and the ducktail haircut. Generations of young Southerners have taken their virginal plunge into sex at house parties on South Carolina's Atlantic surf. "I lost it at Myrtle Beach" is a well-known refrain at Southern colleges. And if you like them young, this is the place.

Located 85 miles north of Charleston, Myrtle Beach is the hub of a 40-mile beachogopolis modestly called the Grand Stand. It is clean and tranquil at either end and marvelously tacky at the center, which consists of a 75-year-old hangout called, simply, the Pavilion (a large open area that looks like a parking deck with loud music). A lot of spontaneous dancing and other activities go on here, and nobody's there to stay lonely. As if that were not enough, they close off several blocks and turn the streets into dance floors during special weeks like

the "Sun Fun Festival," June 1–4.

Hooch is a no-no at the Pavilion, so drinker/dancers go to Tramp's, a 1920s disco in the Windy Hill section of town, or to the Kings Road Tavern on Route 17. An extremely popular late-hours nightclub is Another World, atop the Hilton Hotel, with a sunken bar that looks down 20 floors, right into the ocean.

There are plenty of other amusements, including a new upside-down roller coaster called the Corkscrew, and the water slides, wherein you take waterborne toboggan rides on a rubber mat down a fake Alpine mountain for about $2 per half hour. The catchment pool at the bottom looks like a wet orgy.

A foursome can rent a slightly tumbledown cottage near the ocean for as little as $125 per week. By day, you hit the beach of your choice and ogle the ladies. The Atlantic beach is flat, broad and very hard, so bring a volleyball rig, jogging shoes or your whole football team. A little physical action always attracts attention.

MAJORCA

This Mediterranean island off the coast of Spain is best known as a playground of the rich, but the truth is that the majority of the tourists are budget-conscious youth and middle-class professionals. Like the Miami cruises, this is the kind of vacation a schoolteacher or shopgirl can afford—especially those blond and blue-eyed ones who come with the popular German or Swedish tour groups.

The center of action is the exquisite tiled plaza in the heart of Palma, the capital of the island. You can meet a lady in the afternoon at a sidewalk cafe on a tree-shaded boulevard reminiscent of Paris, invite her to *tapas* (delectable Spanish snacks lined up on the bar) at any one of a dozen open-front drinking spots on the side streets and, hopefully, end up at her place or yours. If you want to scout the hotels and beaches of the south shore, where most people stay, look for stickers on the door with Germanic names like Neckermann and you'll know you've found one of the tour groups.

In the evening, leave Palma for the nearby hillsides and some stunning views of the town and bay. Sa Ferenara, in an old mill just ten minutes away, serves a candlelight dinner from a barbecue grill. For later hours, there are discos full of young Europeans: Rickey's, My Own Place and Jack El Negra are the most popular. Much later, the chic thing to do is visit the ancient bakery that begins serving its renowned local pastry called *ensaimada* after midnight, the way they served onion soup in the old Les Halles to bejeweled Parisian nightlifers at two in the morning.

The next day, you can rent a motor scooter or a Seat (a Spanish Fiat, dummy) and start out on a tour of the island. The western and northern coastal regions are stunning mountainous ridgelines with precipitous cliffs shooting straight up from the water. This coastline creates countless private beaches for the nimble and the brave.

With any luck, dusk will fall while you're still 25 miles from Palma, so you might as well take a room for the night in Valldemosa or Deyá, two of the world's most enchanting villages. Deyá is the hillside hamlet where poet Robert Graves lives and works; Valldemosa is the site of the monastery where Chopin and George Sand (who was a lady) shacked up for a long winter's warmth about 100 years ago. For around $6, you'll sleep in a small cabin on a straw-stuffed mattress, with an olive grove outside one window and a cool, bubbling mountain stream beneath the other. Need we say more?

You can get to Palma by ferry from Barcelona or by air from most European capitals. Or you can book a one-week package out of New York, including round-trip air fare and hotel, for around $650. Accommodations of all sorts are available from $35-a-week *pensions* to luxury hotels, but it is best to book in advance.

SAINT-TROPEZ, FRANCE

The home of Brigitte Bardot and other Continental luminaries is open to the rest of us, too. The way to beat rather steep prices in town is to choose a small *pension* on the outskirts or, better yet, bring a tent and go to one of the many campgrounds in the area. European campgrounds are full of other loose singles on a budget, and it is easy to make contact over the communal water spigot.

Saint-Tropez is the last of a series of small fishing ports strung along a Riviera coastal road that finally loops around the little gulf of St. Tropez. What gives this town its special charm is the Old Port, which is surrounded by outdoor cafes and bars. But because it is at the end of the road, so to speak, the environs of Saint-Tropez offer more isolated, quiet beaches than perhaps any other place on the French Mediterranean coast. And everything you've heard about the French girls sunbathing topless is true. The bad news is that so do their mothers.

This resort attracts a very international clientele and is the kind of place where a week's vacation can bring several happy surprises. Your search for female company can start anywhere, but the campgrounds or a beach is as good a beginning as any. The problem with the center of town is the tourist crush and a certain high-priced snobbery that seems to go with hanging out at one of the cafes or tearooms around the harbor.

The old "getting there is half the fun" is an understatement when it comes to Saint-Tropez. Unless you decide on the long train ride out of Paris (complete with carloads of young French cuties), fly into Nice and rent a car. The 100-mile drive through Antibes and Cannes and along the rocky coastline to the Bay of St. Tropez will make you wonder why you live anywhere else.

One-week package tours from New York to the French Riviera start at $700.

GREEK ISLANDS

The trick to getting it on with ladies in the Greek islands is not unlike the trick of the Bahama cruises, or of a good frat party, for that matter: When you get them away from civilization, their inhibitions (and other things) drop. A cruise ship is a movable feast in a private time warp that relieves everyone of his past regrets and

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LAY OF THE LAND

future fears for the irresistible pleasure of the moment. A woman in that situation seeks adventure, surprise and whatever else you've got to offer.

The Greek cruises all sail out of Piraeus, the port of Athens. It won't hurt your sense of things to come if you juice up beforehand on *ouzo*, the national firewater, in one of the waterfront bars. If your ship departs late (the Greeks have been known to do it), you will have the breathtaking nocturnal experience of sailing past some islands silhouetted in a waterborne moonscape that is—well, just read Lawrence Durrell. One traveling student we know recalls a night of romantic ecstasy during which he never made it off the upper deck.

The islands are everything the real Greece would like to be: stark landscapes offset by the winy warmth of the Greeks hanging out in the village *taberna*, and an abiding sense of ancient history combined with a subtle classic elegance of lifestyle. Even the donkeys carrying overloaded baskets of olives to market seem to have the rhythm.

There are dozens of cruises to choose from, with departures almost every day. A typical four-day journey operated by the Sun Line, the K-Line or the Epirotiki Line includes stops at Hydra, Thira, Crete, Rhodes, Ephessos (Turkey) and Mykonos with prices from $240 to $440. One-day cruises that include Aegina, Póros and Hydra cost as little as $24. Direct air fares from New York to Athens run $495 in the off-season, $673 in the high (May 15–October 15).

ZERMATT, SWITZERLAND

"Zermatt is where you come to find love . . . or find it again." This may sound suspiciously like a corny tourist-office slogan, but it's an accurate one for this Swiss Alpine village. A female fan of Zermatt says simply, "Every woman turns to mush when she sees the Matterhorn for the first time."

It's the Matterhorn that gives Zermatt the special kind of oh-ahs that sends those chills up a lady's spine. Like those postcards you've seen all your life, the Matterhorn towers snaggletoothed over the village, only in full size—all 14,690 feet of it. It may be skied (even in summer, up on the glacier), climbed, hiked or picnicked. But although Zermatt began its touristic life as a summer resort, it's the winter skiing that pulls those rosy-cheeked shiny-haired young ladies to its slopes. And there's no better way yet invented to meet likely candidates than in a ski school (preferred because of prolonged contact), on a chair lift or in a crowded midslope restaurant at lunchtime. The casual lunch meeting at a shared crowded table in the sun can be special if you manage to extemporaneously share a bottle of wine and your happy exhaustion. Then, if you're lucky, the afternoon of skiing together, a meeting in the village at Elsie's Place over snails and more wine or Irish coffee.

Hotel Post is the liveliest place to stay, with the youngest crowd and the best bar and disco. The Christiania is also good and has an indoor pool. The Coop is the place to buy wine, cheese and sausage for a private supper back in your room (or hers, if it's nicer) after the bars close at midnight. But first, stop at the Escargot Bar in the Mont Cervin Hotel for a shooter or two of Williams, the potent pear brandy the Swiss swear will set you up for the night.

ASPEN, COLORADO

A lot of people still don't realize that skiing is one part sport, one part sex. Listen to one secretary's tale of a trip to Aspen: "I went the week after Christmas. I just wanted to take it easy and ski—but you get so turned on out there! On New Year's Eve I was determined to stay with my friends until midnight, but this one guy and I started playing footsie at dinner. The bar was so jammed that nobody noticed when he reached under my skirt and put his fingers in my snatch. I said, 'Okay, let's go, but I gotta be back here in forty-five minutes.' " That's how things go in Aspen.

One reason there are ladies galore is that Aspen is probably the kept-woman capital of the West. But the guys with the big bucks can't come up from Dallas and Hollywood every week, so there are always smiling faces gracing the bar rails in such inviting Victorian spots as the Paragon bar and disco, the converted Ute City Banque (bar and restaurant) and in the barroom of the splendidly preserved, century-old Hotel Jerome. And on powdery days, everybody heads for Little Nell's for an après-ski drink.

Too expensive? Try booking a condo with a few other guys—a lot of the rich folk don't like to be there at the height of the season and rent their digs out. It can be done for $100 per person for a week. Then buy a week's lift pass for the ski slopes, fix sandwiches for dinner and go to the bars at about nine o'clock. If you haven't already made friends with a lovely liftmate, you're bound to meet Suzy Slopes somewhere on the main street. Drugs are everywhere but the fuzz can be fickle, so be careful. Also, keep in mind that this booming mountain village is now a two-season resort: tennis, rafting, hiking, bicycling and other summertime diversions take over when the slopes go dry.

The Aspen scene is quite simply fail-safe: If you can't get laid there, you can't get laid. ☐

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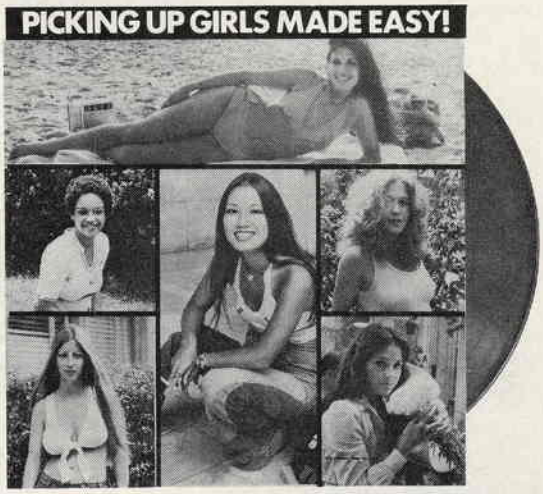

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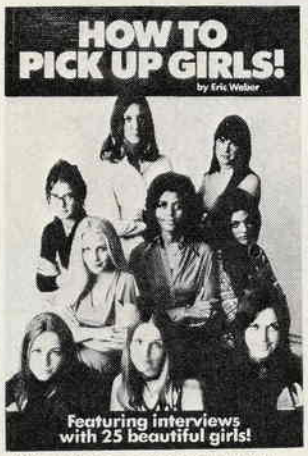

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NEXT JULY

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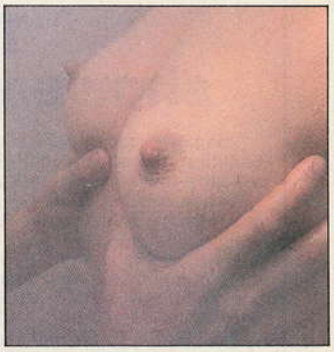
Gay Talese's expense account for *Sex in America* (which explains why he went to the Tube-Be-Or-Not-Tube-Be drive-in vasectomy clinic); second—and third—generation dope paraphernalia; who's on first (top? bottom?) in a *menage à trois*; a psychic tour of the 50 states; the first annual nude palm-tree climbing contest; Mike Rossman, the fighting Jew; sex on wheels; how Russia turns female athletes into males; and, last but not least, the most terrifying true story you'll ever read anywhere.



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EASTWOOD

(Continued from page 72)

stuff because of all the horseshit they're coming up against. They're made to feel doubt and guilt. A lot of violence comes from feeling impotent. I think my films are an antidote to a lot of stuff kids have to deal with today. The more impotent people feel, the more they're ready for something to strike out at. Kids are luckier than adults in that they can fight their way out of a situation. Adults are more locked in. I don't think my films provoke violence. As a matter of fact, I believe the opposite is true. As a result of our experience with Vietnam and Watergate, I think the need for a heroic kind of thing is *more* necessary than the need to play away from it. Unfortunately, there's a syndrome in this country that's a "fall-guy syndrome." People are looking for somebody to blame. The trouble with television is that it makes personalities so quickly. A judge sitting on a case dealing with whether a certain *Kojak* story caused violent behavior in some kid can write a decision one day in court and all his friends will see it. He'll go home, and even though it's a silly thing to say that this murder was stimulated by a TV show, he'll let it go down because "Look at the coverage we're getting. Even my aunt in Minnesota, she's seeing it. I might even get a promotion to the Superior Court." The whole country's gone this way.

OUI: But would you let either of your kids stay up and watch *Dirty Harry* on TV?

EASTWOOD: If they're interested, they watch. My daughter Allison doesn't care. She sees me on TV and gets all excited. Then five seconds later, I could be in an important scene and she's off playing.

OUI: Did you leave Hollywood and move to Carmel for the kids?

EASTWOOD: Maggie and I lived in Los Angeles a long time. We moved up here with the kids partly to get away from the whole Hollywood scene, but mostly because it's just so clean and beautiful and a good place to live.

OUI: Do you object to the word *macho* in describing your work and your life as an actor?

EASTWOOD: Look. I agree that there are a lot of changes going on. But as I said, it's *because* of these things, because of America being called impotent by a certain form of analysis, that escapist films—if you want to call them "macho" that's OK; that's the word of the moment—are more necessary than ever. I hate to use the word of the moment.

OUI: We've been talking a lot about justice and injustice and the sleazy ways of the bureaucracy. In that regard, how do you feel about the Roman Polanski case, where he's accused of having sex with a thirteen-year-old girl? How do you feel about his treatment in the press?

"Grossman wants coffee and a danish, Goldberg wants tea and a doughnut, and I'll just have a little head."

EASTWOOD: I don't know Polanski but I read about him. It's so typical of the liberal part of the press. When they turn on you, they get so righteous all of a sudden. If it was anybody else, they probably would have written it off.

OUI: I thought that if there were some divine intervention and everybody in America who ever screwed somebody underage would disappear, the whole place would be cleaned out.

EASTWOOD: Yeah. Well, I would feel very strongly about anybody being forced to do something they didn't want to do, or if somebody really did take advantage of a young girl. But supposing you go to a party somewhere and you meet some girl there and you're having a few drinks and all of a sudden the two of you get amorous. You don't sit there and ask her age. Some of these young kids look at least twenty-five—you know, fourteen going on fifty. The press loves things like this; they can make it into a circus and, like I said, when the judges see the TV cameras, it's promotion time . . .

OUI: In *The Gauntlet*, your protagonist is not Superman; he's more vulnerable and even sometimes indecisive. Are we seeing a softening of your American samurai into somebody more like the rest of us? Somebody capable of tenderness and surviving the challenge of a powerful woman?

EASTWOOD: If you think back to the films I've made that have caused the most flap, the woman in these films has always been independent, strong, vital. In *The Gauntlet*, you're right. And Sondra Locke, who is my co-star in the film, plays a very strong part in determining the action. But I liked the story and the characters, and I think it turned out to be an entertaining film. As far as the tenderness thing goes, I've always showed tenderness to all the women in all the love scenes in my films. It's funny, this "change of character" you mention. One set of critics complains because they think I do the same thing all the time. Then, when I do something else, another says, "Oh, God, he's shifting." I don't think it's a lack of tenderness on my part or, for that matter, my vulnerability or lack of it that has made some critics come on so strong against my films.

OUI: What then?

EASTWOOD: The kind of thing I do glorifies competence. I think that bothers people like them most of all. □

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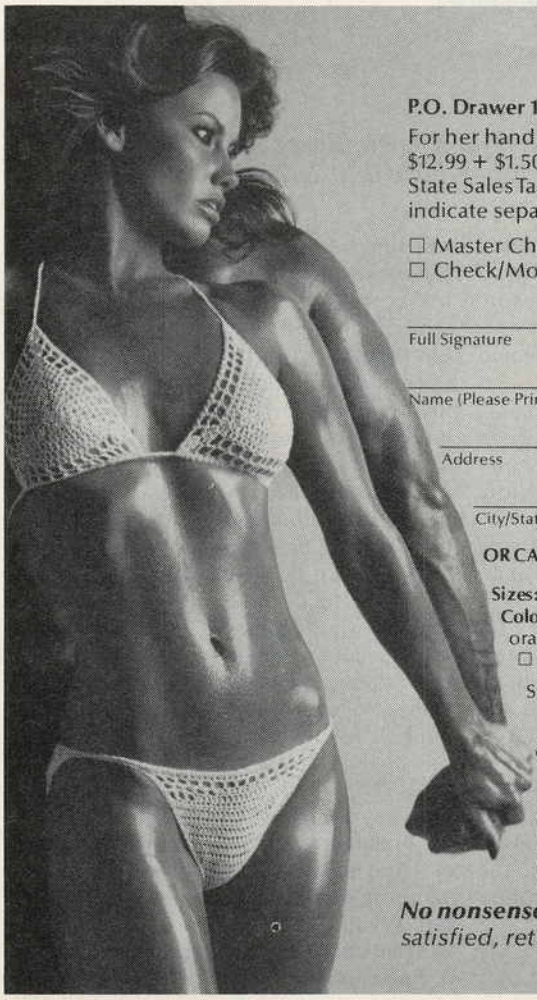

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BITE ON CRIME

(Continued from page 96)

these people die? And why did others live? Can we take this information and change the engineering of the craft or some procedure so that more people will live if the same event happens again?"

The mass disaster may be the forensic dentist's most spectacular field of operation, although the bite-mark cases are usually the most bizarre. Dr. Luntz, the aforementioned Connecticut State Police captain, always peers into the refrigerator when combing a dwelling that's been burglarized. He can't forget the Case of the Hungry Burglar, in which a thief bit into a piece of cheese while ransacking a house. When confronted with a model of his teeth that Luntz had made from the impressions in the cheese, the suspect confessed.

Bite marks in the flesh, of course, are not as easy to identify as those in a piece of cheese. A bite mark is merely an abrasion pattern, says Levine. "Have you ever seen those hammers they use to tenderize beef?" he asks. "Suppose your wife gets mad at you and whacks you over the head with one of those hammers. It will leave an abrasion pattern, which can then be compared with the hammer." Levine went on to explain that because of such factors as misalignment, malposition, spaces, wear, fractures, missing teeth, malformation, dental restorations and the like, bite marks, unlike hammer blows, are unique. A bite mark in itself cannot convict a murderer, but a skilled odontologist can at least narrow the range of suspects. And, in many cases, when confronted by the evidence, the murderer simply confesses.

Perhaps the most bizarre bite-mark cases of all are the ones that involve children. "The truth is," says Dr. Levine, "we have child murderers running around." Fifteen years ago, there was no such thing as the "battered-baby syndrome," since, as any damn fool knew, parents would never abuse their children so cruelly. Similarly, says Luntz, until recently, no one would acknowledge the fact that children can be killers, too. "Yet," he adds, "children are murdering other children more often than anybody ever realized."

Not long ago, a six-week-old baby was found murdered during its christening party in Brooklyn. The left side of the infant's skull had been crushed. The medical examiner who was performing the autopsy noticed a telltale set of clues: bite marks. Dr. Levine holstered his trusty 60-power scanning microscope. He tucked 20 cotton swabs into his cartridge belt.

There were 37 people at the christening who had, says Levine, exclusive access to the infant. From the arrangement of the teeth in the bite mark, Levine could tell that a child had done the biting. There were baby molars in the bite pattern,

which told Levine that the biter could not be younger than two and a half years. But since the bite had been inflicted by baby teeth, he surmised that the attacker was no older than six. Among those 37 suspects, there was only one child between the ages of two and a half and six. Levine made a wax impression of the four-year-old's bite and compared it to the bite on the infant victim. A perfect match.

"We've had ten cases documenting this kind of crime in New York alone in the last four or five years," Levine says, flashing a slide of a baby's head laid open for autopsy. "What happens in a city where the tiny little abrasions of a child's bite mark are not picked up and you have an infant with a crushed skull? The district attorney is going to indict somebody, because the people are screaming for blood. He's going to indict either the mother or the father—the battered-baby syndrome. And if you talk to a good criminal lawyer, he'll tell you that there is absolutely no way that a D.A. loses a child-homicide case. No way. So you have to wonder," he adds. "If they miss the evidence—how many innocent mothers and fathers, who maybe even try to cover up for their child, have been indicted, convicted and incarcerated?"

Forensic dentistry has a history that is as American as apple pie. Most of us know that Paul Revere was a silversmith. Few are aware that, in 1768, he embarked on a new career—dentistry. It was a time when the tools of dentistry were indistinguishable from those employed by Torquemada to extract confessions during the Spanish Inquisition. When they suffered from a toothache, Colonial Americans submitted their mouths to barbers and blacksmiths, who extracted rotting molars with "tooth wrenches." It was an era, according to a Swedish visitor, when "American girls not above twenty years old frequently have lost half their teeth, without any hopes of getting new ones." Paul Revere decided to remedy that gaping omission and began to sell those Colonial belles dentures "made of teeth and tusks of the hyppotumus and sea horse."

Later, during the Battle of Bunker Hill, Revolutionary War hero General Joseph Warren was killed, his body dumped by the British into an unmarked grave. Ten months later, Revere identified the decomposed body of General Warren by the two artificial teeth he had fastened into Warren's mouth just before the battle at Lexington. And thus was born forensic dentistry in these United States.

Today, the forensic dentist has a whole array of modern techniques and technologies at his fingertips. He can estimate the age of an adult to about five years' accuracy. He can estimate the age of a prepubescent child to about six months' accuracy. He can sometimes guess the economic status of a victim by the quality of the dental work he finds. He may be able

"Well, for one thing, Miss Weems, your resistance is low . . ."

to identify a victim as a pipe smoker or a carpenter (carpenters often hold nails between their teeth). All false teeth bear manufacturer's brands, and a forensic dentist can often trace dentures to a specific dental laboratory.

"People have the idea that we compare fillings, but we're really much more sophisticated than that," says Levine. Suppose, for instance, a rapist-murderer and left-breast biter subsequently knocks out all his own teeth. Will that tactic stymie the forensic dentist? Not on your life. "Eighty-five percent of the population of the United States are secreters," Levine says. "They secrete an immunological fluid that allows us to group their blood. The first thing I do when I see a bite mark is make a saliva washing. Saliva is the richest body fluid in immunoglobin. From the saliva on the bite mark, I can tell the blood group of the rapist-murderer."

But suppose that the rapist-murderer opts for changing his "bite" by having his teeth ground? "No problem," says Levine. "There would be tool marks on his teeth. We could probably trace those tools to a particular dentist." About four years ago, the state police in a New York town found, in the trunk of a car, a burned body whose hands and feet had been chopped off. All the teeth had been knocked out to prevent identification. "I sifted through the debris the troopers had brought me," Levine recalls, "and in the trunk of the car I found some tooth fragments. Under a microscope, I could see marks on some of the teeth. That told me they'd been filed down for caps. So, although nobody had reported anybody of this guy's description as being missing, I knew that somewhere his *dentist* would miss him. He was right in the middle of extensive dental restoration. He was getting all his teeth capped."

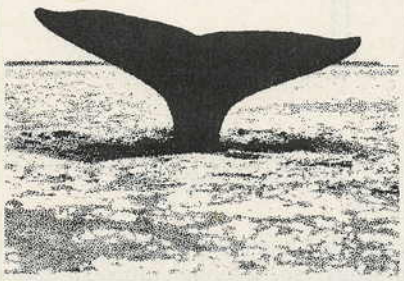
Anyone who has ever broken off a dental treatment in mid-restoration knows that hell hath no fury like a dentist unpaid. The dentist and the police soon found each other. The victim was identified as a heroin pusher who had disappeared while on bail. The victim's wife then blew the whistle on the famous Herbert Spawling drug ring—resulting in 28 arrests.

The case Levine recalls most vividly was one in which he was a witness for the prosecution in a homicide trial. The man who had been murdered had bite marks on his back, and no one could explain why. Levine identified the bite marks as belonging to the accused, a friend of the victim. And then Levine provided a motive for the crime. The accused and the victim, he argued persuasively, were—unbeknownst to anyone else—homosexual lovers.

Not every rapist-murderer bites his victim, of course, and some may bite both breasts. But, insists Levine, the "normal" rapist-murderer bites the left breast. "If there's a bite mark on the *right* nipple alone . . ." he pauses for his punch line, ". . . then the rapist-murderer is a *pervert.*"

Levine laughs, while in front of him another slide flashes: a nightmare of jawbones without teeth, faces without jaws . . . □

Imagine a world without WHALES



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Imagine a world without GREENPEACE

(Continued from page 52)

ble. He sounded pretty convincing, so I didn't press it any further.

•

December 9

Still no word from Lasorda or anyone else connected with the team. Things were getting tense. And to make matters worse, Nash got sidetracked on the Moneyspend case, wound up in an all-night poker game out in Chatsworth and lost all of his money.

The phone rang. Tina was busy reading a book on cellulite, so I answered. It was Barbara Body. She wanted to know how things were going.

"Listen, angel, we've hit a few snags." I tried to sound unconcerned.

"What? Is it anything serious?" Anxiety put an edge on her voice.

"Now, don't get excited. This is my city and my game. I make a good living being nosy, and it's just a matter of time before I crack this case wide open."

"But the deadline's less than a week away, and . . ."

"Don't worry about a thing, precious," I interrupted. "I'm going to try a different angle."

I said goodbye and then called Steve Brener.

"You mean no one's contacted you yet?" He didn't seem that surprised. "I'll look into it and get back to you."

It was time to get tough. "OK, clown, I'll let you have one more chance," I said in a low menacing voice. "And if you give me the stall again, I'm going to come over there and straighten you out personally. Do you get my drift?"

I hung up.

•

December 10

Tina was filing her nails when I came into the office.

"You've had a few calls." She started thumbing through the phone messages. "A Mr. Lagorda, a Mr. Gravy and a Mr. Tommyjohn."

Brener had gotten my drift, all right, I thought. With a smug, self-satisfied smile, I took the messages from her and went into the other room.

I tried Lasorda first. No answer. Then Tommy John. No answer there, either. However, Steve Garvey was home. I asked when we could get together to talk about Lasorda.

"Well, I'm tied up Saturday and Sunday—baseball clinics, personal appearances, you know—and I've got to speak at a banquet in Miami on Monday night. Then I'll be in St. Louis on Tuesday, and Wednesday . . ."

"Never mind," I said. "I need the info before the fifteenth."

"I wish I could help you out, but I've got to cash in on the series."

I felt like reminding him that the Dodgers had lost, but decided not to. I got off the phone and poured myself a drink.

I spent the rest of the day trying to contact Lasorda and Tommy John. No luck. I could feel the frustration building up inside of me. I needed some kind of release before I went crazy.

I decided to spend the weekend humping Tina Tits.

•

December 13

It was almost eleven by the time Tina and I made it into the office. God, what a weekend. I looked like I'd been mugged.

As I put the key into the street-door lock, heels clicked rapidly on the sidewalk behind us. I let go of the key and wheeled around. Barbara Body ran up to me. She flung her arms around me, panting. "Oh, I thought you'd never get here!" Her face was haggard, troubled.

I took Miss Body inside and shut the door behind us. "OK, kitten, what's wrong?"

"You said you were going to call me after you spoke with Lasorda," she said nervously. "When I didn't hear from you, I got worried."

"Everything's under control, sweetheart," I said calmly.

Hope flashed in her eyes. "You mean you've talked to him?"

"Well, no . . ."

"But there are only two days left!" she said frantically.

"Take it easy, baby. We're experienced detectives. We'll find a way to track him down, somehow."

"God, if I don't hand in a story, I might lose my job! What're we going to do?"

I grabbed her arms and started shaking her. "You've got to get ahold of yourself!"

It was no use. She was on the verge of hysteria, so I slapped her a couple of times. That did the trick—she calmed down immediately. I put my arm around her, guided her over to the chair by my desk, then sat down. I grabbed the phone and dialed Lasorda's number.

Mrs. Lasorda answered. I asked for her husband.

"He's meeting someone for lunch, and then he has some Christmas shopping to do. I'm not sure when he'll be back."

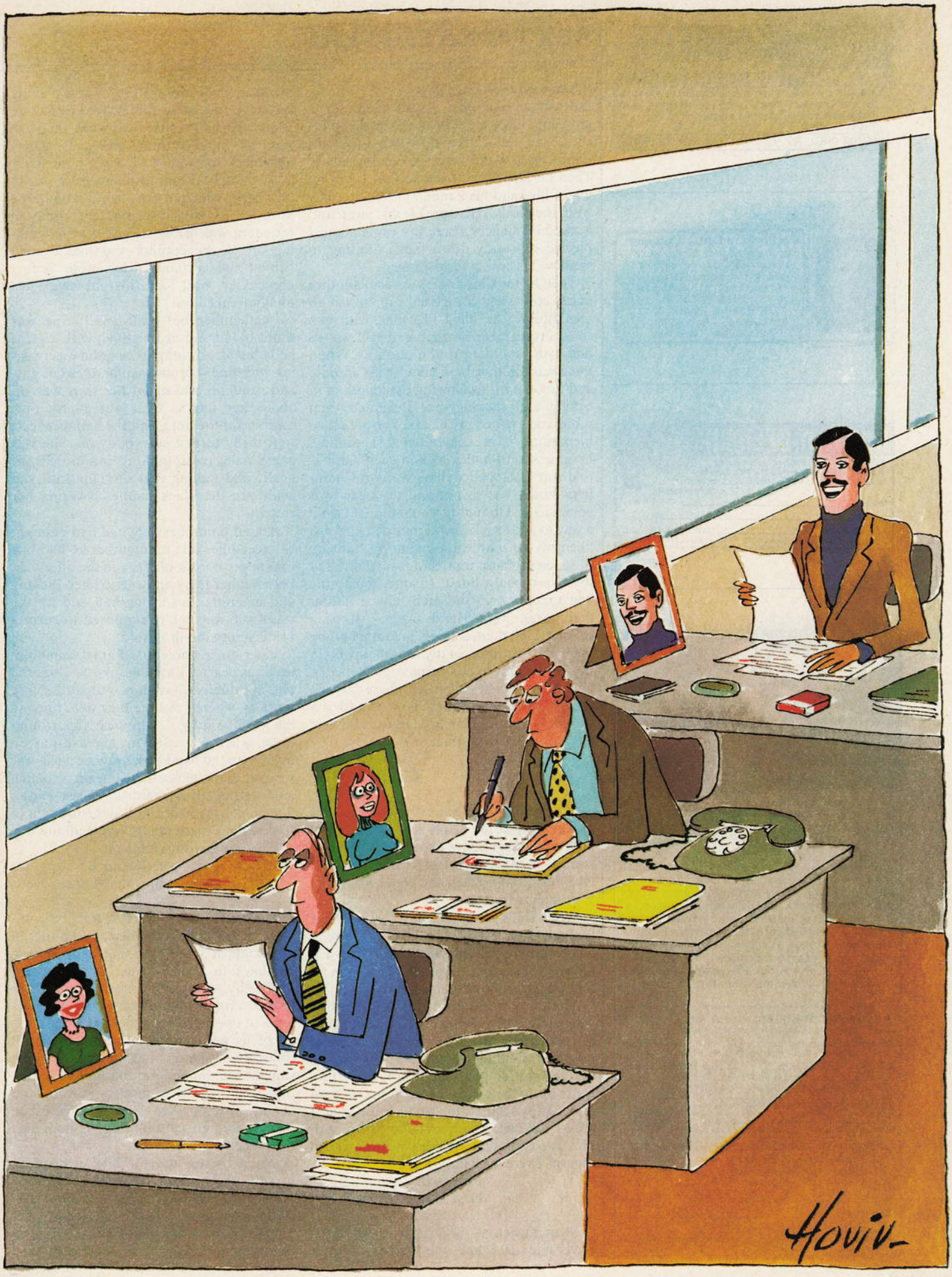
"Tell him Mike Granite called. It's important."

I looked over at Miss Body. She was starting to panic again. I had to do something—anything—and fast! But what?

There was an awkward silence. I decided to roll a cigarette. Suddenly, Tina's voice came in over the intercom: "Nick Dash is on the line."

"You mean Nash."

(Continued on page 134)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SEX TAPES LETTERS

(Continued from page 28)

the way in and just stayed there for a moment, filling me. I began to move on his cock, and we started thrusting furiously, until I was on the verge of coming again. Then he turned me over, so that I was on top of him and his hands were free to play with my body. He spread my cunt and worked his fingers inside my vagina, and I pushed my body down hard, wanting to swallow his cock and his fingers.

Then he took his fingers out and another man's cock went in. I cried out—it was so incredible to be filled like that, with two cocks inside me, moving together. I was so juicy you could hear the sloshing. Then there was another hard cock at my mouth, and I took it in, swallowing the length of it, licking and sucking—but I wanted even more, and I waved my hands. The other two men must have known what I wanted, because soon I had a cock in each hand—I told you I was better than Marilyn Chambers—and I was so hot and my heart was going so fast I thought I would die. But what a way to go! I sucked and pumped and just filled myself with these men. We built up this incredible rhythm, and just when I felt my heart would burst, I came, screaming and thrashing, as the men moved harder and faster, harder and faster. All of a sudden, I felt them coming, groaning, filling me with their juice, in my mouth, my cunt, my ass, over my hands. I squeezed them dry, and then we all collapsed there on the couch, our bodies limp. Now, would *you* call me a nymphomaniac? Or just someone who loves sex to distraction?

JUDITH R.
Cleveland, Ohio

My husband and I were visiting his parents in Florida. They have a backyard pool with a high fence on all sides. We had gone swimming with Bill's father and sister after dinner, when the water was right at skin temperature.

When Bill's sister and dad tired of water football and left us, we lazed around a while thinking mildly dirty thoughts. Finally, to tease one another, we began to remove parts of our bathing suits.

Then I remembered the massagelike water-inlet valve, which forced water into the pool at a pretty powerful rate. I slipped over to it and hitched myself up on the side of the pool so that the valve was firing water at my clitoris. It came at me so hard and fast, it seemed too good to be true. I called Bill over and he massaged my nipples as I exploded into the most powerful orgasm I've ever had.

FARRIS B.
New Haven, Connecticut

Most musicians—and I'm no exception—have had at least one run-in with a nympho. Back around 1961, I was playing a college frat party somewhere in Rhode Island. This, of course, was when the twist was the hippest thing going. It was a university for well-heeled Catholic kids, and I thought the atmosphere was going to be stuffy—which it was, until about the third set. By then it seemed everybody in the room was drunk. Couples were slinking off to the corners and making out behind the curtains. Guys were yelling obscenities. And then this one chick just totally freaked out.

I remember her really well: She was short, blond and nearsighted, with a great body but a bad complexion. She was twisting with this short, muscular, crewcut guy, and suddenly she hiked her skirt way up above her knees. That was pretty outrageous for the time, and she had nice legs, so it really turned everybody on. She was going crazy, twisting more and more frantically and pulling that skirt up until you could see the black panties covering her crotch.

At that point, her date had had enough; he picked her up—I remember he had one arm under her shoulders and the other one between her legs—and carried her, kicking and moaning, out to the hall and up the stairs, the way you're supposed to carry a bride across the threshold.

Later on, a whole lot of guys seemed to be disappearing from the party. I figured out eventually that they were all going upstairs, where I assume they were fucking the little blond girl. The next day around noon, when I was leaving the campus on my way to the band bus, I saw her; she was wearing dark glasses, sitting on a bench and reading. Her overdose of sex hadn't done much for her skin. But the thought of it turned me on so much, I rode all the way to Cleveland with a hard-on.

HOWARD B.
Boston, Massachusetts

POLITICAL MASTURBATION

After reading about "Sex and Politics" I remembered something that happened to me back in 1968. I was canvassing for McCarthy, along with most of my other friends. About 15 of us were stuffing envelopes at one guy's apartment in New York, all of us pretty happy because the polls were looking better, and we were drinking straight tequila and getting bombed. One thing led to another, and we moved from licking envelopes to licking each other. Soon there were couples making it all over the place.

When I went into the kitchen to pour myself some more tequila, somebody pressed up against me from behind and started kissing my neck and feeling my nipples through my thin T-shirt. I tried to turn around to see who it was, but by then

he'd pushed his hands down the front of my pants under my panties, and I was so drunk that I didn't really care. With his hands in my pants and his lips on my neck, he led me into a bedroom off the kitchen, where it was pretty dark, and we quickly took off our clothes. I felt for his cock—it was so hard and smooth I had to get it in my mouth, and I was crawling all over him and licking and sucking, and he maneuvered my body around so he could eat me while I ate him. God, he had a great tongue, and as he ate me he thrust his finger in and out of my asshole, which always turns me on enormously.

Pretty soon I was so hot I was afraid I'd bite his balls in excitement. I guess he knew, because he pulled me off him and entered me and drove his cock right up and I grabbed his ass to hold him in deeper and deeper. He had real stamina, and we fucked and fucked until we both came. It wasn't until we rolled apart, exhausted, that I realized he was a real hotshot in the campaign, someone I had been introduced to only once and had always looked up to I certainly never imagined I'd wind up fucking him!

CAROL A.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I'm so sick of hearing about sex and politics. It's all bullshit, just a way for people to make money, like Liz Ray and that stupid Senator What's-his-name. My husband keeps bragging about all the little political gofers he bagged during the McGovern campaign, but I know he's making it all up. He says he had four women at once in the back room of headquarters. Sure. He can hardly get it up for me, and if he was really dedicated to the campaign—which he also claims—then he just wouldn't have had the time. How can you devote a whole column to such a bullshit subject? Politicians are just assholes anyway, and so are political groupies.

MADELINE B.
Syracuse, N.Y.

FAT CHIC

The *Sex Tapes* on fat *vs.* thin really hit home for me. I like plump women; the bony types turn me off. Give me a soft handful of belly and thighs any day. The problem is my wife. Now, some guys complain that their wives get fat after a while, even if they were thin when they got married. But my problem is the opposite. When I married my wife, she was perfect. The doctor said she was 20 pounds overweight, but to me she was fabulous. I loved sucking her thighs, with all that juicy flesh. After the birth of our first child, her breasts were like watermelons, her belly was like a big pillow, and I couldn't wait to get in bed with her at night and wallow in that soft flesh.

But then she got this stupid idea in her head—probably from one of her friends, who are all bony types—that she was too fat. She told me she was going on a diet, and I just hit the roof. I told her it would ruin our sex life, but she just didn't listen. She kept saying that I'd like her better thin. You know what it's like to try to argue with a woman. I began going to the market to buy bread, sweets, anything that would tempt her and keep her plump. But the more I bought, the less she ate. Now she's lost 30 pounds—she's happy and I'm miserable. I don't want to fuck her anymore. I'm thinking of getting her pregnant again, just to see her breasts swell up, but she'll have none of it. I wonder if there's some drug I can slip to her that'll get her fat again. If anyone has any suggestions, please let me know.

LUKE L.
Chevy Chase, Maryland

NO HOLES BARRED

One afternoon last August, when I was on a business trip to the West Coast, I met a particularly attractive man at a department-store lunch counter. I told him that I'd be in town for a week and would like some action. I wrote my hotel room number on the back of my business card and gave it to him, and he promised to call. I also told him I had two traveling companions who were, like me, attractive single women in need of some recreation.

When Rod—or Tod; I honestly don't remember names—showed up, he had two cute friends with him. Were they surprised when I told them I had no companions at all, that it was a lie. But before they could say much, I stepped out of my lounging robe and stood there stark naked. They undressed in a hurry and we went at it right away. I directed the action, as I prefer to do. The one with the biggest dick lay on his back while I straddled him and slid my vagina over his organ. It was nine and a quarter inches long—I measured them all before the night was over; I generally measure my men's pricks, just to satisfy my own curiosity. Then I leaned forward and lay on top of him, with my breasts rubbing his hard, hairy chest, nipple to nipple. Then his friend with the next longest penis—seven inches, give or take a fraction, and real thick, with a mushroom-shaped head—straddled both of us, spreading my buns and sliding his well-greased organ up my ass to the hilt. The third guy had five and a half inches, just a nice mouthful—I'm not into fellatio to the point of deep throat. He knelt over my head in such a way that I could look up and take it in my mouth. I tried to get all three to climax at the same time—that would have been total satisfaction. We never quite managed. Still, among the four of us we had a dozen or so orgasms during the course of the evening, and after all, that's what it's all about, isn't it?

DINAH P.
Dallas, Texas

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DODGER Does Tommy John have a dead mackerel hanging out of his left sleeve? And if so, why is he the Dodgers' best pitcher?

(Continued from page 130)

"Oh, that's right. Nash Dash."

I let out a sigh and picked up the receiver.

"Listen, Mike, I got a hot tip," Nash said excitedly. "I was checking out a lead on the cat when I ran into Louie 'the Lip' Belinkowitz. I crossed his palm with some green, see, and he gave me the lowdown—Lasorda's having lunch at Nate 'n Al's today."

"This is the break we've been waiting for!" I whooped, jumping to my feet. "Get over to my place as soon as you can!" I rushed out, so excited I forgot to tell Miss Body goodbye.

I screeched to a halt in front of my West Hollywood apartment a few minutes later. As soon as I got out of my car, Nash pulled up behind me in his '52 Plymouth.

"C'mon," I said, motioning to him. "This is the first time we've had to go to Beverly Hills on a case. We've got to figure out what to wear!"

We hurried inside and had a meeting. After a heated discussion, we agreed to go the "Starsky and Hutch" route—jeans, sneakers and leather jackets (the collars turned up).

To avoid being noticed, we took a limousine to Nate 'n Al's. On the way over, Nash and I started preparing our questions for the interview. We couldn't beat around the bush; we had to get to the critical issues right away:

Did Tony Orlando have a nervous breakdown because the Dodgers lost the world series to the Yankees?

Was the Yankees' win due to the Big Yankee in the Sky? Or did the Dodgers choke so badly they needed emergency tracheotomies after the last game?

Will Ol' Blue Eyes sing the national anthem on opening day again next year? And if so, will Billy Carter agree to throw out the first ball for less than 10 percent of the gate? And what about Don Rickles? Will his pep talks inspire the team to victory once more?

Does Tommy John have a dead mackerel hanging out of his left sleeve? And if so, why is he the Dodgers' best pitcher?

As Nash and I walked into the delicatessen, my trained eye told me that it was more crowded than usual, especially at the takeout counter. One woman was so determined not to lose her place in line that she ended up giving birth to twins while she was waiting.

Nash pulled me aside, pointing out a good-looking brunette standing nearby. "She's got a great attitude. All she wants to do is grind it out." He went over to her.

I noticed a movement out of the corner of my eye and looked over to see Doris Day riding by on a bicycle. When I turned around, Nash and the brunette were gone.

The afternoon passed slowly. I saw lots of *yentas*, but Lasorda never showed. At five I finally called it quits, silently cursing Louie The Lip for giving us a phony tip.

"You can take it, but you sure can't dish it out!"

I headed down Beverly Drive, hands in my pockets, disgusted. Meanwhile, civic-minded women were busy clearing the streets of old cars, beggars, cripples and people with no charge accounts. It was in the true spirit of Christmas, and it made me feel better.

•

December 14

I got to the office early and waited for Nash to check in. Several hours went by. Nothing. I was getting impatient, I had to make a move on the Lasorda case. I thought about driving down to Yorba Linda and staking out his house, but decided against it. There was a better chance of finding him in Beverly Hills.

I started prowling around on Rodeo Drive, where I ran into some old friends, Harry Haha and Carol Comedy. Since both of them were very successful in the entertainment business, I figured they might know something about Lasorda.

"What's the name?" Haha asked.

"Lasorda."

"I think it's between La Cienega and La Brea," Haha replied.

"You don't understand," I said. "It's not . . ."

"Oh," Carol interrupted, "isn't that where you go to lose weight?"

"No, that's La Costa. I'm talking about a person. Tommy Lasorda. My partner and I are trying to track him down."

"What's he look like?" she asked.

"Well, he's fifty, has white hair, a Karl Malden nose, short and kind of fat."

"Sounds like Lasorda should go to La Costa," Carol said.

I was distracted by a shapely ass.

Carol nudged my arm. "So who is this guy, anyway?"

"He's the manager of the Dodgers."

"Oh, yeah, I've heard of him," she replied. "He did pretty well last season, didn't he?"

I nodded. "He took the Dodgers to the series the first time out, and he was just selected the National League Manager of the Year."

Carol seemed impressed. "Why's he so good?"

I thought about it a moment. "Most people feel it's because of his ability to instill enthusiasm in the players. He's always hugging them after they've made a good play, and . . ."

"He sounds like Sammy Davis," Haha interjected.

I wasn't getting anywhere, and time was running short. I said goodbye and continued my search. Gucci's, Theodore's, Giorgio's, Tiffany's, Brentano's. I looked everywhere. I asked lots of questions about Lasorda and got lots of answers. *Isn't he the butcher at Jergensen's? Have you tried*

the Carson show? Who's his agent? What's his sign? Is he into backgammon?

When the shops closed, it dawned on me that things were getting desperate. Perhaps a drink would help me think of something. I flipped a mental coin to choose a watering hole. The Polo Lounge won, because there was always a chance Lasorda would be there rubbing elbows with the show-business crowd.

Well, Lasorda wasn't there, but Louie The Lip was. He was sitting at a booth with a couple of friends, Lloyd Lude and Chuck Coke. I grabbed The Lip by his lapels and pulled him aside. "I oughta lay you out for sending us on that wild-goose chase," I scowled, my mouth a hard slash.

You could smell the fear coming from his pores. "It—it's not my fault," he stammered. "I didn't know Lasorda and the others were giving you two the runaround. I just found out a little while ago."

I let go of his coat. "What're you talking about?"

"The word on the street is they're avoiding you and your partner because of all the ruckus you caused at the '75 Super Bowl."

"What the hell! It wasn't our fault," I said defensively. "We were just doing our job as reporters."

"Yeah, but you made fun of the Super Bowl, and the Dodgers are afraid you'll make fun of them."

My face hardened. "How do I know you're not lying?"

"So help me, that's what I heard," he said nervously. "Honest. I swear to God."

There was a phone nearby. I went over to it and rang Lasorda's number. To my surprise, he answered. We made small talk for a few minutes, and then I said, "Listen, this thing has been dragging on and on, and I've run out of time. Is there any way we can do

"Gee, I'm leaving town in the morning—it's a bad time of year, you know—and I won't be back until Christmas. Why don't you call me then?"

"That'll be too late. We might as well forget it."

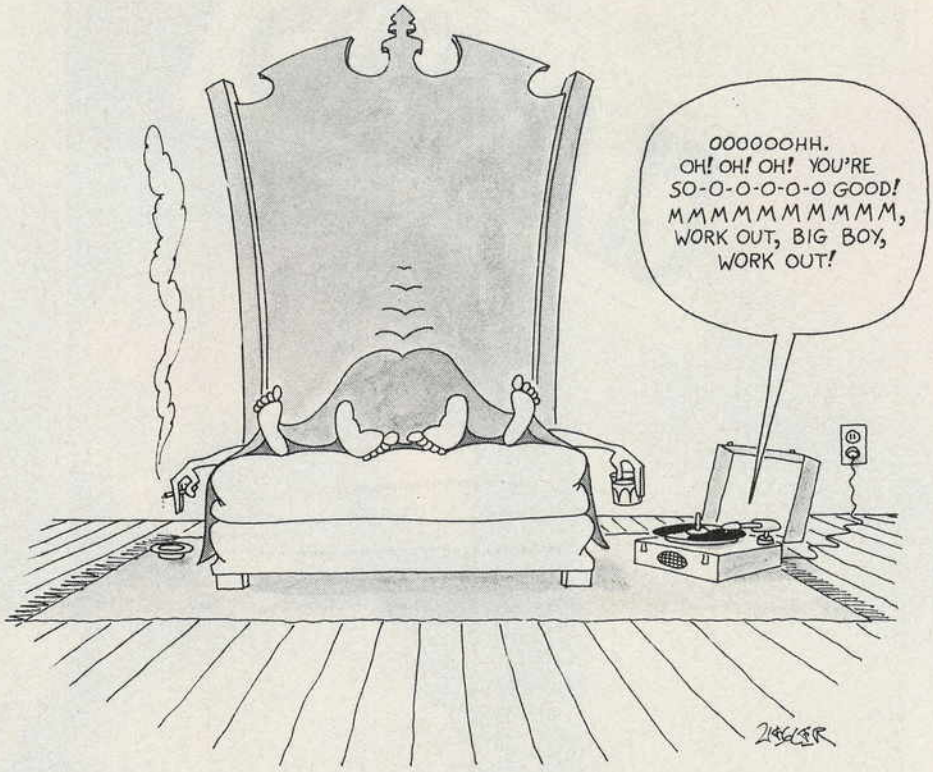
As I hung up the phone, I could feel the anger welling up inside of me. The Lip was right—I was getting the runaround. Yet Lasorda had seemed friendly. But maybe he was *too* friendly; maybe it was a put-on. I didn't know what to think. One thing was certain, however: no interview, no more money from OUI Magazine. That was a depressing thought. I could see nothing but failure. We couldn't find Lasorda in time; we couldn't find Mrs. Moneyspend's cat—hell, I couldn't even find Nash!

All of a sudden, I felt lonely. Very lonely. I picked up the phone and gave the operator Tina's number.

•

December 15

The phone rang. When it had rung three times, bedsprings creaked, fingers fumbled on the nightstand, something small and



hard thudded on the carpeted floor, the springs creaked again and Tina said, "Hello. Yes, he's here." She handed the receiver to me.

It was Nash. "I've been calling your place all night."

"Where are you?" I looked somewhat bleary-eyed at the clock. It was 8 A.M.

"In jail."

"What?" I woke up quickly. "What happened?"

"Well, I left Nate 'n Al's with that broad, and she took me to this commune in Bel-Air. Some guy named Alvin Acid was throwing a party, and the drinks were spiked with LSD. It wasn't long before I thought I was Gene Kelly. I mean, I had this uncontrollable urge to tap-dance all the way to Hollywood! The moment I reached Beverly Hills, I was arrested for bad dancing. The bail is two hundred fifty dollars."

"I'll be right down."

I called Willie "The Weasel" Weinsapp and told him to meet me at the station with the bail money.

As soon as Nash was released, I was arrested for aiding and abetting a bad dancer, so Weinsapp had to bail me out, too. Another 500 down the drain. I was beginning to hate Beverly Hills.

Nash was waiting for me back at the office. When I walked in, he said, "I've got a new angle on the Lasorda case. We've still got a few hours left, and . . ."

"Never mind," I interrupted. "Lasorda's flown the coop again. We've got to concentrate on finding Mrs. Moneyspend's cat. If we don't pay The Weasel off, he'll send the boys after us, and they can be pretty nasty."

Nash headed for the door. "I'm going over to see Mrs. Moneyspend."

I opened the bottom drawer of the file cabinet and poured myself a drink.

"Just a routine case," I muttered sarcastically. All that work, and we were way in the hole. There had to be some way to cut our losses.

After a few drinks, I decided that OUI Magazine should take care of our expenses, even though we'd come up empty-handed. It was the least they could do. After all, it wasn't our fault the Dodgers were so uncooperative.

"Barbara Body, please."

"She's not in." The switchboard operator had an unusually nasal voice.

"Do you know where I can reach her?"

"I'll ring Beth Buttocks, her secretary."

A sultry voice said hello.

"Miss Buttocks?"

"No, this is her brother Bob."

I left my name and number, then poured myself another drink.

•

December 29

It was late afternoon. I was sitting with my feet on the desk, rolling a cigarette. Tina's voice broke in over the intercom: "There's a Rob Bullocks here to see you."

I let out an exasperated sigh. "Tell him I'm busy."

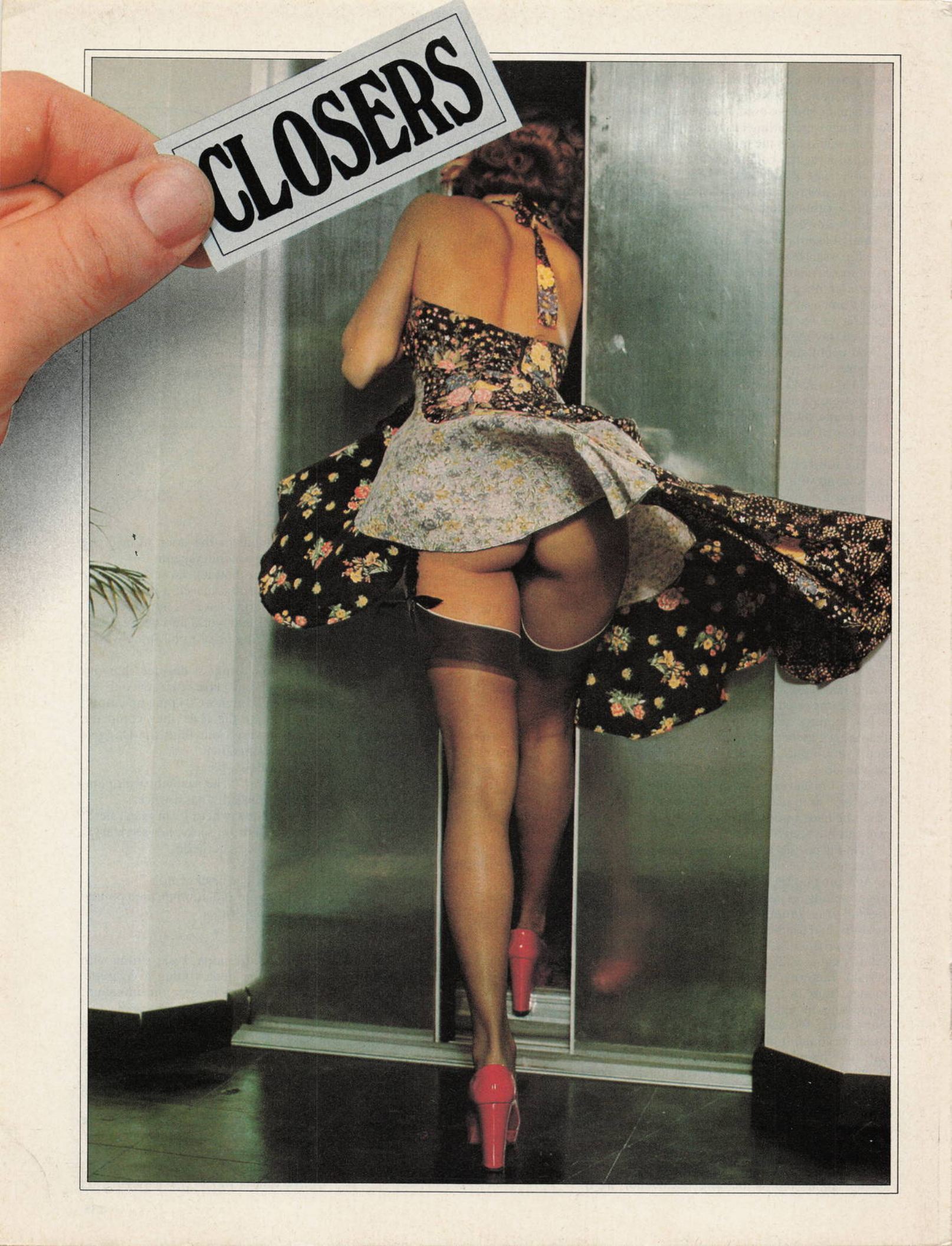
Goddamn. Not one word from Barbara Body in the last two weeks. Or Beth Buttocks. But her brother Bob was becoming a real pain in the ass.

The phone rang. It was Nash. "I've found Mrs. Moneyspend's cat," he said.

I sat up, suddenly excited. "Where?"

"In her driveway. I just ran over it."

Christ, what a way to make a living. □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